85 l 16

THE LUSIAD;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

AN

EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM

The Original Portugueſe of LUIS DE CAMOËNS.

By WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

NEC VERBUM VERBO, CURABIS REDDERE, FIDUS
INTERPRES. HOR. ART. POET.

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M,DCC,LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

DUKE of BUCCLEUGH.

MY LORD,

THE firſt Idea of offering my LUSIAD to ſome diſtinguiſhed Perſonage, inſpired the earneſt wiſh, that it might be accepted by the illuſtrious Repreſentative of that Family, under which my Father, for many years, diſcharged the duties of a Clergyman.

Both the late Duke of BUCCLEUGH, and the Earl of DALKEITH, diſtinguiſhed Him by particular marks of their favour; and I muſt have forgotten Him, if I could have wiſhed to offer the firſt Dedication of my literary Labours to any other than the Duke of BUCCLEUGH.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's moſt devoted

And moſt obedient humble Servant,

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ERRATA.

p. xxxv. l. 29. *for* left, *read* leſt.

p. 149. *in the notes, ſecond column*, l. 4, *for* where, *read* and.

p. 156. l. 9. *for* ſpear-ſtaff, *read* ſpear-ſtaffs.

p. 204. *ſecond column of notes, for* faces, *read* foes.

p. 224. l. 14. *for* ſtreams, *read* ſteams.

p. 256. l. 8. *for* cloſen, *read* cloven.

And in p. 293. *firſt column of the notes, and firſt line, in place of* ten thouſand, *read* ten millions. Some other errors, moſtly of punctuation and orthography, will be obvious to the reader; who will perceive, that the note on p. 279, and p. vii. of the Introduction, were at preſs ere the peace between the Ruſſians and Turks, and ere the preſent unhappy commotions in America.

In p. xxxiv. *of the Introduction*, l. 16. *firſt column of the notes, after this ſentence*, All a miſtake——*the reader is deſired to add the following:* Nor is the Author of *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, &c. leſs unhappy. Miſled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompouſly cloathed it in the dreſs of imagination — *Un homme obſcur*, ſays he, *plus avancè que ſon ſiecle*, &c.—thus literally, an obſcure man, more advanced than his age in the knowledge of aſtronomy and navigation, propoſed to Spain, happy in her internal dominion, to aggrandiſe herſelf abroad. Chriſtopher Columbus felt, as if by inſtinct, that there muſt be another continent, and that he was to diſcover it. The Antipodes, treated by reaſon itſelf as a chimera, and by ſuperſtition, as error and impiety, were in the eyes of this man of genius an inconteſtible truth. Full of this idea, one of the grandeſt which could enter the human mind, he propoſed, &c.——The miniſters of this Princeſs (Iſabel of Spain) eſteemed at firſt as a viſionary, a man who pretended to diſcover a world——Thus the Abbe R—— But be it our's to reſtore his due honours to the Prince of Portugal. Henry, &c.

In p. clvii. *of the Introduction*, l. 11. *after*, a Hector and a Priam, *the reader is alſo deſired to add:* If Camoens has happily avoided the exhauſted contraſt of fierce and mild heroes, he has nevertheleſs been able to give his poem more manners than the Eneid. And if his ſubject obliged him to have leſs action than the Iliad, it has allowed him to diſplay more *empreſſement* and fire, more of the real action of the conduct, diveſted of the epiſodes, than the Odyſſey, though the Odyſſey be eſteemed the moſt perfect model of Epic compoſition.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

LUSIAD.

IF a concatenation of events centered in one great action, events which gave birth to the preſent Commercial Syſtem of the World, if theſe be of the firſt importance in the civil hiſtory of mankind, the Luſiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the Philoſopher, the Politician, and the Gentleman.

In contradiſtinction to the Iliad and Æneid, the Paradiſe Loſt has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the ſame manner may the Luſiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the moſt important deſigns of Henry Duke of Viſeo, Prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the Eaſtern and the Weſtern Worlds, conſtitutes the ſubject of that celebrated Epic Poem, (known hitherto in England almoſt only by name) which is now offered to the Engliſh Reader. But before we proceed to the hiſtorical introduction neceſſary to elucidate a poem founded on ſuch an important period of hiſtory, ſome attention is due to the opinion of thoſe Theoriſts in political philoſophy who lament that either India was ever diſcovered, and who aſſert that the increaſe of Trade is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurſe of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this ſide of the queſtion, but much alſo may be urged againſt every inſtitution relative to man. Imperfection, if not neceſſary to humanity, is at leaſt the certain attendant on every thing human. Though ſome part of the traffic with many countries reſemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the ſuperfluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which

enervate the irreſolute and adminiſter diſeaſe, are introduced by commerce; the extent of the benefits which attend it are alſo to be conſidered, ere the man of cool reaſon will venture to pronounce that mankind are injured, are rendered leſs virtuous and leſs happy by the increaſe of Commerce.

If a view of the ſtate of mankind, where Commerce opens no intercourſe between nation and nation be neglected, unjuſt concluſions will certainly follow. Where the ſtate of barbarians and of countries under the different degrees of civilization are candidly weighed, we may reaſonably expect a juſt deciſion. As evidently as the appointment of Nature gives paſture to the herds, as evidently is man born for ſociety. As every other animal is in its natural ſtate when in the ſituation which its inſtinct requires; ſo man, when his reaſon is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the ſtate proper to his nature. The life of the naked ſavage, who feeds on acorns and ſleeps like a beaſt in his den, is commonly called the natural ſtate of man; but if there be any propriety in this aſſertion, his rational faculties compoſe no part of his nature, and were given not to be uſed. If the ſavage therefore live in a ſtate contrary to the appointment of nature, it muſt follow that he is not ſo happy as nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this concluſion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of a Rouſſeau, may figure the paradiſial life of a Hottentot, but it is only in ſuch dreams that the happineſs of the barbarian exiſts. The ſavage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unleſs we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwiſe have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit in reconciling the human breaſt to the moſt uncomfortable ſituations. If the intercourſe of mankind in ſome inſtances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the nobleſt virtues; and if the ſeeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and unknown even to the ſavage poſſeſſor. The moſt beautiful deſcription of a tribe of ſavages, which we may be aſſured is from real life, occurs in theſe words; And the five ſpies of Dan "*came to* Laiſh, *and ſaw the people that were there, how they dwelt careleſs after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and ſecure, and there was no magiſtrate in the land that*

that might put them to ſhame in any thing .... And the ſpies ſaid to their brethren, *Ariſe, that we may go up againſt them; for we have ſeen the land, and behold it is very good .... and they came unto* Laiſh, *unto a people that were quiet and ſecure, and they ſmote them with the edge of the ſword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no Deliverer, becauſe it was far from Zidon, and they had no buſineſs with any man*——However the happy ſimplicity of this ſociety may pleaſe the man of fine imagination, the true philoſopher will view the men of Laiſh with other eyes. However virtuous he may ſuppoſe one generation, the children of the next were ſure to ſink into every vice of brutality. When his wants are eaſily ſupplied, the manners of the ſavage will be ſimple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But theſe will ſoon occur; he that gathers the greateſt quantity of fruit will be envied by the leſs induſtrious: The human paſſions will operate, and where there is no magiſtrate to put to ſhame in any thing, depredation will ſoon diſplay all its horrors. And could ſuch a tribe be ſecured from the conſequences of their own unreſtrained paſſions, could even this impoſſibility be ſurmounted, ſtill are they a wretched prey to the firſt invaders, and becauſe they have no buſineſs with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the ſame, the fate of Laiſh will always be the fate of the weak and defenceleſs; and thus the moſt amiable deſcription of ſavage life, raiſes in our minds the ſtrongeſt imagery of the miſery and impoſſible continuance of ſuch a ſtate. But if the view of Laiſh then terminate in horror, with what contemplation ſhall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? Immenſe tracts peopled by a few tribes ſcattered at great diſtances, who eſteem and treat each other as beaſts of the chace. Attachment to their own tribe conſtitutes their higheſt idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the moſt brutal depravity, makes them conſider the man of every other tribe as one with whom nature had placed them in a ſtate of war, and had commanded to deſtroy*.

* This ferocity of ſavage manners affords a philoſophical account how the moſt diſtant and inhoſpitable climes were firſt peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, ſome naturally fly to the wilds. As their families increaſe, the ſtronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread juſt puniſhment or unjuſt oppreſſion, fly farther and farther in ſearch of that protection which is only to be found in civilized ſociety.

And to this principle their cuſtoms and ideas of honour ſerve as rituals and miniſters. The ancient cruelties practiſed by the American ſavages on their priſoners of war (and war was their chief employment) convey every idea expreſſed by the word diabolical, and give a moſt ſhocking view of the degradation of human nature. But what peculiarly completes the character of the ſavage, is his horrible ſuperſtition. In the moſt diſtant nations the ſavage is in this the ſame. The terror of evil ſpirits continually haunts him, and his God is beheld as a relentleſs tyrant, and is worſhipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horror and fear. In all the numerous accounts of ſavage worſhip, one trace of filial dependance is not to be found. The very reverſe of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbariſm confined alone to thoſe ignorant tribes, whom we call ſavages. The vulgar of every country poſſeſs it in certain degrees, proportionated to their opportunities of converſation with the more enlightened. Selfiſhneſs, cruel and often cowardly ferocity, together with the moſt unhappy ſuperſtition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and ſevere want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourſe and the offices of ſociety. So ſelf-evident are theſe poſitions, that it requires an apology for inſiſting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read knows how many eminent writers*, and he who has converſed knows how many reſpectable

* The author of that voluminous work, *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens & du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes*, is one of the many who aſſert that the ſavage is happier than the civil life. His reaſons are thus abridged: The ſavage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fiſhing give him a certain ſubſiſtence. He ſleeps ſound, and knows not the diſeaſes of cities. He cannot want what he does not deſire, nor deſire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief do not enter his ſoul. He is not under the controul of a ſuperior in his actions; in a word, ſays our author, the ſavage only ſuffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended againſt the change of ſeaſons, it is uſe which makes theſe things neceſſary, and they are purchaſed by the painful labours of the multitude who are the baſis of ſociety. To what outrages is not the man of civil life expoſed? if he has property it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to our author, the greateſt of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the ſavage, led by the wind and the ſun, can go to a better clime; but in the horrors of famine, war, or peſtilence, the ports and barriers of poliſhed ſtates place the ſubjects in a priſon, where they muſt periſh—*In reſteroit encore*—There ſtill remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the ſavage; a difference, *toute entiere*, all entirely to the diſadvantage of ſociety, that injuſtice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. "In fine, ſays he, as the wiſh for independence is

names, connect the idea of innocence and happineſs with the life of the ſavage and the unimproved ruſtic. To fix the character of the ſavage was therefore neceſſary, ere we examine the aſſertion, that it had been happy for both the old and the new worlds if the Eaſt and Weſt Indies had never been diſcovered. The bloodſhed and the attendant miſeries which the unparral-

is one of the firſt inſtincts of man, he who can join to the poſſeſſion of this primitive right, the moral ſecurity of a ſubſiſtence, (which we were juſt told the ſavage could do) is incomparably more happy than the rich man ſurrounded with laws, ſuperiors, prejudices and faſhions, which endanger his liberty."———

Such are the ſentiments of a writer, whoſe hiſtorical intelligence has acquired him a reputation on the continent; and as he is not ſingular in his eſtimate of ſavage happineſs, his abſurdities merit ſome obſervation. And nothing can be more evident, than that if habit deſtroy the reliſh of the elegancies of life, habit alſo will deſtroy the pleaſure of hunting and fiſhing, when theſe are the ſole buſineſs of the ſavage. You may as well ſay, a poſtillion jaded with fatigue and ſhivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy becauſe gentlemen ride on horſeback for their pleaſure. That we cannot want what we do not deſire, nor deſire what we do not know, are juſt poſitions; but does it follow, that ſuch ſtate is happier than that which brings the wiſhes and cares of civil life? By no means: For, according to this argument, inſenſibility and happineſs proceed in the ſame gradation, and of conſequence an oyſter * is the happieſt of all animals. The advantages aſcribed to the ſavage over the civilized in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and ſecurity of liberty, outrage common ſenſe, and are ſtriking inſtances that no abſurdities are too groſs for the reveries of modern philoſophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the ſavages are every where expoſed to, how their lands, if of any value, are ſure to be ſeized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their perſons enſlaved by the more poliſhed ſtates. He quite forgets the *infinite diſtance* between the reſources of the ſocial and ſavage life; between the comforts adminiſtered by ſociety to infirmity and old age, and the miſerable ſtate of the ſavage when he can no longer purſue his hunting and fiſhing. He alſo quite forgets the infinite difference between the diſcourſe of the ſavage hut, and the *cæna deorum*, the friendſhip and converſation of refined and elevated underſtandings. But to philoſophiſe is the contagion which infects the *eſprits forts* of the continent; and under the mania of this diſeaſe, there is no wonder that common ſenſe is ſo often crucified. It is only the reputation of thoſe who ſupport ſome opinions that will vindicate the uſe of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, *en bagatelle*, we ſmile at the triumph of our author, who thus ſums up his arguments: "*Après tout, un mot* "*peut terminer ce grand procès*—After all, "one word will decide this grand diſpute, "*ſi fortement débattue entre les philoſophes*, "ſo ſtrongly canvaſſed among philoſophers: "Demand of the man of civil life, if he "is happy? Demand of the ſavage, if he "is miſerable? If both anſwer, No, the "diſpute is determined." By no means; for the beaſt that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier ſtate than the man who has one wiſh to ſatisfy, however reaſonably he may hope to do it by his induſtry and virtue.

* And our author in reality goes as far, "*Temoin cet Ecoſſois*,——Witneſs that Scotchman, ſays he, who being left alone on the iſle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural wants ſo engroſſed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, and even the articulation of words, this European, at the end of four years, found himſelf eaſed of the burden of ſocial life, in having the happineſs to loſe the uſe of reflection, of theſe thoughts which led him back to the paſt, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneus in fact, as ſuch happineſs is falſe in philoſophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no ſuch ſtate of happy ideotiſm; and on his return to England, the remembrance of his ſufferings on the iſle of Fernandez, afforded the hint of Robinſon Cruſoe.

lelled

lelled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards ſpread over the new world, indeed diſgrace human nature. The great and flouriſhing empires of Mexico and Peru, ſteeped in the blood of forty millions of their ſons, preſent a melancholy proſpect, which muſt excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet ſuch deſolation is not the certain conſequence of diſcovery. And even ſhould we allow that the depravity of human nature is ſo great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the ſoldier will overwhelm with miſery every new diſcovered country, ſtill are there other, more comprehenſive views, to be taken, ere we decide againſt the intercourſe introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happineſs of Europe in the ſcale of political philoſophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a ſtagnated lake are diſturbed by the ſpade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh againſt the alteration becauſe the waters are fouled at the firſt; we are to wait to ſee the ſtreamlets refine and ſpread beauty and utility through a thouſand vales which they never viſited before. Such were the conqueſts of Alexander, temporary evils, but civilization and happineſs followed in the bloody tract. And though diſgraced with every barbarity, happineſs has alſo followed the conqueſts of the Spaniards in the other hemiſphere. Though the villainy of the Jeſuits defeated their ſchemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that ſociety have been crowned with a ſucceſs in Paraguay and in Canada, which does them the greateſt honour. The cuſtoms and cruelties of many American tribes ſtill diſgrace human nature, but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to reliſh the bleſſings of ſociety and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not ſo populous as it once was, neither is it ſo barbarous*; the

*The innocent ſimplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the horrid cruelties they ſuffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almoſt every thing was horrid in their civil cuſtoms and religious rites. In ſome tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, ſiſters, and daughters, was eſteemed the means of domeſtic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; they went from houſe to houſe as they pleaſed, and it was unlawful to refuſe them what victuals they chuſed. In every tribe, the captives taken in war were murdered with the moſt wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if poſſible, ſtill more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, ſlaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appeaſe their various gods. If there was a ſcarcity of human victims, the prieſts announced that the gods were dying of thirſt for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine by

ſhrieks of the human victim do not now reſound from temple to temple, nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the Sun, imprecate the vengeance of heaven on the guilty empire. And however impolitically deſpotic the Spaniſh governments may be, ſtill do theſe colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age ariſe from the knowledge of commerce and of letters, opportunities which were never enjoyed in South America under the reigns of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spaniſh we turn our eyes to Britiſh America, what a glorious proſpect! Here once on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few ſavage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil ſpirits and beaſts of prey, than from the cold, and with their feet pointed to it, ſlept on the ground. Here now population ſpreads her thouſands, and ſociety appears in all its bleſſings of mutual help, and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. " What work of art, or power, or " public utility, has ever equalled the glory of having peopled " a continent, without guilt or bloodſhed, with a multitude of " free and happy common-wealths, to have given them the " beſt arts of life and government!" This, indeed, is the greateſt glory of the Britiſh crown, " a greater than any other

by ſupplying the altars, the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring ſtates. The priſoners of either ſide died by the hand of the prieſt. But the number of the Mexican ſacrifices ſo greatly exceeded thoſe of other nations, that the Tlaſcalans, who were hunted down for this purpoſe, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and fired by the moſt fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great ſacrifice of the Mexican nation. Who that views Mexico, ſteeped in her own blood, can reſtrain the emotion which whiſpers to him, This is the hand of heaven!—By the number of theſe ſacred butcheries, one would think that cruelty was the greateſt amuſement of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were ſacrificed in four days. And, according to the beſt accounts, the annual ſacrifices of Mexico required ſeveral thouſands. The ſkulls of the victims ſometimes were hung on ſtrings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and ſometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In ſome of theſe towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted 136,000 ſkulls. During the war with Cortez they increaſed their uſual ſacrifices, till prieſt and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embaſſies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and intreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is ſaid, were more poliſhed, and did not ſacrifice quite ſo many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the uſual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obſequies. The method of ſacrifyſing was thus; Six prieſts laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him acroſs, the ſixth cut up his ſtomach with a ſharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the ſun, the others tumbled the carcaſe down a flight of ſtairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next ſacrifice. See Acoſta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

" nation

" nation ever acquired;" and from the conſequences of the genius of Henry, Duke of Viſeo, did the Britiſh American empire ariſe, an empire which moſt probably will one day be the glory of the world.

Stubborn indeed muſt be the Theoriſt, who will deny the improvement, virtue and happineſs, which in the reſult, the voyage of Columbus has ſpread over the Weſtern World. The happineſs which Europe and Aſia have received from the intercourſe with each other, cannot hitherto, it muſt be owned, be compared either with the poſſeſſion of it, or the ſource of its increaſe eſtabliſhed in America. Yet let the man of the moſt melancholy views eſtimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portugueſe and other European nations, ſtill will the Eaſtern World appear conſiderably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If ſeas of blood have been ſhed by the Portugueſe, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard of ſtrangers on the banks of the Ganges, nor could the nature of the civil eſtabliſhments of the eaſtern nations ſecure a laſting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels, into channels, which in the natural courſe of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, eſtabliſhed on improved laws and juſt dominion. Yet even ere ſuch governments are formed, is Aſia no loſer by the arrival of Europeans. The horrid maſſacres and unbounded rapine which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Aſian conquerors, were never equalled by the worſt of their European vanquiſhers. Nor is the eſtabliſhment of improved governments in the Eaſt the dream of theory. The ſuperiority of the civil and military arts of the Britiſh, notwithſtanding the hateful character of ſome individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the aſtoniſhment of admiration, and all the deſire of imitation. This, however retarded by various cauſes, muſt in time have a moſt important effect, muſt fulfil the prophecy of Camoens, and transfer to the Britiſh the high compliment he pays to his countrymen;

> Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe and mild,
> Proud of her victor's laws thrice happier India ſmiled.

In

In former ages, and within theſe few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every ſcene of human miſery, under the undiſtinguiſhing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European hiſtory by thoſe committed under Attila, ſurnamed the ſcourge of God, and the deſtroyer of nations. The ideas of patriotiſm and of honour were ſeldom known in the cabinets of the eaſtern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every ſpecies of aſſaſſination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unreſtrained rapine and maſſacre followed the path of victory. But ſome of the Portugueſe governors, and many of the Engliſh officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the beſt, the trueſt policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greateſt dread; and the ſuperiority of the Britiſh in war has convinced their * princes, that an alliance with the Britiſh is the ſureſt guarantee of their national peace and proſperity. While the Engliſh Eaſt India Company are poſſeſſed of their preſent greatneſs, it is in their power to diffuſe over the Eaſt every bleſſing which flows from the wiſeſt and moſt humane policy, a policy till of late unknown, even in idea, in Aſia. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, has ſpread the devaſtations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the ſeven years famine of ancient Egypt to the preſent day, was there a natural ſcarcity in any country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Mooriſh traders have often added all the horrors of an artificial to a natural famine. But however ſome Portugueſe or other governors may ſtand accuſed, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Caſtro. And under ſuch European governors as theſe, the diſtreſſes of the Eaſt have often been alleviated by a generoſity of conduct, and a train of reſources formerly unknown in Aſia. The introduction of the Britiſh laws into India, of laws already admired as the dictates of heaven, muſt, in the courſe of ages, have a wide and ſtupendous effect. The abject ſpirit of Aſian ſubmiſſion, will be taught to ſee, and to claim thoſe rights of nature, of which

* Mahommed Ali Khan, Nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the Britiſh with "that freedom of openneſs which they love, and I eſteem it my honour as well as ſecurity "to be the ally of ſuch a nation of princes."

the diſpirited and paſſive * Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea. From this, as naturally as the noon ſucceeds the dawn, muſt the other bleſſings of civilization ariſe. And though the four great tribes of India are almoſt inacceſſible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is one deſpiſed tribe, who are not bound by their ſuperſtition to reject the advantages which flow from an inter-community with civilized ſtrangers. Nor may the political philoſopher be deemed an enthuſiaſt, who would boldly propheſy, that unleſs the Britiſh are driven from India, that tribe, the deſpiſed Hallachores, into which the refuſe of the reſt are now excommunicated, will in the courſe of a few centuries, from the advantages received from intercommunity, bear ſuch a ſuperiority over the others, that the others will be induced to break the ſhackles of their abſurd ſuperſtitions, (which almoſt in every inſtance ‡ are contrary to the feelings and wiſhes of nature) and will be led to partake of thoſe advantages which ariſe from the free ſcope and due cultivation of the rational powers. Nor can the obſtinacy even of the conceited Chineſe always reſiſt the deſire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are ſo greatly ſuperior to themſelves. The uſe of the twenty-four letters, by which we can expreſs every language, appeared at firſt as miraculous to the Chineſe. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in ſelfiſh cunning, of the eaſe and expedition of an alphabet; and it is eaſy to foreſee, that, in the courſe of a few centuries, ſome alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chineſe literature not only a labour of the utmoſt difficulty, but even impoſſible to attain, beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious induſtry of the Chineſe! Though moſt obſtinately attached to their old cuſtoms, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is ſudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of inſtinctive fury againſt ancient prejudice and abſurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœni-

* See the note on the VII. Luſiad.

‡ Every man muſt follow his father's trade, and muſt marry a daughter of the ſame occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous reſtrictions of genius and inclination.

cians,

cians, which diffuſed the uſe of letters through the ancient, and Commerce will undoubtedly diffuſe the ſame bleſſings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happineſs, which is ſure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the Divine add what may be reaſonably expected from ſuch opportunity of the increaſe of Religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has ſeldom been found to be the ſchool of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become aſſimilated to thoſe of a more rational worſhip, ſomething more than ever was produced by an infant miſſion, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reaſonably expected, and even foretold.

In eſtimating the political happineſs of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake will continue in the ſame ſtate for ages and ages, ſo would the bigotry and ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt continue the ſame. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thouſand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuſe the bleſſings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderneſs into a land of ſociety and joy.

In contraſt to this, let the Golden Coaſt and other immenſe regions of Africa be contemplated:

> Afric behold; alas, what altered view!
> Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
> Ungraced with all that ſweetens human life,
> Savage and fierce they roam in brutal ſtrife;
> Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
> Yet naked roam their own neglected fields . . . . .
> Unnumber'd tribes as beſtial grazers ſtray,
> By laws unform'd, unform'd by Reaſon's ſway.
> Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
> Where on the parch'd hill-ſide pale famine wails.
>
> LUSIAD X.

Let us view what millions of theſe unhappy ſavages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them. And who would heſitate to pronounce that Negro the greateſt of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of

ſociety, ſhould teach them to defend themſelves in the poſſeſſion of their fields, their families, and their own perſonal liberties?

Evident however at it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a ſuperior degree of happineſs, and the promiſe of infinitely more, to the Eaſtern and Weſtern worlds; yet the advantages derived from the diſcovery of theſe regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the ſpirit of modern diſcovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal ſyſtem had degenerated into the moſt abſolute tyranny. The barons exerciſed the moſt deſpotic authority over their vaſſals, and every ſcheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led their dependends as dogs to the chace. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the Chieftain was entirely poſſeſſed by the moſt romantic opinion of military glory, and the ſong of his domeſtic minſtrel conſtituted his higheſt idea of fame. The Claſſics ſlept on the ſhelves of the monaſtries, their dark, but happy aſylum, while the life of the monks reſembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed poſſeſſed by a Duns Scotus and a few others; but theſe were loſt in the moſt trifling ſubtleties of a ſophiſtry, which they dignified with the name of caſuiſtical Divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thouſand angels might at the ſame inſtant dance upon the point of the fineſt needle without one joſtling another, were two of the ſeveral topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controverſies of the Learned. While every branch of philoſophical, of rational inveſtigation, was thus unpurſued and unknown, Commerce, incompatible in itſelf with the feodal ſyſtem, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by Learning, plans of Commerce will riſe into action, and which, in return, will, from every part of the earth, bring new acquirements to philoſophy and ſcience. The birth of Learning and Commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual and dependent upon each other. They not only aſſiſt each other, but the ſame enlargement of mind which is neceſſary for perfection in

in the one, is alſo neceſſary for perfection in the other; and the ſame cauſes impede, and are alike deſtructive of both. The INTERCOURSE of mankind is the parent of both. According to the confinement or extent of Intercourſe, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark Monkiſh ages, the Intercourſe of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy veſſels coaſted the ſhores of Europe, and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miſerable account of what was paſſing in the world from monaſtery to monaſtery. What Doctor had laſt diſputed on the peripatetic philoſophy at ſome univerſity, and what new hereſy had laſt appeared, compriſed the whole of their literary intelligence; and which was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkneſs overſpread the weſtern world, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born, born to ſet mankind free from the feodal ſyſtem, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may poſſibly be diffuſed by the Intercourſe of unlimited commerce:

——— For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of Trade: the Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that in hopeleſs ſloth
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep
For idle ages, ſtarting heard at laſt
The Luſitanian Prince, who, heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mixt the world. THOM.

In contraſt to the melancholy view of human nature, ſunk in barbariſm and benighted with ignorance, let the preſent ſtate of Europe be impartially eſtimated. Yet though the great increaſe of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are ſome who aſſert, that virtue and happineſs have as greatly declined. And the immenſe overflow of riches, from the Eaſt in particular, has been pronounced big with deſtruction to the Britiſh empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright ſide; but let theſe popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the Britiſh empire in a very particular manner, have received the greateſt and moſt ſolid advantages from the modern enlarged ſyſtem of Commerce

merce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the moſt withered, deformed hag, appear as the moſt beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the moſt amiable ſimplicity, and the modern in the moſt odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England lives in that ſtupendous groſs luxury, which every day was exhibited in the Gothic caſtles of the old Chieftains! Four or five hundred knights and ſquires in the domeſtic retinue of a warlike earl was not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuſe waſte of their tables; in both inſtances unequalled by all the mad exceſſes of the preſent age.

While the Baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almoſt totally neglected, and his meaner vaſſals fared harder, infinitely leſs comfortably, than the meaneſt induſtrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peaſants, ill-cloathed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, paſs their miſerable days in ſloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which nature lays at their feet. He who paſſes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to thoſe remote villages of Scotland or Ireland, which claim this deſcription, is aſtoniſhed at the comparative wretchedneſs of their deſtitute inhabitants; but few conſider, that theſe villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the ſpirit of Commerce diffuſed the bleſſings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harveſt almoſt depopulates an iſland. Having little or no traffic to purchaſe grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themſelves to the continent in queſt of employment and food, leaving a few, leſs adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the ſame fortune. Yet, from the ſame cauſe, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than theſe. 'Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themſelves with the trophies of France, how often has Famine ſpread all her horrors over city and village? Our modern hiſtories neglect this characteriſtical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of theſe ages inform us, that three or four times, in almoſt every reign of continuance, was England thus viſited. The failure of the crop was then ſeverely felt, and two bad harveſts together were almoſt inſupportable. But Commerce has now opened another ſcene, has armed

armed Government with the happieſt power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every extremity * which may poſſibly ariſe from bad harveſts; extremities, which, in former ages, were eſteemed more dreadful viſitations of the wrath of heaven, than the peſtilence itſelf. Yet modern London is not ſo certainly defended againſt the latter, its antient viſitor in almoſt every reign, than the Commonwealth by the means of Commerce, under a juſt and humane government, is ſecured againſt the ravages of the former. If, from theſe great outlines of the happineſs enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no leſs in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the preſent age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ones were leſs virtuous. If the ſpirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foſter-father of a ferocity of manners, now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy are the vices aſcribed to the increaſe of Commerce; and in ſome degree, it muſt be confeſſed, they follow her ſteps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two firſt under the feodal Lords, than poſſibly can be experienced under any ſyſtem of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the ſame in every age: they only receive different modifications, and are dormant or awaked into action under different circumſtances. The feodal Lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourſe with the reſt of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutiſh ferocity which actuates the ſavage, often the ruſtic, and in general characteriſes the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feodal ſyſtem, a ſyſtem of abſolute ſlavery, and that equality of mankind, which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to induſtry, are the glorious gifts which the ſpirit of Commerce, awaked by prince Henry of Portugal, has beſtowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the Britiſh empire in particular. In the vice

* Extremity; for it were both highly unjuſt and impolitic in government, to allow importation in ſuch a degree as might be deſtructive of domeſtic agriculture, when there is a real failure of the harveſt.

of

of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our anceſtors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now loſt, and the general mind is humaniſed. The ſavage breaſt is the native ſoil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly ſtampt with the character of hell. But the mention of this was reſerved for the character of the ſavages of Europe. The ſavage of every country is implacable when injured, but among ſome, revenge has its meaſure. The wilds of America hear the hoſtile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the murdered, and whom, as an oblivion of malice, they bury together. But the meaſure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-ſavages of Europe. The vaſſals of the feudal Lord entered into his quarrels with the moſt inexorable rage. Juſt or unjuſt was no conſideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no farther enquiry was made; and from age to age, the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, ſuitable to this horrid ſpirit, every where confeſſed its violent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Reſentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honeſt, and though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard taſk of humaniſed virtue to preſerve the feeling of an injury unmixt with the ſlighteſt criminal wiſh of revenge, how impoſſible is it for the ſavage, to attain the dignity of forgiveneſs, the greateſt ornament of human nature. As in individuals, a virtue will riſe into a vice, generoſity into blind profuſion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, ſo civiliſed manners will lead the opulent into effeminacy. But let it be conſidered, this conſequence is by no means the certain reſult of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the certain preventive of this evil. When refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, whenever frivoloufneſs predominates, literary ignorance is ſure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly ſecure its poſſeſſor againſt thoſe exceſſes of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners it is not neceſſary to be a clown, or to wear coarſe cloaths; nor is it neceſſary

to

to lie on the ground and feed like the ſavage, to be truly manly. The beggar who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real ſenſualiſt than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we heſitate to aſſert, that he who, unable to preſerve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the *petit maitre*, would have been, in any age or condition, equally inſignificant and worthleſs. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the preſent age, ſeem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is groſs and brutal; that of a gloomy ſuperſtitious one, ſecret, exceſſive, and murderous: that of a more poliſhed one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair ſex *, and certainly not ſo bad. If one diſeaſe has been imported from Spaniſh America, the moſt valuable medicines have likewiſe been brought from theſe regions; and diſtempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies uſher diſeaſe to our tables, the conſequence is not unknown; the wiſe and the temperate receive no injury, and intemperance has been the deſtroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate ſenſualiſts of theſe ages were not men of intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings, inſpired by a liberal education, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wiſdom which ariſes from ſcience, they were groſs barbarians, dreſſed in the mere outward tinſel of civilization †. Where

* Even that warm admirer of ſavage happineſs, the Author of *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens*, &c. confeſſes, that the wild Americans ſeem deſtitute of the feeling of love. In a little while, ſays he, when the heat of paſſion is gratified, they loſe all affection and attachment for their women, whom they degrade to the moſt ſervile offices.—A tender remembrance of the firſt endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compaſſionate ſentiments of honour; all theſe delicate feelings, which ariſe into affection and bind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and groſs ſenſations of the barbarian of any country.

† The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of the ſtate, and the reaſon is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and ſuperficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reigns of empire. The degeneracy of literary taſte is, therefore, the ſureſt proof of the general ignorance. However foreigners may juſtly deſpiſe our theatrical taſte, the juſtice of their contempt by no means fixes a ſtain on the national. A London audience is chiefly compoſed of thoſe ranks who never, in any country, had any pretenſion to lietrary taſte. Manly criticiſm, and every diſcuſſion of philoſophy, never appeared in greater luſtre than in the preſent age; and Engliſh literature is the ſtudy of Europe.

the enthuſiaſm of military honour characteriſes the rank of gentlemen, that nation will riſe into empire. But no ſooner does conqueſt give a continued ſecurity, than the mere ſoldier degenerates; and the old veterans are ſoon ſucceeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but deſtitute of their virtues and experience. Luxury prevails; titles and family are the only merit, and the whole body of the nobility are utterly ignorant of the principles of commerce and true policy. A ſtately grandeur is preſerved, but it is only outward, all is decayed within, and on the firſt ſtorm the weak fabrick falls to the duſt. Thus roſe and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. But moſt eſſentially different from this is the preſent character of the Britiſh nation: Science and every branch of liberal ſtudy have here taken deep root, and ſpread their fruitful boughs wide over the unrivalled empire. Our politicians of the day may declaim as ignorant paſſion leads them, but the true character of the preſent age, compared with that of the laſt and the preceding centuries, does honour to human nature. Neither do the ſlaviſh principles of the Royaliſts of the laſt century, nor the unconſtitutional fury of the Republicans, conſtitute the preſent general character. A ſpirit more manly than that of the former, more rational, more liberal than that of both, predominates in every branch of the people. The weakneſs of effeminacy has neither appeared in the Camp nor in the Senate. The advantages of cultivated talents, on the contrary, never ſhone forth with greater luſtre, than the preſent age has beheld them diſplayed, in the diſputes of the Senate and in the arts of war. And if thus we are defended againſt the evils of effeminacy, we may alſo preſume, that the ſame liberal cultivation of the minds of the Great will preſerve us from thoſe evils which other nations have ſuffered from the ſudden influx of enormous wealth. The wiſdom of legiſlature might certainly have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquiſitions in the two Indies *. But what other

* The ſoldiers and navigators were the only conſiderable gainers by their acquirements in the Indies. Though agriculture and manufactory are the natural ſtrength of a nation; and though the true uſe of colonization is to increaſe theſe in the mother country, theſe received little or no increaſe in Spain and Portugal by the great acquiſitions of theſe crowns. But of this hereafter.

than

than the total eclipſe of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as thoſe of Portugal are deſcribed by the author of the Luſiad, a court and nobility, who ſealed the truth of all his complaints againſt them, by ſuffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-houſe! What but the fall of their ſtate could be expected from barbarians like theſe! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one inſtance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that aſcribed to his countrymen by Camoens.

No leſſon can be of greater national importance than the hiſtory of the riſe and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been ſtill added; the means by which ſuch empire might have been continued, and the errors by which it was loſt, are as particularly conſpicuous in the naval and commercial hiſtory of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a laſting example to mankind; a chart, where the courſe of the ſafe voyage is pointed out, and where the ſhelves and rocks, and the ſeaſons of tempeſt are diſcovered, and foretold.

The hiſtory of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the deſigns of Prince Henry. But as the enterprizes of this great man, and the completion of his deſigns are intimately connected with the ſtate of Portugal, a ſhort view of the progreſs of the power, and of the character of that kingdom, will be neceſſary to elucidate the hiſtory of the revival of commerce, and the ſubject of the Luſiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were deſolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally a wandering banditti of Aſiatic Scythia, ſpread the ſame horrors of brutal conqueſt over the fineſt countries of the eaſtern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Chriſtian religion as profeſſed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new ſettlements, their military ſpirit ſoon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may poſſibly be inſpired by religious enthuſiaſm. Not only the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed, but their beloved Paradiſe itſelf was to be obtained by

their ſabres, by extending the faith of their prophet by force of arms and uſurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inſpired by a commiſſion which they eſteemed divine, the rapidity of their conqueſts far exceeded thoſe of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country they ſubdued embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views, and the profeſſors Mohammediſm became the moſt formidable combination that ever was leagued together againſt the reſt of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the Turkiſh arms ſpread ſlaughter and deſolation from the ſouth of Spain to Italy and the iſlands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their leſs warlike poſterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their luſt of conqueſt threatened deſtruction to every Chriſtian power. But a romantic military ſpirit revived in Europe, under the auſpices of Charlemagne. The Mohammedans, during the reign of this ſovereign, made a moſt formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; when that political monarch, by inventing new military honours, drew the adventurous youth of every Chriſtian power to his ſtandards, and in fact, a circumſtance, however neglected by hiſtorians, gave birth to the Cruſades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the hiſtorians of this period, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance ſeized upon it, though they gave full room to the wildeſt flights of imagination, and added the inexhauſtible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on hiſtorical facts*. Yet, however this period may thus reſemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance,

* Arioſto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, choſe this period for the ſubject of his Orlando Furioſo. Paris beſieged by the Saracens, Orlando and the other Chriſtian knights aſſemble in aid of Charlemagne, who are oppoſed in their amours and in battle by Rodomont, Ferraw, and other infidel knights. That there was a noted Mooriſh Spaniard, named Ferraw, a redoubted champion of that age, we have the teſtimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a writer of note of the fifteenth century.

acquired

acquired great honour in the wars which were waged againſt the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In theſe romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, ſeveral centuries elapſed, when Alonzo, king of Caſtile, apprehenſive that the whole force of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himſelf of the ſpirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to diſtinguiſh themſelves under his banners againſt the infidels. His deſire was no ſooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his ſtandards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were liberally diſtributed among the champions, and to one of the braveſt of them, to Henry*, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries ſouth of Galicia in dowry, commiſſioning him to extend his dominions by the expulſion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of Count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira alſo was ſubdued, and the Mooriſh king of Lamego became his tributary. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had lived in miſerable ſubjection to the Moors, or in deſolate independency in the mountains, took ſhelter under the generous protection of Count Henry. Great numbers alſo of the Moors changed their religion, and choſe rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, than be expoſed to the ſeverities and injuſtice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the moſt ‡ beautiful and fertile ſpots of the world, and in the fineſt climate, in conſequence of a Cruſade † againſt the Mohammedans, was eſtabliſhed the ſovereignty of Portugal, a ſovereignty which in time ſpread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a ſucceſsful reign, was ſucceeded by his infant ſon Don Alonzo-Henry, who having ſurmounted ſeveral

* See the notes on page 94 and 95.

‡ Small indeed in extent, but ſo rich in fertility, that it was called *Medulla Hiſpanica, The marrow of Spain.* Vid. Reſandii Antiq. Luſit. l. iii.

† In propriety moſt certainly a Cruſade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

dangers

dangers which threatened his youth*, became the founder of the Portugueſe monarchy. In 1139 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Chriſtians. According to the loweſt accounts of the Portugueſe writers, the army of the Moors amounted to near 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we conſider what armies they at other times brought to the field, and that at this time they came to take poſſeſſion of the lands they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very ſmall army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and after a ſtruggle of ſix hours, obtained a moſt glorious and compleat † victory, and which was crowned with an event of the utmoſt importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed King of Portugal by his victorious ſoldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the conſtitution of the monarchy was not ſettled, nor was Alonzo inveſted with the *Regalia* till ſix years after this memorable victory. The government the Portugueſe had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they ſaw were derived from their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the ſhouts of tumult. Alonzo himſelf underſtood their ſpirit too well to make the leaſt attempt to erect himſelf a deſpotic Monarch, nor did he diſcover the leaſt inclination to deſtroy that bold conſciouſneſs of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer and elect him their Sovereign. After ſix years ſpent in farther victories, in extending and ſecuring his dominions, he called an aſſembly of the prelates, nobility and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the aſſembly opened, Alonzo appeared ſeated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the conſtitution of the ſtate was ſettled, and eighteen ſtatutes were ſolemnly confirmed by oath ‡ as the charter of king and people; ſtatutes diametrically oppoſite to the *jure divino* and arbitrary power of kings, to the principles which in-

* See the note on page 96.

† For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, ſee the note, p. 105.

‡ The power of depoſing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumſtances, is veſted in the people by the ſtatutes of Lamego. See the notes, p. 106 and 169.

culcate

culcate and demand the unlimited paſſive obedience of the ſubject.

Conſcious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portugueſe monarchy tranſmitted to their heirs thoſe generous principles of liberty which compleat and adorn the martial character. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the ſlave and the mercenary, added to the moſt romantic ideas of military glory, characteriſed the Portugueſe under the reigns of their firſt monarchs. In almoſt continual wars with the Moors, this ſpirit, on which the exiſtence of their kingdom depended, roſe higher and higher; and the deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm, the principle which animated the wiſh of victory in every battle, ſeemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and ſuch the principles of the people who were governed by the ſucceſſors of Alonzo the Firſt, a ſucceſſion of great men, who proved themſelves worthy to reign over ſo military and enterpriſing a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increaſed conſiderably in ſtrength, and the Portugueſe had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invaſions of theſe people were now requited by ſucceſsful expeditions into Africa. And ſuch was the manly ſpirit of theſe ages, that the ſtatutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty, a convincing proof that the general heroiſm of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV. † though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greateſt warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military ſplendor he left his throne to his ſon Pedro, who from his inflexible juſtice was ſurnamed the Juſt, or, the Lover of Juſtice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffuſed by this great ‡ prince, who was himſelf a polite ſcholar, and moſt accompliſhed gentleman. And Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its ſuperiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was ſucceeded by a weak prince, and the heroic ſpirit of the Portugueſe ſeemed to exiſt no more under his ſon Fernando, ſurnamed the Careleſs.

† For the character of this prince, ſee the note, p. 136.
‡ For anecdotes of this monarch, ſee the notes, p. 138 and 140.

But

But the general character of the people was too deeply impreſſed to be obliterated by one inglorious reign, and under John I. § all the virtues of the Portugueſe ſhone forth with redoubled luſtre. Happy for Portugal his father beſtowed a moſt excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greateſt of monarchs. Conſcious of the ſuperiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was aſſiduous to beſtow the ſame advantages upon his children, and he himſelf often became their preceptor in the branches of ſcience and uſeful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was moſt of all fortunate in his family. He had many ſons, and he lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities.

There is ſomething exceeding pleaſing in reading the hiſtory of a family which ſhews human nature in its moſt exalted virtues and moſt amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is ſpontaneouſly paid to the father who diſtinguiſhes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the ſons of John excelled in military exerciſes, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don * Pedro were particularly educated for the cabinet, and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngeſt ſons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

Hiſtory was well known to Prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political obſervations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage ſhewed him what a maritime nation might hope; and the flouriſhing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his converſation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined as it

§ This great prince was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt. Some years after the murder of his beloved ſpouſe Inez de Caſtro (of which ſee the text and notes, p. 130, &c.) leſt his father, whoſe ſevere temper he too well knew, ſhould force him into a diſagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preſerver of the Portugueſe monarchy. See the notes, p. 146 and 148.

* The ſons of John, who figure in hiſtory, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro, and Henry. Edward ſucceeded his father, (for whoſe reign and character, ſee the note p. 169.) Juan, diſtinguiſhed both in the camp and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppoſe the wild expedition againſt Tangier, which was propoſed by his brother Fernando, in whoſe perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

was,

was, extended its influence, the deſerts became cultivated fields, cities roſe, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in ſociety. The Romans, on the other hand, when they deſtroyed Carthage, buried in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement and opulence. They extinguiſhed the ſpirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia * alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while the luxury of Rome conſumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the ſources of its continuance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true uſe of their diſtant conqueſts, and the inexhauſtible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had eſtabliſhed in her colonies, inſtructed Prince Henry what gifts to beſtow upon his country, and in the reſult upon the whole world. Nor were the ineſtimable advantages of commerce the ſole motives of Henry. All the ardour that the love of his country could awake, conſpired to ſtimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wreſted from the Moors and eſtabliſhed by conqueſt, ſo its exiſtence ſtill ſubſiſted on the ſuperiority of the force of arms; and ere the birth of Henry, the ſuperiority of the Portugueſe navies had been of the utmoſt conſequence to the protection of the ſtate. Whatever therefore might curb or ruin the power of the Moors, was of the laſt importance to the exiſtence of Portugal. Such were the views and the circumſtances which united to inſpire the deſigns of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The deſire to extirpate Mohammediſm was patriotiſm in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and ſupported their monarchy. Their kings avowed it, and Prince Henry, the piety of whoſe heart cannot be queſtioned, always profeſſed, that to propagate the goſpel and extirpate Mohammediſm, was the great purpoſe of his deſigns and enterprizes. And however both the one and the other, in the

* The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down foreſts and in clearing marſhes. And for ſeveral ages after, the Romans drew immenſe quantities of wheat from their Britiſh province.

event, were † neglected, certain it is, that the ſame principles inſpired, and were § always profeſſed by king Emmanuel, under whom the Eaſtern World was diſcovered by Gama.

The Cruſades, to reſcue the Holy Land from the infidels, which, however unregarded by hiſtorians, had already been of the greateſt political ſervice to Spain, and Portugal, ‖ began now to have ſome effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade againſt the numerous pyrates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of India; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns was, in conſequence, ſurrounded with the beſt agriculture of theſe ages‡. A certain proof of the dependance of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though theſe gleams of light, as morning ſtars, began to appear, it was not the groſs multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognoſticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again ſetting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a Tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly inſecure and precarious. Europe was ſtill enveloped in the dark miſts of ignorance, and though the mariner's compaſs was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic ſtill crept, in an infant ſtate, along the coaſts, nor were the conſtruction of ſhips adapted for other voyages. One ſucceſsful Tyrant might have overwhelmed the ſyſtem and extinguiſhed the ſpirit of com-

† Neglected in the idea of the commanders; the idea of Henry however was greatly fulfilled. For the dominion of the Portugueſe in the Indian ſea cut the ſinews of the Egyptian and other Mohammedan powers. But of this afterwards.

§ See the notes, p. 432.

‖ See the note, p. 277.

‡ Flanders has been the ſchool-miſtreſs of huſbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Liſle, a Royaliſt, reſided in this country ſeveral years during the uſurpation of the Regicides; and after the Reſtoration, rendered England the greateſt ſervice, by introducing the preſent ſyſtem of agriculture. Where trade increaſes, men's thoughts are ſet in action; hence the increaſe of food which is wanted, is ſupplied by a redoubled attention to huſbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffuſed by the Phœnician colonies. Some Theoriſts complain of the number of lives which are loſt by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

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merce, for it ſtood on a much narrower and much feebler baſis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet theſe mighty fabricks, many centuries before, had been ſwallowed up in the deſolations of unpolitical conqueſt. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet ſeen, an univerſal baſis, was yet wanting to bleſs mankind, and Henry Duke of Viſeo was born to give it.

On purpoſe to promote his deſigns, Prince Henry was by his father ſtationed the Commander in chief of the Portugueſe forces in Africa. He had already, in 1412, three years before the reduction of Ceuta†, ſent a ſhip to make diſcoveries on the Barbary coaſt. Cape Nam§, as its name intimates, was then the *Ne plus ultra* of European navigation; the ſhip ſent by Henry however paſſed it ſixty leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the Prince while he was in Africa acquired whatever information the moſt intelligent of the Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent, in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had obſerved a ſmall but commodious ſituation for a ſea-port town. On this ſpot, ſuppoſed the Promontorium Sacrum of the Romans, he built his town of Sagrez, by much the beſt planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, ſays Faria, inſpired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arſenals, and built and harboured his ſhips. And here, leaving the temporary buſtle and cares of the ſtate to his father and brothers, he retired like a philoſopher from the world, on purpoſe to render his ſtudies of the utmoſt importance to its happineſs. Having received all the light which could be diſcovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical ſtudies; the art of ſhip-building received amazing improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the ſtructure of the terraqueous globe are now confirmed. He it was who firſt ſuggeſted the uſe of the compaſs, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how theſe might be aſcertained by aſtrono-

† At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, Prince Henry diſplayed a military genius and valour of the firſt magnitude. The important fortreſs of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own ſword. Yet though even poſſeſſed by the enthuſiaſm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

§ *Nam*, in Portugueſe, a negative.

mical obſervations, ſuggeſtions and diſcoveries which would have held no ſecond place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagrez, and in 1418 Juan Gonſalez Zarco and Triſtran Vaz ſet ſail on an expedition of diſcovery, the circumſtances of which give us a ſtriking picture of the ſtate of navigation, ere it was new modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, ſo named from its extent *, runs about forty leagues to the weſtward, and for about ſix leagues off land there is a moſt violent current, which daſhing upon the ſhelves, makes a tempeſtuous ſea. This was deemed impaſſible, for it was not conſidered, that by ſtanding out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To paſs this formidable cape was the commiſſion of Zarco and Vaz, who were alſo ordered to proceed as far as they could to diſcover the African coaſt, which, according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at leaſt to the equinoctial line. Zarco and Vaz, however, loſt their courſe in a ſtorm, and were driven to a little iſland, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was Prince Henry, on their return, leſs joyful of their diſcovery, than they had been of their eſcape: A ſtriking proof of the miſerable ſtate of navigation; for this iſland is only the voyage of a few days, in favourable weather, from the promontary of Sagrez.

The Diſcoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Pereſtrello, were with three ſhips ſent out on farther trial. Pereſtrello, having ſowed ſome ſeeds and left ſome cattle on Holy Haven, returned to Portugal ‡. But Zarco and Vaz directing their courſe ſouthward, in 1419, perceived ſomething like a cloud on the water, and ſailing toward it, diſcovered an iſland covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira. And this rich and beautiful iſland, which ſoon yielded a conſiderable revenue, was the firſt reward of the enterprizes of Prince Henry.

* Forty leagues appeared as a vaſt diſtance to the ſailors of that age, who named this Cape Bojador, from the Spaniſh, *bojar*, to compaſs or go about.

‡ Unluckily alſo were left on this iſland two rabbits, whoſe young ſo increaſed, that in a few years it was found not habitable, every vegetable being deſtroyed by the great increaſe of theſe animals.

If the Duke of Viſeo's liberal ideas of eſtabliſhing colonies, thoſe ſinews of a commercial ſtate, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to ſtrike the groſs multitude; yet other advantages reſulting from his deſigns, one would conclude, were ſelf-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval ſuperiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the ſureſt defence of her exiſtence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to eſtabliſh that naval ſuperiority on the ſureſt baſis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the cleareſt political principles in favour of Henry; yet were his enterprizes and his expected diſcoveries derided with all the inſolence of ignorance and bitterneſs of popular clamour. Barren deſerts like Lybia, it was ſaid, were all that could be found, and a thouſand diſadvantages, drawn from theſe data, were foreſeen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be ſhaken. Though twelve years from the diſcovery of Madeira had elapſed in unſucceſsful endeavours to carry his navigation farther, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Galianez, in 1434 paſſed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, ſays Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Gilianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonſalez Baldaya, carried his diſcoveries many leagues farther. Having put two horſemen on ſhore, to diſcover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding ſeveral hours, ſaw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horſemen purſued, till one of the Portugueſe, being wounded, loſt the firſt blood that was ſacrificed to the new ſyſtem of commerce. A ſmall beginning, a very ſmall ſtreamlet, ſome perhaps may exclaim, but which ſoon ſwelled into oceans, and deluged the eaſtern and weſtern worlds. Let ſuch philoſophers, however, be deſired to name the deſign of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human paſſions. To ſuppoſe that Heaven itſelf could give an inſtitution which could not be perverted, and to ſuppoſe no previous alteration in human nature, is a contradiction in propoſition; for as human nature now exiſts, power cannot be equally poſſeſſed by all, and whenever the ſelfiſh or vicious paſſions predominate, that power will certainly be abuſed. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and

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that more horrid barbarian Pizarro*, are no more to be charged upon Don Henry and Columbus, than the villainies of the Jeſuits and the horrors of the Inquiſition are to be aſcribed to him, whoſe precepts are ſummed up in the great command, To do to your neighbour as you would wiſh your neighbour to do to you. But if it is ſtill alledged that he who plans a diſcovery ought to foreſee the miſeries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprize, let the objector be told, that the miſeries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and ſure; and that the true philoſopher will not confine his eye to the Spaniſh campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his proſpect to all the ineſtimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and of manners, which have been introduced by the intercourſe of univerſal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonſalez brought ſome Moors priſoners to Liſbon. Theſe he took two and forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned with his captives. One Moor eſcaped, but ten blacks of Guinea and a conſiderable quantity

* Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to ſoften the character of Cortez, and have urged the neceſſity of war for the ſlaughters he committed. Theſe authors have alſo greatly ſoftened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he muſt have recourſe to the numerous Spaniſh writers, who were either witneſſes of the firſt wars, or ſoon after travelled in theſe countries. In theſe he will find many anecdotes which afford a light, not to be found in our moderniſed hiſtories. In theſe it will be found, that Cortez ſet out to take gold by force, and not by eſtabliſhing any ſyſtem of commerce with the natives, the only juſt reaſon of effecting a ſettlement in a foreign country. He was aſked by various ſtates, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promiſed abundant ſupply. He and his Spaniards, he anſwered, had a diſeaſe at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his priſoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immenſe ſums were paid, but the demand was boundleſs. Tumults enſued. Cortez diſplayed amazing generalſhip, and ſome millions of thoſe, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatneſs of Montezuma, boaſted that his yearly ſacrifices conſumed 20,000 men, were now ſacrificed to the diſeaſe of Cortez's heart. Pizarro, however, in the barbarity of his ſoul, far exceeded him. There is a very bright ſide of the character of Cortez. If we forget that his avarice was the cauſe of a moſt unjuſt and moſt bloody war, in every other reſpect he will appear one of the greateſt of heroes. But Pizarro is a character completely deteſtable, deſtitute of every ſpark of generoſity. He maſſacred the Peruvians, he ſaid, becauſe they were barbarians, and he himſelf could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spaniſh for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it ſignified, he diſcovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered that prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolater. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on ſubmitting to baptiſm, he was only hanged.

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of gold duſt were given in ranſom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonſalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the iſlands of Adeget, Arguim, and *de las Garças*, were now diſcovered.

The Guinea blacks, the firſt ever ſeen in Portugal, and the gold duſt, excited other paſſions beſide admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auſpices of Prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new diſcovered countries; and as the Portugueſe conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of continual hoſtility with the Moors, about two hundred of theſe people, inhabitants of the Iſlands of Nar and Tider, in 1444, were brought priſoners to Portugal. And Gonzalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with ſeven of his men he was killed.

This hoſtile proceeding diſpleaſed Prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonſalez and two other captains were ſent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and alſo to attempt their converſion. But theſe propoſals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal, and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to obſerve their manners and the products of the country. In the year following Fernandez was found in good health and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a ſtriking inſtance of the miſery of barbarians. The land an open, barren, ſandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the ſtars and flights of birds; their food milk, lizards, locuſts, and ſuch herbs as the ſoil produced without culture; and their only defence from the ſcorching heat of the ſun ſome miſerable tents which they pitch as occaſion requires on the burning ſands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ſhips followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Caſtilla obtained the infamy to ſtand the firſt on the liſt of thoſe names, whoſe villanies have diſgraced the ſpirit of commerce, and afforded the loudeſt complaints againſt the progreſs of navigation. Diſſatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully ſeized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries) who had aſſiſted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as ſlaves to Portugal. But Prince Henry reſented this outrage, and having given them ſome valuable preſents of clothes, reſtored the captives to freedom and their native country.

The converſion and reduction of the Canaries was alſo this year attempted; but Spain having challenged the diſcovery of theſe iſlands, the expedition was diſcontinued. In the Canary iſlands was found a feodal cuſtom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the firſt night of every bride in his diſtrict.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was ſent ambaſſador to the King of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and converſion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives. In 1449 the Azores were diſcovered by Gonſalo Vello, and the coaſt ſixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was viſited by the fleets of Henry. It is alſo certain that ſome of his commanders paſſed the equinoctial line. It was the cuſtom of his ſailors to leave his motto TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spaniſh captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the iſle of St. Matthew, in the ſecond degree of ſouth latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the moſt inflexible perſeverance proſecuted his diſcoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every aſſiſtance; his brother, King Edward, during his ſhort reign, was the ſame as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro leſs auſpicious to him *. But the miſunderſtanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his ſeventeenth year, retarded the deſigns of Henry, and gave him much unhappineſs ‡. At his town of Sagrez, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court on ſome emergency of ſtate, Don Henry, now in his ſixty-ſeventh year, yielded to the ſtroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain proſpect, that the route to the eaſtern world would one day crown the enterprizes to which he had given birth. He had the happineſs to ſee the naval ſuperiority of his country over the Moors eſtabliſhed

* The difficulties he ſurmounted, and the aſſiſtance he received, are inconteſtible proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his deſigns into execution.

‡ Don Pedro was villainouſly accuſed of treacherous deſigns by his baſtard brother, the firſt Duke of Braganza. Henry left his town of Sagrez to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and ſoon after was killed in defending himſelf againſt a party who were ſent to ſeize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

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on the moſt ſolid baſis, its trade greatly upon the increaſe, and what he eſteemed his greateſt happineſs, for the piety of his heart was ſincere, he flattered himſelf that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammediſm, and had opened the door to an univerſal propagation of chriſtianity and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the ineſtimable advantages which ever have flowed, or ever will flow from the diſcovery of the greateſt part of Africa, of the Eaſt and Weſt Indies. Every Improvement in the ſtate and manners of theſe countries, or whatever country may be yet diſcovered, is ſtrictly due to him; nor is the difference between the preſent ſtate of Europe and the monkiſh age in which he was born, leſs the reſult of his genius and toils. What is an Alexander crowned with trophies at the head of his army compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagrez! The one ſuggeſts the idea of the evil dæmon, the other of the Deity.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. aſſumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progreſs was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine was only added to the former diſcoveries. But under his ſon John II. the deſigns of Prince Henry were proſecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portugueſe built a fort on the Golden Coaſt, and the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea. Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river which he named dell Infante on the eaſtern ſide of Africa, but deterred by the ſtorms of that region from proceeding farther, on his return he had the happineſs to be the Diſcoverer of the Promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the ſouth of Afric. This, from the ſtorms he there encountered, he named the Cape of Tempeſts; but John, elated with the promiſe of India, which this diſcovery, as he juſtly deemed, included, gave it the name of the Cape of Good Hope. The arts and valour of the Portugueſe had now made a great impreſſion on the minds of the Africans. The King of Congo, a dominion of great extent, ſent the ſons of ſome of his principal officers to Liſbon to be inſtructed in arts and religion; and ambaſſadors from the King of Benin requeſted teachers to be ſent to his kingdom. On the return of his ſubjects, the King and Queen of Congo, with 100,000 of

their people, were baptized. An ambaſſador alſo arrived from the Chriſtian Emperor of Abyſſinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were ſent by land to penetrate into the Eaſt, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the deſired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Toro in Arabia and took different routs. The former having viſited Conanor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here alſo he met the Rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the ſame purpoſe by king John. Covillam ſent the Rabbi home with an account of what countries he had ſeen, and he himſelf proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia, but as Camoens expreſſes it:

——— to *his* native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, *he* return'd no more.

Men, whoſe genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be poſſeſſed by an ardent ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves; and the famous Columbus offered his ſervice to King John, and was rejected. Every one knows the diſcoveries of this great adventurer, but his hiſtory is generally miſunderſtood*. It is by ſome believed, that his ideas of the ſphere of the earth

* Greatly miſunderſtood, even by the ingenious author of the *Account of the European Settlements in America*. Having mentioned the barbarous ſtate of Europe; "Mathematical learning, ſays he, was little valued or cultivated. The true ſyſtem of the heavens was not dreamed of. There was no knowledge at all of the real form of the earth, and in general the ideas of mankind were not extended beyond their ſenſible horizon. In this ſtate of affairs Chriſtopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man's deſign aroſe from the juſt idea he had formed of the figure of the earth"——All a miſtake. Henry, who undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, had extended them much beyond the ſenſible horizon long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the uſe of longitude and latitude in navigation, but that great mathematician Henry was the author of that grand diſcovery, and of the *uſe* of the compaſs. Every alteration here aſcribed to Columbus, had almoſt fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's idea of ſailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his propoſal. When he arrived in the Weſt Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon, and thence theſe iſlands received their general name, and on his return he told John II. that he had been at the iſlands of India. To find the ſpice iſlands of the Eaſt was his propoſal at the court of Spain; and even on his fourth and laſt voyage in 1502, three years after Gama's return, he promiſed the king of Spain to find India by a weſtward paſſage. But though great diſcoveries rewarded his toils, his firſt and laſt purpoſe he never compleated. It was reſerved for Magalhaens to diſcover the weſtward route to the Eaſtern World.

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gave birth to his opinion, that there muſt be an immenſe unknown continent in the weſt, ſuch as America is now known to be; and that his propoſals were to go in ſearch of it *. But the ſimple truth is, Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his ſkill in navigation among the Portugueſe, could be no ſtranger to the deſign long meditated in that kingdom, of diſcovering a naval route to India, which, according to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, was ſuppoſed to be the next land to the weſt of Spain. And that India and the adjacent iſlands were the regions ſought by Columbus, is alſo certain. John, who eſteemed the route to India as almoſt diſcovered, and in the power of his own ſubjects, rejected the propoſals of the foreigner. But Columbus met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Iſabella, the king and queen of Caſtile. To interfere with the route or diſcoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time eſteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, propoſed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the ſame reaſon, to ſteer the weſtward courſe, and having in 1492 diſcovered ſome weſtern iſlands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his diſcovery. Some of the Portugueſe courtiers, the ſame ungenerous minds perhaps who adviſed the rejection of Columbus becauſe he was a foreigner, propoſed the aſſaſſination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the advantages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and diſmiſſed him with honour. The king of Portugal, however, was alarmed, left the diſcoveries of Columbus, interfered with thoſe of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjuſted by embaſſies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the Weſtern and Eaſtern Worlds between themſelves. The eaſtern half of the world was allotted for the Portugueſe, and the weſtern for the Spaniſh navigation. The line of meridian

* Gomara and other Spaniſh writers relate, that while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only ſurviver of a ſhip's crew, died at his houſe. This pilot, they ſay, had been driven to the Weſt Indies or America by tempeſt, and on his death-bed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this ſtory, as it ſtands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where eſteemed a fable of malice.

from the north to the ſouth pole was their boundary, and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might eſtabliſh ſettlements and extend their diſcoveries. And a Papal Bull, which, for obvious reaſons, prohibited the propagation of the goſpel in theſe bounds by the ſubjects of any other ſtate, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the diſcovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earneſt deſires and great deſigns were inherited, together with his crown, by his couſin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which diſcovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vaſco de Gama ſailed from the Tagus on the diſcovery of India.

Of this voyage, the ſubject of the Luſiad, many particulars are neceſſarily mentioned in the notes; we ſhall therefore only allude to theſe, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoens in obedience to the rules of the Epopæa.

Notwithſtanding the full torrent of popular clamour againſt the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to proſecute the views of Prince Henry and John II. Three ſloops of war and a ſtore ſhip manned with only 160 men were fitted out; for hoſtility, was not the purpoſe of this humane expedition. Vaſco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given ſignal proofs of his naval ſkill, was commiſſioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the ſincereſt affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his requeſt appointed to command under him. It is the greateſt honour of kings, to diſtinguiſh the characters of their officers, and to employ them accordingly. Emmanuel in many inſtances was happy in this talent, particularly in the choice of his admiral for the diſcovery of India. All the enthuſiaſm of deſire to accompliſh his end, joined with the greateſt heroiſm, the quickeſt penetration, and cooleſt prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he confeſſed to the king that his mind had long aſpired to this expedition. The king expreſſed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the croſs of the military order of Chriſt, Gama, with

with great enthuſiaſm to merit the honours beſtowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Liſbon there is a chapel on the ſea ſide. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable, and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to diſpute its authority. The whole night was ſpent in the chapel in prayers for ſucceſs, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the fleet, the ſhore of Belem * preſented one of the moſt ſolemn and affecting ſcenes perhaps recorded in hiſtory. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Liſbon. A numerous proceſſion of prieſts in their robes ſung anthems and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as ruſhing upon certain death; and the vaſt multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for ſucceſs. The relations, friends, and acquaintances of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the ſigh was general; Gama himſelf ſhed ſome manly tears on parting with his friends, but he hurried over the tender ſcene, and haſtened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his ſails to the wind, and ſo much affected were the many thouſands who beheld his departure, that they remained unmoveable on the ſhore till the fleet, under full ſail, evaniſhed from their ſight.

It was on the 8th of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag ſhip was commanded by himſelf, the ſecond by his brother, the third by Coello, and the ſtore ſhip by Gonſalo Nunio. Several interpreters, ſkilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whoſe ſentences of death were reverſed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embaſſies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were alſo on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, paſſed the Canary and Cape de Verde iſlands, but had now to encounter other fortune. Sometimes ſtopped by dead calms, but for the moſt part toſt by tempeſts, which increaſed their

* Or Bethlehem, ſo named from the chapel.

violence

violence and horrors as they proceeded to the ſouth. Thus driven far to ſea they laboured through that wide ocean which ſurrounds St. Helena, in ſeas, ſays Faria, unknown to the Portugueſe diſcoverers, none of whom had ſailed ſo far to the weſt. From the 28th of July, the day they paſſed the iſle of St. James, they had ſeen no ſhore, and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the ſight of land. The fleet anchored in a large * bay, and Coello was ſent in ſearch of a river where they might take in wood and freſh water. Having found one convenient for their purpoſe the fleet made toward it, and Gama, whoſe orders were to acquaint himſelf with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him ſome of the natives by force or ſtratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the ſide of a mountain, and brought him to the fleet. He expreſſed the greateſt indifference of the gold and fine clothes which they ſhewed him, but was greatly delighted with ſome glaſſes and little braſs bells. Theſe with great joy he accepted, and was ſet on ſhore; and ſoon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their beſt proviſions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could underſtand a word of their language or receive any information of India. And the friendly intercourſe between the fleet and the natives was ſoon interrupted by the imprudence of Veloſo, a young Portugueſe, which occaſioned a ſcuffle, wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and ſome others were on ſhore taking the altitude of the ſun, when in conſequence of Veloſo's raſhneſs they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himſelf with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewiſe wounded, and they found their ſafety in retreat. The ſhot from the ſhips facilitated their eſcape, and Gama eſteeming it imprudent to waſte his ſtrength in attempts entirely foreign to the deſign of his voyage, weighed anchor, and ſteered in ſearch of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, ſays Oſorius, *in illo autem curſu valdé Gamæ virtus enituit*——The heroiſm of Gama was greatly diſplayed. The waves ſwelled like mountains in height, the

* Now called St. Helen's.

ſhips

ſhips ſeemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulphy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and ſo boiſterous that the pilot's voice could ſeldom be heard, and a diſmal, almoſt continual darkneſs, which at that tempeſtuous ſeaſon involves theſe ſeas, added all its horrors. Sometimes the ſtorm drove them ſouthward, at other times they were obliged to ſtand on the tack and yield to its fury, preſerving what they had gained with the greateſt difficulty.

> With ſuch mad ſeas the daring Gama fought
> For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
> Inceſſant labouring round the ſtormy Cape,
> By bold ambition led—— THOMSON.

During any gloomy interval of the ſtorm, the ſailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to deſpair, ſurrounded Gama, and implored him not to ſuffer himſelf, and thoſe committed to his care, to periſh by ſo dreadful a death. The impoſſibility that men ſo weakened ſhould ſtand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempeſts, and therefore had hitherto been, and was unpaſſable, were urged. But Gama's reſolution to proceed was unalterable*. A formidable conſpiracy was then formed againſt his

* The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coaſting one, and therefore much leſs dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is preſumed, is one of the opinions haſtily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and ſo did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz, as unpaſſable. Prince Henry ſuggeſted that the current of Cape Bajador might be avoided by ſtanding to ſea, and thus that Cape was firſt paſſed. Gama for this reaſon did not coaſt, but ſtood to ſea for upwards of three months of tempeſtuous weather. The tempeſts which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens are by their different hiſtorians deſcribed with circumſtances of leſs horror and danger than thoſe which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, ſave Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was impaſſable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after detecting a conſpiracy, to keep the reſt in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmoſt deſpair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens ſometimes little better; but nothing, ſave the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempeſt which he ſurmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with *his* crew, muſt have returned. The expedients with which he uſed to ſoothe them, would, under *his* authority, have had no avail in the tempeſt which Gama rode through.

life. But his brother diſcovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its deſign. He put the chief conſpirators and all the pilots in irons, and he himſelf, his brother, Coello, and ſome others, ſtood night and day to the helms and directed the courſe. At laſt, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withſtood the tempeſt and an enraged mutiny *(molem perfidiæ)* the ſtorm ſuddenly ceaſed, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th all the fleet doubled that promontory, and ſteering northward, coaſted along a rich and beautiful ſhore, adorned with large foreſts and numberleſs herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had ſurmounted every danger revived their ſpirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in proviſions, and beheld theſe beautiful rural ſcenes, deſcribed by Camoens. And here the ſtore ſloop, now of no farther ſervice, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent tempeſt drove the fleet from the ſight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current which made the Moors deem it impoſſible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unlucky in the time of navigating theſe ſeas, was ſafely carried over the current by the violence

through. From every circumſtance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unleſs he found India. Nothing leſs than ſuch reſolution to periſh or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Oronoko, before he had made a certain diſcovery whether the land was iſle or continent. When Gama met a ſtrong current off Ethiopia he bore on, though driven from his courſe. Columbus ſteering ſouthward in ſearch of continent met great currents. He imagined they were the riſing of the ſea towards the canopy of heaven, which for ought he knew, ſay the Univerſal Hiſtorians, they might touch towards the ſouth. He therefore turned his courſe, and ſteered to the weſt. The paſſing of the ſtraits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with ſuch danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to croſs the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that ſea was happy. The navigation of the ſtraits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known; but the courſe of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbus. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered *his* greateſt dangers in ſounding his courſe among the numerous weſtern iſlands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean aſſiſted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The force and the deep treacherous arts of the Moors, were not found in the weſt. All was ſimplicity among the natives there. The prudence and foreſight of Gama and Columbus were of the higheſt rate; Magalhaens was in theſe ſometimes rather inferior. He loſt his own, and the lives of the greateſt part of his crew, by hazarding a land engagement at the advice of a judicial aſtrologer. See the note, p. 477.

of

of a tempeſt; and having recovered the ſight of land, as his ſafeſt courſe, he ſteered northward along the coaſt. On the 10th of January they deſcried, about 230 miles from their laſt watering place, ſome beautiful iſlands, with herds of cattle friſking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama ſtood near to land. The natives were better dreſſed and more civilized than thoſe they had hitherto ſeen. An exchange of preſents was made, and the black king was ſo pleaſed with the politeneſs of Gama, that he came aboard his ſhip to ſee him. At this place, which he named Terra de Natal, Gama left two of the malefactors, to procure what information they could againſt his return. On the 15th of January, in the duſk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whoſe banks were ſhaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they ſaw ſeveral little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without heſitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and ſome ſilken garments, which they received with viſible joy. Only one of them however could ſpeak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far diſtant was a country where ſhips, in ſhape and ſize like Gama's, frequently reſorted. This gave the fleet great ſpirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ſhips, the crews were attacked with a violent ſcurvy, which carried off ſeveral of his men. Having taken in freſh proviſions, on the 24th of February he ſet ſail, and on the firſt of March they deſcried four iſlands on the coaſt of Mozambic. From one of theſe they perceived ſeven veſſels in full ſail bearing to the fleet. Theſe knew Gama's ſhip by the admiral's enſign, and made up to her, ſaluting her with loud huzzas and their inſtruments of muſic. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindneſs. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The iſland, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they ſaid, was governed by a deputy of the king of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were ſettled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to heaven.

Pleaſed with the preſents which Gama ſent him, and imagining that the Portugueſe were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacocia the governor, dreſſed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the Eaſt. As he approached the fleet in great pomp, Gama removed the ſick out of ſight, and ordered all thoſe in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portugueſe manner; for he foreſaw what would happen when the Mohammedans ſhould diſcover it was a Chriſtian fleet. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacocia ſeemed highly pleaſed, and aſked ſeveral queſtions about the arms and religion of the ſtrangers. Gama ſhewed him his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion; however he frankly promiſed to ſhew him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreſhment would give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he intreated Zacocia to ſend him ſome pilots who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was ſolemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendſhip ſeemed to promiſe a laſting harmony. But it was ſoon interrupted. Zacocia, as ſoon as he found the Portugueſe were Chriſtians, uſed every endeavour to deſtroy the fleet. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Mooriſh pilots deſerted, and ſome of the Portugueſe, who were on ſhore to get freſh water, were attacked by ſeven barks of the natives, but were reſcued by a timely aſſiſtance from the ſhips.

Beſides the hatred of the Chriſtian name, inſpired by their religion, the Mohammedan Arabs had other reaſons to wiſh the deſtruction of Gama. Before this period, theſe Arabs were almoſt the only merchants of the Eaſt; they had colonies in every place convenient for trade, and were the ſole maſters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian ſeas. They clearly foreſaw the conſequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was ſoon exerted to prevent ſuch formidable rivals from effecting any footing in the Eaſt. To theſe Mohammedan traders, the Portugueſe, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the ſkirmiſh at the watering-place, Gama, having one Mooriſh pilot, ſet ſail, but was ſoon driven back to the ſame iſland by tempeſtuous weather. He now reſolved to take

take in freſh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thouſand of whom riſing from ambuſh, attacked the Portugueſe detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been aſleep. His ſhips were ſtationed with art, and his artillery not only diſperſed the hoſtile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of aſhes. Among ſome priſoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia begging forgiveneſs for his treachery, ſent another, whoſe ſkill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealouſy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but open hoſtility and ſecret treachery; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coaſt of the Eaſt. To impreſs them therefore with the terror of his arms on their firſt act of treachery, was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiſs in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been laſt ſent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near ſome little iſlands, and ſuſpecting there were unſeen rocks in that courſe, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be ſeverely whipped. The puniſhment produced a confeſſion and promiſes of fidelity. And he now adviſed Gama to ſtand for Quiloa, which he aſſured him was inhabited by Chriſtians. Three Ethiopian Chriſtians had come aboard the fleet while at Zacocia's iſland, and the current opinions of Preſter John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the aſſiſtance of a people of his own religion. A violent ſtorm however drove the fleet from Quiloa, and being now near Mombaze, the pilot adviſed him to enter that harbour, where, he ſaid, there were alſo many Chriſtians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably ſituated on an iſland, formed by a river which empties itſelf into the ſea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm ſtone, and the country abounds with fruit trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the fleet to caſt anchor, which was ſcarcely done, when a galley, in which were 100 men in Turkiſh habit, armed with bucklers and ſabres, rowed up to the flag ſhip. All of theſe ſeemed deſirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dreſs ſeemed officers, were admitted; nor

were theſe allowed, till ſtript of their arms. As ſoon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refuſing admittance to armed ſtrangers; and by their behaviour, ſeemed deſirous to gain the good opinion of the fleet. Their country, they boaſted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they profeſſed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portugueſe, with whoſe renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majeſty and the offices of friendſhip might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requeſted and adviſed to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the ſick, and the whole fleet was ſickly, Gama reſolved to enter the port; and in the meanwhile ſent two of the pardoned criminals as an embaſſy to the king. Theſe the king treated with the greateſt kindneſs, ordered his officers to ſhew them the ſtrength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he ſent a preſent to Gama of the moſt valuable ſpices, of which he boaſted ſuch abundance, that the Portugueſe, he ſaid, if they regarded their own intereſt, would ſeek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the buſineſs of Gama; one ſo advantageous, and ſo deſired by the natives, was therefore not to be refuſed. Fully ſatisfied by the report of his ſpies, he ordered to weigh anchor and enter the harbour. His own ſhip led the way, when a ſudden violence of the tide, made Gama apprehenſive of running aground. He therefore ordered the ſails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a ſignal for the reſt of the fleet to follow his example. This mainœuvre, and the cries of the ſailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conſcious of their treachery, they thought their deſign was diſcovered, and leapt into the ſea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up, and refuſing to put them on board, ſet them ſafely on ſhore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the reſtoration of the pilots. Theſe circumſtances, evident proofs of treachery, were farther confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard ſome noiſe, and on examination, found his fleet ſurrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmoſt privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their ſcheme was defeated; and ſome Arabs, who remained on board, confeſſed that no Chriſtians were reſident either at

Quiloa

Quiloa or Mombaza. The ſtorm which drove them from the one place, and their late eſcape at the other, were now beheld as manifeſtations of the Divine favour, and Gama, holding up his hands to heaven, aſcribed his ſafety to the care of Providence *. Two days, however, elapſed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaze, and having now ventured to hoiſt their ſails, they ſteered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India reſorted. In their way thither they took a Mooriſh veſſel, out of which Gama ſelected fourteen priſoners, one of whom he perceived by his mein to be a perſon of diſtinction. By this Saracen, Gama was informed, that he was near Melinda, that the king was hoſpitable, and celebrated for his faith, and that four ſhips from India, commanded by Chriſtian maſters, were in that harbour. The Saracen alſo offered to go as Gama's meſſenger to the king, and promiſed to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

As the coaſt of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at ſome diſtance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an iſland oppoſite to Melinda. This was obſerved, and the ſtranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave ſo favourable an account of the politeneſs and humanity of Gama, that a preſent of ſeveral ſheep, and fruits of all ſorts, was ſent by his majeſty to the admiral, who had the happineſs to find the truth of what his priſoner had told him, confirmed by the maſters of the four ſhips from India. Theſe were Chriſtians from Cambaya. They were tranſported with joy on the arrival of the Portugueſe, and gave ſeveral uſeful inſtructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was ſituated in a fertile plain, ſurrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whoſe flowers diffuſed a moſt grateful odour. The paſtures were covered with herds, and the houſes built of ſquare ſtones, were both elegant and magnificent. Deſirous to make an alliance with ſuch a ſtate, Gama requited the civility of the king with great generoſity. He drew nearer the ſhore, and urged his inſtructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majeſty in perſon.

* It afterwards appeared, that the Mooriſh king of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Mozambic, and intended to revenge it by the total deſtruction of the fleet.

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The apology was accepted, and the king, whoſe age and infirmity prevented himſelf, ſent his ſon to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendſhip. The prince, who had ſometime governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dreſs was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him diſplayed all the riches of ſilk and embroidery, and the muſic of Melinda reſounded all over the bay. Gama, to expreſs his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as ſoon as he came up, leapt into it, and diſtinguiſhing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendſhip. In their converſation, which was long and ſprightly, he diſcovered nothing of the barbarian, ſays Oſorius, but in every thing ſhewed an intelligence and politeneſs worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleaſure. He ſeemed to view Gama with enthuſiaſm, and confeſſed that the make of the Portugueſe ſhips, ſo much ſuperior to what he had ſeen, convinced him of the greatneſs of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requeſted, that on his return to Europe, he would carry an ambaſſador with him to the Court of Liſbon. During the few days the fleet ſtayed at Melinda, the mutual friendſhip increaſed, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, reſigning the helm to his ſkillful and honeſt pilot, Gama hoiſted ſail and ſteered to the north. In a few days they paſſed the line, and the Portugueſe with extacy beheld the appearance of their native ſky. Orion, Urſa major and minor, and the other ſtars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful diſcovery than the ſouth ‡ pole had formerly been to them.

‡ A circumſtance in the letters of Amerigo Veſpucci deſerves remark. Deſcribing his voyage to America. Having paſt the line, ſays he, "*e come deſideroſo d'eſſere Autore che ſegnaſſi la ſtella*——deſirous to be the namer and diſcoverer of the pole ſtar of the other hemiſphere, I loſt my ſleep many nights in contemplating the ſtars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his inſtruments could not diſcover any ſtar of leſs motion than ten degrees, he had not the ſatisfaction to give *a name* to any one. But as he obſerved four ſtars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he ſhould be able to mark them out. — All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus, by giving his own name to America; of which he challenged the diſcovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Amerigo Veſpucci, the Portugueſe had croſſed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had diſcovered ſeven ſtars in the conſtellation of the ſouth pole, and from the appearance of the four moſt luminous, had given it the name of *The Croſs*, a figure which it better reſembles than that of an almond.

The pilot now ſtood to the eaſt, through the Indian ocean, and after ſailing about three weeks, he had the happineſs to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of Calicut. Gama, tranſported with extacy, returned thanks to heaven, and ordered all his priſoners to be ſet at liberty, that every heart might taſte of the joy of his ſucceſsful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the fleet to anchor, and was ſoon ſurrounded by a number of boats. By one of theſe he ſent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of an unknown fleet on their coaſt brought immenſe crowds around the ſtranger, who no ſooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet and carried hither and thither by the concourſe. Though the populace and the ſtranger were alike earneſt to be underſtood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Mooriſh merchant accoſted his meſſenger in the Spaniſh tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ſhip. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief perſon, he ſaid, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military ſtores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portugueſe valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his eſteem into the ſincereſt attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to ſerve him in whatever beſides he might poſſibly befriend him. And thus, by one of thoſe unforeſeen circumſtances, which often decide the greateſt events, Gama received a friend, who ſoon rendered him the moſt critical and important ſervice.

At the firſt interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fulleſt information of the clime, extent, cuſtoms, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the ſovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greateſt port. The king or Zamorim, who reſided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue conſiſted chiefly of duties on merchandiſe, he had always encouraged the reſort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleaſed with this promiſing proſpect, Gama ſent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait upon the Zamorim at his palace of Pandarene, a few miles from the city. They were admitted

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to the royal apartment, and delivered their embaſſy; to which the Zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of ſo great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpreſſible pleaſure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their preſent ſtation was extreamly dangerous, he adviſed them to bring the ſhips nearer to Pandarene, and for this purpoſe he ſent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after this, the Zamorim ſent his firſt miniſter, or Catual, attended by ſeveral of the Nayres, or nobility, to conduct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the Zamorim was abſolutely neceſſary to compleat the purpoſe of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced ſince his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas, ſhewed him the perſonal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave his brother Paulus and Coello the command of the fleet in his abſence; and in the orders he left them, diſplayed a heroiſm ſuperior to that of Alexander, when he croſſed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the ſtrongeſt reaſon, begotten upon the moſt valorous mental dignity: It was the high pride of honour, a pride, of which the man, who in the fury of battle can ruſh on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable.

The revenue of the Zamorim aroſe chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of theſe people were combined in one intereſt, and the jealouſy and conſternation which his arrival in the eaſtern ſeas had ſpread among them, were circumſtances well known to Gama: And he knew alſo what he had to expect, both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to compleat the purpoſe of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that if he was detained a priſoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they ſhould take no ſtep to ſave him, or to reverſe his fate; to give ear to no meſſage which might come in his name for ſuch purpoſe, and to enter into no negociation on his behalf. Though they were to keep ſome boats near the ſhore, to favour his eſcape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his eſcape impracticable, they were to ſet ſail, and carry the tidings to the king. For as this was his only concern, he would ſuffer no riſk that might loſe a man, or endanger

danger the homeward voyage. Having left theſe unalterable orders, he went aſhore with the Catual, attended only by twelve of his own men, for he would not weaken his fleet, though he knew the pomp of attendance would in one reſpect have been greatly in his favour at the firſt court of India.

As ſoon as landed, he and the Catual were carried in great pomp, in ſofas, upon mens ſhoulders, to the chief temple, and from thence, amid immenſe crouds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dreſs of the Zamorim were ſuch as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, ſurrounded with his nobility and officers of ſtate. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief Bramin. His majeſty, by a gentle nod, appointed the Admiral to ſit on one of the ſteps of his ſofa, and then demanded his embaſſy. It was againſt the cuſtom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his inſtructions in a public aſſembly, he therefore deſired that the king and a few of his miniſters would grant him a private audience. This was complied with, and Gama, in a manly ſpeech, ſet forth the greatneſs of his ſovereign Emmanual, the fame he had heard of the Zamorim, and the deſire he had to enter into an alliance with ſo great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of ſuch a treaty omitted by the Admiral. The Zamorim, in reply, profeſſed great eſteem for the friendſhip of the king of Portugal, and declared his readineſs to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the Catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his own houſe; and having promiſed another conference, he diſmiſſed the Admiral with all the appearance of ſincerity.

The character of this monarch is ſtrongly marked in the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia. Avarice was his ruling paſſion; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his intereſt roſe or fell in the ballance of his judgment; wavering and irreſolute whenever the ſcales ſeemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleaſed with the proſpect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was alſo influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapſed ere Gama was again permitted to ſee the Zamorim. At this ſecond audience he preſented the letter and preſents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeneſs, but the preſents were viewed with an eye of contempt.

Gama beheld it, and ſaid he only came to diſcover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendſhip of the ſtate, where they might chuſe to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the moſt valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendſhip of his ſovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great ſeeming friendſhip deſired Gama to guard againſt the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the Zamorim was ſincere.

Every hour ſince the arrival of the fleet, the Moors had held ſecret conferences. That one man of it might not return was their purpoſe; and every method to accompliſh this was meditated. To influence the king againſt the Portugueſe, to aſſaſſinate Gama, to raiſe a general inſurrection to deſtroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the Catual, were determined. And the Catual, the maſter of the houſe where Gama was lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their intereſt. Of all theſe circumſtances, however, Gama was appriſed by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whoſe affection to the foreign Admiral the Moors hitherto had not ſuſpected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the ſovereign of the firſt port of India, Gama reſolved to elude the plots of the Moors; and accordingly, before the dawn, he ſet out for Pandarene, in hope to get aboard his fleet by ſome of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the ſhore.

But the Moors were vigilant. His eſcape was immediately known, and the Catual, by the king's order, purſued and brought him back by force. The Catual, however, for it was neceſſary for their ſchemes to have the ſhips in their power, behaved with politeneſs to the Admiral, and promiſed to uſe all his intereſt in his behalf.

The eagerneſs of the Moors now contributed to the ſafety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accuſed the Portugueſe as a nation of faithleſs plunderers: Gama, he ſaid, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his courſe with blood and depredation. If he were not a pirate, ſtill there was no excuſe for giving ſuch warlike foreigners any footing in a country already ſupplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on

on the great ſervices which the Mooriſh traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they ſettled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the Zamorim's ports, and find ſome other ſettlement, if he permitted theſe foreigners any ſhare in the commerce of his dominions.

However ſtaggered with theſe arguments and threats, the Zamorim was not blind to the ſelf-intereſt and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the Admiral ſhould once more be brought before him. In the meanwhile the Catual tried many ſtratagems to get the fleet into the harbour; and at laſt, in the name of his maſter, made an abſolute demand that the ſails and rudders ſhould be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honeſty. But theſe demands were as abſolutely refuſed by Gama, who ſent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the ſtrongeſt manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy leſt the fruits of all their fatigue and dangers ſhould be loſt. After two days ſpent in vain altercation with the Catual, Gama was brought as a priſoner before the king. The king repeated his accuſation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requeſts of his miniſter, yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confeſs freely, in which caſe he promiſed to take him into his ſervice, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great ſpirit had baffled all the ſtratagems of the Catual, behaved with the ſame undaunted bravery before the king. He aſſerted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boaſted of the ſafety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his ſails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his ſovereign. The Zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keeneſt attention, and clearly perceived in his unfaultering mein the dignity of truth, and the conſciouſneſs that he was the Admiral of a great monarch. In their late addreſs, the Moors had treated the Zamorim as ſomewhat dependant upon them, and he ſaw that a commerce with other nations would certainly leſſen their dangerous importance. His avarice ſtrongly deſired the commerce of Portugal; and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many propoſals, it was at laſt agreed, that of his twelve attendants he ſhould leave ſeven as hoſtages, that what goods were aboard his

fleet ſhould be landed, and that Gama ſhould be ſafely conducted to his ſhip, after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally ſettled. And thus, when the aſſaſſination of Gama ſeemed inevitable, the Zamorim ſuddenly dropt the demand of the ſails and the rudders, reſcued him from his determined enemies, and reſtored him to liberty and the command of his navy.

As ſoon as he was aboard * the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the Zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the Catual. The Zamorim, in anſwer, promiſed to make enquiry, and to puniſh him if guilty, but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day ſent two or three different perſons on ſome buſineſs to Calicut, that as many of his men as poſſible might be able to give ſome account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day aſſaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his deſire of peace and friendſhip, ſent another letter, in which he requeſted the Zamorim to permit him to leave a conſul at Calicut to manage the affairs of king Emmanuel. But to this requeſt, the moſt reaſonable reſult of a commercial treaty, the Zamorim returned a refuſal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully maſter of the character of the Zamorim, reſolved to treat a man of ſuch an inconſtant diſhonourable diſpoſition with a contemptuous ſilence. This contempt was felt by the king, who yielding to the advice of the Catual and the entreaties of the Moors, ſeized the Portugueſe goods, and ordered two of the ſeven hoſtages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The Admiral remonſtrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king ſtill perſiſted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated ſolicitations made him more haughty, and it was now the duty and intereſt of Gama to uſe force. He took a veſſel, in which were ſix Nayres or noblemen, and nineteen of their ſervants. The ſervants he ſet aſhore to relate the tidings, the noblemen he detained. As ſoon as the news had time to ſpread through the city, he hoiſted his ſails, and, though with a ſlow motion, ſeemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was

* Faria y Souſa.

now

now in an uproar; the friends of the captive noblemen ſurrounded the palace, and loudly accuſed the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed diſtreſs of a haughty, avaritious, weak prince, ſent after Gama, delivered up all the hoſtages, and ſubmitted to his propoſals; nay, even ſolicitated that an agent ſhould be left, and even deſcended to the meanneſs of a palpable lie. The two factors, he ſaid, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on ſhore that an agent might be ſent to diſpoſe of them. Gama, however, perceived a myſterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation Monzaida came aboard the fleet in great perturbation. The Moors, he ſaid, had raiſed great commotions, and had enraged the king againſt the Portugueſe. The king's ſhips were getting ready, and a numerous Mooriſh fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpoſe of the court and of the Moors, who were now confident of ſucceſs. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, ſuſpecting his attachment to Gama, had determined to aſſaſſinate him. That he had narrowly eſcaped from them; that it was impoſſible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendſhip he merited, took him with him, as he deſired, to Liſbon, and procured him a recompence for his ſervices.

Almoſt immediately after Monzaida, ſeven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the reſtoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refuſed to examine if they were entire, and alſo refuſed to deliver the priſoners. He had been promiſed an ambaſſador to his ſovereign, he ſaid, but had been ſo often deluded, he could truſt ſuch a faithleſs people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power to convince the king of Portugal what inſults and injuſtice his ambaſſador and admiral had ſuffered from the Zamorim of Calicut. Having thus diſmiſſed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoiſted his ſails. A calm, however, detained him on the coaſt ſome days, and the Zamorim ſeizing the opportunity, ſent what veſſels he could fit out, twenty of a larger ſize, ſixty in all, full of armed men, to attack

tack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they preſſed on to board him, when a ſudden tempeſt, which Gama's ſhips rode out in ſafety, miſerably diſperſed the Indian fleet, and compleated their ruin.

After this victory the Admiral made a halt at a little iſland near the ſhore, where he erected a croſs *, bearing the name and arms of his Portugueſe majeſty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the Zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumſtantial account of all the plots of the Catual and the Moors. Still, however, he profeſſed his deſire of a commercial treaty, and promiſed to repreſent the Zamorim in the beſt light to Emmanuel. The priſoners, he ſaid, ſhould be kindly uſed, were only kept as ambaſſadors to his ſovereign, and ſhould be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he ſent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now ſpread over the Indian ſeas, and the Moors were every where intent on his deſtruction. As he was near the ſhore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating iſle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight veſſels full of men and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by ſurprize. But Gama's cannon made ſeven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and proviſion, he took. The beautiful iſland of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ſhips and refreſh his men. While he ſtaid here, the firſt miniſter of Zabajo king of Goa, one of the moſt powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his maſter, congratulated the Admiral in the Italian tongue. Proviſions, arms and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendſhip of Zabajo. The Admiral was ſtruck with admiration, the addreſs and abilities of the miniſter appeared ſo conſpicuous. He ſaid he was an Italian by birth, but in ſailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and after various misfor-

* It was the cuſtom of the firſt diſcoverers to erect croſſes on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected ſix; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs, one to St. George, at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen, at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel, at Calicut, and one toSt. Mary, at the iſland thence named, near Anchediva.

tunes,

tunes, had been neceſſitated to enter into the ſervice of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleneſs of whoſe diſpoſition he commended in the higheſt terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquiſitiveneſs, that nameleſs ſomething which does not accompany ſimple honeſty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a ſpy, and ordered him to be put to the torture—And this ſoon brought a confeſſion, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was ſent to examine the ſtrength of the fleet by Zabajo, who was muſtering all his power to attack the Portugueſe. Gama on this immediately ſet ſail, and took the ſpy along with him, who ſoon after was baptized, and named Jaſper de Gama, the Admiral being his godfather. Afterwards he became of great ſervice to Emmanuel.

Gama now ſtood weſtward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coaſt of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and deſtroyed all the ſhips in the harbour. Soon after this he deſcried eight Mooriſh veſſels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, ſoon made them uſe their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. The hoſpitable harbour of Melinda was the next place he reached. His men, almoſt worn out with fatigue and ſickneſs, here received, a ſecond time, every aſſiſtance which an accompliſhed and generous prince could beſtow. And having taken an ambaſſdor on board, he again ſet ſail, in hope that he might paſs the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with the eaſtern ſeas now ſuggeſted to him, that the tempeſtuous ſeaſon was periodical. Soon after he ſet ſail his brother's ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ſhip, the reſt he ſent on board of Coello; nor were more hands now alive than were neceſſary to man the two veſſels which remained. Having taken in proviſions at the iſland of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the ſame ſect with the king of Melinda, they ſafely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 26, 1499, and continued till they reached the iſland of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempeſt here ſeparated the two ſhips, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to

ſhew

ſhew the goodneſs of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The Admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and ſickneſs, was unable to endure the motion of the ſhip. Vaſco, therefore, put into the iſland of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And ſuch was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ſhip to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Liſbon with the flag ſhip, while the admiral remained behind to ſoothe the death bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the mean while, landed at Liſbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be ſhipwrecked or beating about in diſtreſs. Without ſeeing one of his family, he immediately ſet ſail, on purpoſe to bring relief to his friend and Admiral. But this generous deſign, more the effect of friendſhip than juſt conſideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere he got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffuſed by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to expreſs their eſteem of the happy Admiral, he himſelf, the man who was ſuch an enthuſiaſt to the ſucceſs of his voyage, that he would willingly have ſacrificed his life in India to ſecure that ſucceſs, was now in the completion of it a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the ſhouts of the ſtreet were irkſome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to ſhare the joy. As ſoon as he had waited on the king, he ſhut himſelf up in a lonely houſe near the ſea ſide at Bethlehem, from whence it was ſometime ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and almoſt two months elapſed. Of 160 men who went out, only 55 returned. Theſe were all rewarded by the king. Coello was penſioned with 100 ducats a year and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's houſhold, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vaſco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eaſtern ſeas, with an annual ſalary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thankſgivings to heaven were celebrated throughout

throughout the churches of the kingdom, and feaſts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taſte of that age, demonſtrated the joy of Portugal.

As the prophetic Song in the tenth Luſiad requires a commentary, we ſhall now proceed to a compendious hiſtory of the negociations and wars of the Portugueſe in India; a hiſtory, though very little known, of the utmoſt importance to every commercial ſtate, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the Eaſt.

The power, intereſt, and diſpoſition of the Moors, the maſters of the eaſtern ſeas, pointed out to Emmanuel what courſe he ought to follow, if he intended to reap either honour or advantage from the diſcovery of India. The accumulated treachery of the Moors had kindled a war; force was now neceſſary; a fleet therefore of thirteen ſail and 1500 men was fitted out for India, and the command of it given to an experienced officer, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral.

The chief inſtructions of Cabral, were to enter into a treaty of friendſhip with the Zamorim, and to obtain leave to build a fort and factory near Calicut. But if he found that prince ſtill perfidious and averſe to an alliance, he was to proceed to hoſtilities on the firſt inſtance of treachery.

Cabral, in this voyage, was driven to America by a tempeſt, and was the firſt who diſcovered the Brazils. As he doubled the ſouth of Africa, he encountered a moſt dreadful ſtorm; the heavens were covered with pitchy darkneſs for many days, and the waves and winds vied with each other in noiſe and fury. Four ſhips, with all their crews, periſhed; among whom was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, the diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which, as if prophetic of his fate, he had named the Cape of Tempeſts.

When Cabral reached the coaſt of Zofala, he had only ſix ſhips. Here he engaged two Mooriſh veſſels, laden moſtly with gold duſt, and took them. But finding they were commanded by, and belonged to Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only reſtored the prizes, but treated the Xeque with the greateſt courteſy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was ſolemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and

by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his deſtination was for Calicut, he delayed revenge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambaſſador, who had been ſent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of the Xeque Foteyma ſtrengthened the friendſhip and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whether he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he ſent Ayres Correa on ſhore to ſettle the manner how the Zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal Bramins, whoſe names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hoſtages for the ſafety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering Zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portugueſe veſſels were to receive their lading before thoſe of any other nation, was ſolemnly confirmed by oath, and a houſe was appointed as a factory for the Portugueſe; of which Correa, with ſeventy men under his command, took immediate poſſeſſion.

The hiſtory of an infant ſettlement is like that of infant Rome; if the ſmalleſt circumſtances are not attended to, the ſecret ſprings of action eſcape us, and we are ſure to be led into error. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with ſpicery; but the Mooriſh merchants, ſtill intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portugueſe, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promiſes to Cabral trifled away the time, the Zamorim deſired his aſſiſtance to take a large ſhip belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, but alſo had refuſed to ſell him an elephant which was now aboard that ſhip. There were two Mooriſh agents with whom Cabral was obliged to tranſact buſineſs. To Coje Bequi he paid the greateſt reſpect, for he found him moſt worthy of it; but Cemireci, the other, pretending great friendſhip to Cabral, adviſed him by all means to gratify the Zamorim by taking the ſhip of Cochin. This veſſel was large and full of ſoldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his ſmalleſt, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a ſixth part of her ſize, to attack her. When Ataide firſt made towards the enemy, the Indian inſulted him with every ſign of reproach; but the Portugueſe cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place

forty

forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here ſhe lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning ſhe again took to ſea. But Ataide ſoon came up with her, and by the dexterous uſe of his artillery, made her ſteer what courſe he pleaſed, and at laſt drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This affair was of great conſequence to the Portugueſe. It not only raiſed a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it diſcovered a ſcene of treachery, and gave them a moſt beneficial opportunity to diſplay their integrity and honour. When Cabral converſed with the captives, he found that the ſtory of the elephant and the invaſion were falſe, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portugueſe, a ſet of lawleſs pirates, intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only reſtored the ſhip to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage ſhe had ſuſtained, and aſſured him he had been abuſed by the villainy of the Moors.

The Zamorim profeſſed the greateſt admiration of the Portugueſe valour, yet while he pretended to value their friendſhip at the higheſt rate, he uſed every art to delay the lading of their ſhips. Twenty days was the time ſtipulated for this purpoſe, but three months were now elapſed, and nothing done. Cabral ſeveral time complained to the Zamorim of the infringement of treaty, that many Mooriſh veſſels had been ſuffered to lade, while he could obtain no cargo. The Zamorim complained of the arts of the Moors, and gave Cabral an order, on paying for the goods, to unlade whatever Mooriſh veſſels he pleaſed, and to ſupply his own. Cabral, however, was apprehenſive of ſome deep deſign, and delayed to put this order in execution: urged by Correa, who ſeverely upbraided him with neglect of duty, he at laſt ſeized a veſſel which happened to belong to one of the richeſt of the Moors. A tumult was immediately raiſed, the Portugueſe factory was ſuddenly beſet by four thouſand of that people, and before any aſſiſtance could come from the ſhips, Correa, and the greateſt part of his companions, were maſſacred. Cabral, though greatly enraged, waited ſufficient time to hear the excuſe of the Zamorim, but waited in vain. Ten large Mooriſh veſſels burnt in the harbour, the city of Calicut bombarded one day, and 600 of its inhabitants ſlain, revenged the death of Correa.

The king of Cochin, when Cabral returned the ſhip which he had taken, highly pleaſed with his honour, invited him to traffic in his port. Cabral now ſailed thither, and was treated in the moſt friendly manner. A ſtrong houſe was appointed for a factory, and a treaty of commerce ſolemnly concluded. Ambaſſadors alſo arrived from the kings of Cananor, Caulan, and other places, intreating the alliance of the Portugueſe, whom they invited to their harbours.

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition *, Perimal, the ſovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been inſtructed by ſome Arabian merchants, reſolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different ſovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the Zamorim of Calicut. From this port Perimal ſet ſail, and the Arab merchants conceived ſuch a ſuperſtitious affection for this harbour, though not ſo commodious as many others around, that on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Mooriſh commerce in India. The tributary kings, ſays the author of *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, &c. deſirous to throw off their dependence on the Zamorim, invited the Portugueſe to their harbours. He ought to have added, that it was impoſſible they ſhould have acted ſo, unleſs they had conceived a high idea of the Portugueſe virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendſhip of ſome powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the Portugueſe.

When Cabral was about to ſail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the Zamorim, with a large fleet, containing 15,000 ſoldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance with the king, who ſuſpecting from the ſmall quantity of ſpicery which he bought that the Admiral was in want of money, intreated him to give a mark of his friendſhip by accepting of what he pleaſed. But Cabral ſhewed a conſiderable quantity of gold to the king's meſſengers, politely thanked him, and ſaid he was already ſufficiently loaded. Having left factors on ſhore, and received ambaſſadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ſhip, but finding ſhe belonged to

* See the notes, Book VII.

a merchant

a merchant of Cananor, he ſet her at liberty, and told the commander, "that the Portugueſe monarch was only at war with the Zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greateſt injuries and indignities." The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of thoſe who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portugueſe. That people were now diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Moors of Mecca: and to diſtreſs this port became now a principal object of the Portugueſe.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the ſtates and traffic of the Indian ſeas, perceiving that the reinforcement of three veſſels, which he had ſent under John de Nova *, could little avail, fitted out twenty ſhips, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vaſco de Gama. At the ſame time the Pope iſſued a Bull, in which he ſtyled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conqueſts and Trade, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and India.

Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Sofala, and made a treaty with the Mohammedan ſovereign of that rich country. Mozambic was now governed by a new monarch, who entreated an alliance with the Portugueſe, which was granted; and the iſle where Gama had the battle with the Moors ‡, became, for long after, a moſt convenient watering-place for the Portugueſe navies. In revenge of the plots againſt himſelf, and the injuries received by Cabral, he battered the city of Quiloa with his cannon, and made the king ſubmit to pay tribute to Emmanuel. As he proceeded for Calicut, he met a large ſhip of Mecca, which, with many people of diſtinction who were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their prophet, had lately left that harbour. This veſſel, after an obſtinate ſtruggle, in which 300 Moors were † killed, he took and burnt. And from ſome veſſels of Calicut, as he approached that port, he took about thirty priſoners. As ſoon as he anchored near the city, the Zamorim ſent a meſſage to offer terms of friend-

* This officer defeated a large fleet of the Zamorim, but could not be ſuppoſed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova diſcovered the iſle of St. Helena.

‡ See the firſt Luſiad.

† Twenty children were ſaved. Theſe were ſent to Liſbon, where they were baptized and educated in the ſervice of Emmanuel. Their happy fate, boaſted of by the Portugueſe writers, ſhews us the character of theſe times.

ſhip, to excuſe the maſſacre of the Portugueſe under Correa, as the ſole action of an enraged populace, with which government had no concern; and added, that the fate of the ſhip of Mecca he hoped would ſuffice for revenge. Gama, previous to any new treaty, demanded a reſtitution of the goods of which the Portugueſe factory had been plundered, and threatened to put his priſoners to death and batter the city in caſe of refuſal. After waiting ſome time in vain for an anſwer, Gama ordered his thirty priſoners to be hanged and their bodies to be ſent aſhore, together with a letter, declaring war againſt the Zamorim, in the name of the king of Portugal. And next day, having for ſeveral hours played his cannon upon the city, he ſteered his courſe for the more friendly port of Cochin.

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the higheſt character of the faith of the king, and his earneſt deſire to cultivate the friendſhip of the Portugueſe; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the admiral. The Zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, ſent a Bramin to Gama, while he was lading at Cochin, intreating an oblivion of paſt injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The Admiral, ſtill deſirous to cultivate friendſhip, gave the command of the fleet to his couſin Stephen de Gama, and with two ſhips only ſailed for Calicut; yet, leſt treachery ſhould be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ſhips to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that diſſimulation was ſtill the character of the Zamorim. Four and thirty veſſels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ſhip with great fury, for the other veſſel he had ſent to haſten the ſquadron of Sodre. In this ſituation nothing but a briſk wind could poſſibly ſave Gama, and a briſk gale in this extremity roſe and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, the Admiral immediately returned, and totally deſtroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Diſappointed in war, the Zamorim now by intreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his intereſt. But that prince, with the greateſt honour, refuſed to betray the Portugueſe; and Gama having promiſed to leave a ſquadron to protect his harbour, ſailed with thirteen loaded ſhips for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he paſt within

within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorouſly attacked by twenty-nine veſſels, fitted out by the Zamorim, on purpoſe to intercept him. Gama ordered three ſhips, which had the leaſt loading, to begin the engagement, and victory ſoon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered into a treaty with the ſovereign, who bound himſelf never to make war on the king of Cochin, or to aſſiſt the Zamorim. And Gama, having left ſix ſhips under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cananor, ſailed for Portugal, where, after a proſperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ſhips, loaded with the riches of the Eaſt.

As ſoon as Gama's departure was known, the Zamorim made great preparations to attack Cochin. It was the purpoſe of Emmanuel, that Sodre ſhould be left with a ſquadron to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea, and annoy the Moors of Mecca; but Gama, whoſe power was diſcretionary, ordered him not to leave Cochin, unleſs every thing bore the appearance of peace with the Zamorim. Sodre, however, though hoſtility was every day expected, prepared to depart. Diego Correa, the Portugueſe agent left at Cochin, in the ſtrongeſt manner urged him to do his duty and continue at that port, but in vain. While the king of Cochin reſolutely refuſed, though adviſed by many of his council, to deliver up the Portugueſe reſidents to the Zamorim, Sodre, contrary to the orders of Gama, ſailed for the Red Sea, in hope of the rich prizes of Mecca; and thus baſely deſerted his countrymen, and a prince, whoſe faith to the Portugueſe had involved him in a war which threatened deſtruction to his kingdom.

The city of Cochin is ſituated on an iſland, divided from the continent by an arm of the ſea, one part of which, at low water, is fordable. At this paſs the Zamorim began the war, and met ſome defeats. At laſt, by the force of numbers and the power of bribery, he took the city, and the king of Cochin fled to the iſland of Viopia. Yet, though ſtript of his dominions, he retained his faith to the Portugueſe. He took them with him to this place, where a few men could defend themſelves; and though the Zamorim offered to reſtore him to his throne if he would deliver them up, he replied, "that his "enemy might ſtrip him of his dominions and his life, but it "was not in his power to deprive him of his fidelity."

While

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus ſhut up on a little rock, Sodre ſuffered a puniſhment worthy of his perfidy. His ſhip was beaten to pieces by a tempeſt, and he and his brother loſt their lives. The other commanders conſidered this as the judgment of heaven, and haſtened back to the relief of Cochin: by ſtreſs of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian iſlands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerk, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of winter, ſet ſail for its relief. When the fleet appeared in ſight of Viopia, Trimumpara exclaiming Portugal, Portugal, ran in an extacy to the Portugueſe; and they in return, with ſhouts of triumph, announced the reſtoration of his crown. The garriſon left in Cochin by the Zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was reſtored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerk gave an inſtance of his maſterly policy. Together with the thanks of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a preſent of 10,000 ducats. An act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a ſevere wound to the Zamorim.

Francis and Alonzo Albuquerk and Duarte Pacheco were now at Cochin. The princes, tributary to Trimumpara, who had deſerted to the Zamorim, were ſeverely puniſhed by the troops of Cochin, headed by the Portugueſe, and their depredations were carried into the Zamorim's own dominions. A treaty of peace was at laſt concluded, on terms greatly advantageous to the Portugueſe commerce. But that honour which had been of the greateſt benefit to their affairs, was now ſtained. A ſhip of Calicut was unjuſtly ſeized by the Portugueſe agent at Cochin; nor would Francis Albuquerk make reſtitution, though required by the Zamorim. Soon after this, Francis ſailed for Europe, but gave another inſtance of his infamy ere he left India. The Zamorim had again declared war againſt the king of Cochin, and Francis Albuquerk left only one ſhip, three barges, and about one hundred and fifty men, for the defence of Trimumpara; but this ſmall body was commanded by Pacheco. Francis Albuquerk, and Nicholas Coello, celebrated in the Luſiad, ſailed for Europe, but were heard of no more.

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravaſco were at this time ſent from Liſbon to cruiſe about the mouth of the Red Sea. The

The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerous war with the king of Mombaſſa, and Saldanna procured him an honourable peace. But Ravaſco acted as a lawleſs pirate on the coaſt of Zanzibar. Though the innocent inhabitants were in a treaty of peace with Gama, he took many of their ſhips, for which he extorted large ranſoms, and compelled the prince of Zanzibar to pay an annual tribute and own himſelf the vaſſal of Emmanuel. The Pope's Bull, which gave all the Eaſt to the king of Portugal, began now to operate. The Portugueſe eſteemed it as a ſacred charter, the natives of the Eaſt felt the conſequence of it, and conceived a ſecret jealouſy and diſlike of their new maſters. The exalted policy and honour of many of the Portugueſe governors delayed the evil operation of this jealouſy, but the remedy was only temporary. The Portugueſe believed they had a right to demand the vaſſallage of the princes of the Eaſt, and to prohibit them the navigation of their own ſeas. When the uſurpation of dominion proceeds from a fixed principle, the wiſdom of the ableſt Governor can only ſkin over the mortal wound; for the groſſeſt barbarians are moſt acutely ſenſible of injuſtice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

The Zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the deſtruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of the land and maritime forces of the Eaſt. And here it is to be lamented, that the Portugueſe authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire arms were not unknown, they were very little uſed before the arrival of the Portugueſe. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his ſecond voyage, deſerted to the Zamorim, and were of great ſervice to him in making of powder and caſting of cannon. The Perſians deſpiſed the uſe of fire arms, as unmanly, and the uſe of artillery on board of a fleet, is ſeveral times mentioned, as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The veſſels of the Zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crouded with men, who fought with darts and other miſſile weapons. We are told by Oſorius, that the pilot of Melinda, who conducted Gama to Calicut, deſpiſed the Aſtrolabe, as if uſed to ſuperior inſtruments. We doubt, however, of his ſuperior knowledge, for we know that he coaſted northward to a particular limit, and

then ſtood directly for the riſing ſun. We are alſo told by the Jeſuits of the perfection of the Chineſe navigation, and that they have had the uſe of the compaſs for 3000 years; but this is alſo doubtful. For there is not a name in any eaſtern language for that inſtrument; nor do they know how to make one, or to arm the loadſtone. They purchaſe them of Europeans, and the Italian word Buſſola is the name of the compaſs among the natives of the Eaſt.

While the Zamorim was preparing his formidable armament againſt Cochin, the ſecurity which appeared on the mein of Pacheco, prompted Trimumpara to ſuſpect ſome fraud: and he intreated that captain to confeſs what he intended. Pacheco felt all the reſentment of honour, and aſſured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the ſevereſt threats againſt any perſon who ſhould dare to deſert to the Zamorim, or to leave the iſland. Soon after, two fiſhermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had preſcribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in priſon. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he ſent the two fiſhermen to the king's palace, where he deſired they might be concealed with the greateſt ſecrecy; and the ſeverity of their fate was publickly believed. Every precaution, by which the paſſage to the iſland of Cochin might be ſecured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portugueſe took the ſacrament, and devoted themſelves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the Zamorim conſiſted of 57,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with braſs cannon, and otherwiſe aſſiſted by the two Milaneſe engineers, was defeated by Pacheco. Seven times the Zamorim raiſed new armies, ſome of them more numerous than the firſt, but all of them were defeated at the fords of Cochin, by the ſtratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the Zamorim in the latter battles expoſed his own perſon to the greateſt danger, and was ſometimes ſprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourſe to poiſon and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were baffled. At laſt, in deſpair of revenge, he reſigned his crown, and ſhut himſelf up for the remainder of his days in one of his idol temples. Soon after the kingdom of Cochin was thus reſtored

to

to proſperity, Pacheco was recalled to Europe. The king of Portugal paid the higheſt compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his ſervices he gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accuſed, and by the king's order brought to Liſbon in irons; and thoſe hands which preſerved the intereſt of Portugal in India, were in Portugal chained in a dungeon a conſiderable time, ere a legal trial determined the juſtice of this ſeverity. He was at laſt tried, and honourably acquitted; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died in an alms-houſe. Merit thus repaid, is a ſevere wound to an empire. The generous ardour of military ſpirit cannot receive a colder check, than ſuch examples are ſure to give it.

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ſhips, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new Zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but poſſeſſed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut, the fatal conſequence of his uncle and predeceſſor's obſtinacy. Taught by theſe examples, he deſired a peace with the Portugueſe; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Milaneſe deſerters were delivered up. This perfidy to men who had been promiſed protection, the Zamorim generouſly refuſed. And Soarez, regardleſs of the fate of ſome Portugueſe who had been left at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only impolitical error. By ſhewing ſuch eagerneſs to ſecure the Milaneſe engineers, he told the Zamorim the value of theſe European artiſts. And that prince ſoon after applied to the Soldan of Egypt, who ſent him four Venetians, able engineers, and maſters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the ſtately ſpirit of conqueſt Soarez traverſed the Indian ſeas, deſtroyed many Calicutian and Mooriſh veſſels, and made various princes pay tribute and confeſs themſelves the vaſſals of Emmanuel. But the Soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hoſtilities, and a ſtronger force of the Portugueſe was neceſſary. Franciſco d'Almeyda, an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit, was therefore appointed Viceroy of India, and was ſent with two and twenty ſhips to aſſert his juriſdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conqueſt with which he ſet out,

he proceeded. On his arrival at Quiloa, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not, for a black cat, as he ſet out, happened to croſs his way, and intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombaſſa were alſo revenged by the deſtruction of that city and the vaſſalage of its monarch. When the Viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garriſons in various places. Trimumpara, king of Cochin, had now retired to ſpend the evening of his life in a Brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himſelf the tributary of the king of Portugal.

The Soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greateſt princes of the world. The lucrative commerce of the Eaſt had long flowed to the Weſt through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, in a war with the Chriſtians, every Mohammedan prince was his ally. A heavy revenge of the Cruſades was in meditation, and Europe miſerably divided in itſelf, invited its own ruin; when, ſays an author*, accurate in hiſtorical facts, the liberties of mankind were ſaved by the voyage of Vaſco de Gama: The ſinews of the Egyptian and Turkiſh ſtrength were cut aſunder by the deſtruction of their commerce with the eaſtern world.

Enraged with the interruption which his trade had already received, the Soldan reſolved to prevent its utter ruin. He threatened the extirpation of all the Chriſtians ‡ in his dominions, if the court of Rome would not order the king of Portugal to withdraw his fleets for ever from the eaſtern ſeas. One Maurus, a monk, was his ambaſſador to Rome and Liſbon, but in place of compliance, he returned with the ſeverer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined, and a moſt formidable fleet, ſixty veſſels of which were larger than the Portugueſe, manned with Turks experienced in war, were ſent to the aſſiſtance of the Zamorim. But by the ſuperior naval ſkill

* See *Hiſtoire Philoſophique & Politique des Etabliſſemens & du Commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes.*

‡ See the note, p. 432.

and

and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his ſon Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Triſtan de Cugna and the celebrated Alphonſo Albuquerk arrived in the Eaſt, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and truly commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, ſeveral princes of India invited theſe ſtrangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portugueſe, had altered the ſentiments of the natives. Almoſt every port now oppoſed the entrance of the Portugueſe, and the cargo of almoſt every ſhip they loaded was purchaſed with blood. At the ſack of the city of Lamo, ſome of the ſoldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women to get their bracelets and earrings with more expedition. But though theſe villains, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this ſtain on the Portugueſe character made war againſt the Portugueſe name and intereſt. When Albuquerk arrived before Ormuz, he ſummoned the king to become the vaſſal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of ſo great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected ſuch a viſit, had provided an army of 33,000 men, 6000 of which were expert archers, auxiliaries of Perſia. Yet theſe were defeated by 460 diſciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntleſs valour of Albuquerk. And the king of Ormuz ſubmitted to vaſſalage. Lords of the ſeas alſo, the Portugueſe permitted no ſhip to ſail without a Portugueſe paſſport. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the paſſport was forged. A rich ſhip of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villany, were ſewed up in the ſail cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on ſhore, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the Zamorim, and declared war againſt the Portugueſe. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was ſent by the Soldan. Perſia alſo aſſiſted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia *, by the conni-

* The timber was brought through the Mediterranean to Cairo, and from thence was carried by camels to the port of Suez.

nivance

vance of Venice, were robbed of their foreſts, to build navies in Arabia againſt the Portugueſe.

Almeyda ſent his brave ſon Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his ſon, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerk to ſucceed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeyda refuſed to reſign till he had revenged his ſon's defeat. On this, a diſpute between the two governors aroſe, of fatal conſequence to the Portugueſe intereſt in Aſia. Albuquerk was impriſoned, and future governors often urged this example on both ſides of the queſtion, both to protract the continuance, and preſs the inſtant ſurrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the Zamorim and his Egyptian allies, ſailed for Europe*, crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his eſtabliſhments were contrary to the ſpirit of commerce. He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who having extinguiſhed a few fires in a city, marches out in triumph, but leaves glowing embers in every houſe, ready to burſt forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerk to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in Aſia on a ſurer baſis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign coloniſts and native princes.

Albuquerk, whoſe power was ſomewhat limitted by that of Coutinho, now turned his thoughts to the ſolid eſtabliſhment of the Portugueſe empire. To extinguiſh the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the ſeat of government, were his deſigns; and in theſe he was greatly aſſiſted, both by the arms and the counſel of Timoja the pirate, who, greatly injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portugueſe. With thirty veſſels and 2400 men, Albuquerk and Fernando Coutinho ſailed from Cochin to beſiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutinho, ſhould have the honour to land firſt. Thoſe under Albuquerk, however, galled by the enemy, leapt firſt aſhore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: To conquer the feeble Indians, he ſaid, was no ſuch honour as ſome boaſted. And I will tell the king of Portugal, he added, that

* See his fate, p. 208.

I entered

I entered the palace of the Zamorim with only my cane in my hand. Albuquerk remonſtrated the danger of raſhneſs in vain. Coutinho ordered Jaſper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confuſed ſpeed. Albuquerk, whoſe magnanimity could revenge no inſult when his country's intereſt was at ſtake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly ſtationed, to ſecure a retreat, for he foreſaw deſtruction. Coutinho, after ſeveral attacks, at laſt, with the loſs of many men, entered the palace, and gave his ſoldiers liberty to plunder. All was now diſorder among them. And Albuquerk, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by meſſage, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was anſwered, he might take care of the troops under his own command. After two hours ſpent in plundering the palace, Coutinho ſet fire to it and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerk, both parties were ſurrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his braveſt officers fell; Albuquerk was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At laſt, ſtruck on the breaſt by a large ſtone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his ſhield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was confuſion in the retreat, till the body of reſerve, placed by Albuquerk, came up, and repulſed the enemy. Albuquerk was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was reſtored at Cochin, and the Zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and ſubmitted to the terms of peace propoſed by the Portugueſe governor.

The iſland of Goa, on the coaſt of Decan, a moſt commodious ſituation for the ſeat of empire, and whoſe prince had been treacherous to Gama, after various deſperate engagements, was at laſt yielded to Albuquerk. According to his deſign, he fortified it in the beſt manner, and rendered it of the utmoſt conſequence to the preſervation of the Portugueſe power. He now turned his thoughts to Malaca, the great mart of the eaſtern half of the oriental world. Under the government of Almeyda, Sequeira had ſailed thither, and while about ſettling a treaty with the natives, narrowly eſcaped a treacherous maſſacre, in which ſeveral of his men were ſlain. Albuquerk offered peace and commerce, but demanded atonement for this injury. His terms were rejected, and this important place, won by moſt aſtoniſhing

aſtoniſhing victories, was now added to the Portugueſe dominion. Here, as at Goa, the governor coined money; regulated the courts of juſtice, and by his generous behaviour, won the affection and eſteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from, and ſent ambaſſadors to the king of Siam and other princes; to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immenſe commerce from China and all the adjacent regions ſoon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the cuſtoms, gave an increaſe of trade which almoſt doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. At every place where he made a ſettlement, Albuquerk promoted the marriage of his ſoldiers with the natives, and thus ſecured the means of mutual defence: a piece of the beſt policy, though ſeldom adopted by other nations *. When the governor returned to Goa, he was received, ſays Faria, as a father by his family. The iſland was at this time beſieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerk. But to diſplay the terror of the Portugueſe arms was only the ſecond motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendſhip was his firſt care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual ſatisfaction concluded with the king of Biſnagar, the king of Narſinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the Soldan. Albuquerk twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military ſtores. By the veſſels, however, which he kept on theſe coaſts, he gave a ſevere wound to the Egyptian and Mooriſh commerce; and by the eſtabliſhments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, aſſiſted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wiſh of the people was fulfilled, and Albuquerk was again victorious. The Perſians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke ‡; but Albuquerk haſtened from Malaca and totally

* The offspring of the Portugueſe marriages at this day people many of the coaſts of India and Africa; and were Portugal what Great Britain now is, might be of the utmoſt ſervice to her commercial intereſt.

‡ When the Perſians ſent a demand of tribute, Albuquerk ſaid it ſhould be paid; and a large ſilver baſon, under cover, was preſented to the ambaſſador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of ſpears appeared: There, ſaid Albuquerk, is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay.

defeated

defeated them, to the great joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell ſick, and being adviſed by his phyſicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall, that Lopez Soarez was appointed to ſucceed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, " Are theſe whom I ſent priſoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are theſe returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou haſt incurred the king's diſpleaſure for the ſake of the ſubjects, and the ſubjects for the ſake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou has ever preſerved!" A profound melancholy now ſeized him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his chearfulneſs, and with great fervor gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to ſucceed him. On the bar of Goa, in the ſixty-third year of his age, he breathed his laſt*, after a regency of little more than five years. Yet, in this ſhort ſpace, he not only opened all the eaſtern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, by the ſtrict diſtribution of juſtice which he eſtabliſhed, ſecured its power on a baſis, which nothing but the diſcontinuance of his meaſures could ſubvert. Under Albuquerk the proud boaſt of the hiſtorian Faria was juſtified. *The trophies of our victories*, ſays he, *are not bruiſed helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, iſlands, and kingdoms, firſt humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worſhiping our government.* The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerk as their father, clothed themſelves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happineſs

* A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal, " *Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the laſt hour, I write this my laſt letter to your Highneſs; the laſt of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your ſervice. I have a ſon, Blas de Albuquerk; I entreat your Highneſs to make him as great as my ſervice deſerves. The affairs of India will anſwer for themſelves, and for me.*" Oſorius ſays, the latter part of the Goſpel of John, was, at his deſire, repeatedly read to him; and he expired with the greateſt compoſure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would conſent to part with his remains. Goa was populous, its inhabitants chiefly Moors and Indians. Theſe, when injured by the Portugueſe, would come and weep at the tomb of Albuquerk, utter their complaints to his manes, and call on his God to revenge their wrongs.

and protection which his friendſhip gave them. And the ſincerity of their grief ſhewed Emmanuel what a ſubject he had loſt. The affairs of the Portugueſe in India were now in the happieſt condition; but there was a diſeaſe at the court of Liſbon, which exerted its fatal malignity, that diſeaſe of all governments, particularly the deſpotic, the falſe accuſation of the abſent, by thoſe who are preſent at the fountain of power.

Accuſtomed to the affable manners of Albuquerk, the reſerved haughty dignity aſſumed by Soarez, gave the Indian allies of Portugal the firſt proof that the mourning which they wore for his predeceſſor was not in vain. Now, ſay the Portugueſe authors, commenced the period when the ſoldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when thoſe who had been captains turned traders, and procured the loading of their ſhips in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. After having performed the parade of a new governor in viſiting the forts, and in breaking and raiſing officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coaſts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyptian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Raez Solyman, had ſailed from Suez, and Soarez, with twenty-ſeven ſhips, ſet ſail in ſearch of it. When he came before Aden, he found that ſtrong city defenceleſs. Solyman, by order of the Soldan, with whom the governor had quarrelled, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor, thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and entreated his friendſhip. Secure of the Moor's honeſty, Soarez delayed to take poſſeſſion, till he had given battle to the Soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, defended by the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not attempt it; and after burning a few defenceleſs towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches were now repaired, and his own force, which had ſuffered greatly by tempeſtuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refuſed to ſurrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greateſt danger. A quarrel about a Portugueſe deſerter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 30,000 men, laid ſeige to that important fortreſs. But the arrival of three Portugueſe ſhips raiſed the ſeige, at a time when famine had almoſt brought the garriſon to deſpair. Nor was Malaca happier

pier than Goa. The uncurbed tyranny of the Portugueſe had almoſt driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the iſland with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the moſt critical time, with 300 men, and ſaved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increaſed, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerk had eſtabliſhed a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A ſurveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, veſted with a power, which interfered with, and leſſened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amaſs wealth with the utmoſt expedition, was now the beſt way to ſecure its poſſeſſion. Rapacity prevailed among the Portugueſe, and all was diſcontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor ſucceeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerk was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his ſoldiers on the leaſt appearance of diſobedience. But at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the firſt rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refuſed an equitable treaty offered by the Zamorim, and was for ſuch errors of incapacity ſent priſoner to Liſbon by Albuquerk, diſplayed in all his tranſactions the meaneſt abilities. All his capacity ſeemed to reach no farther than to preſerve that ſolemn face of dignity, that haughty reſerved importance with which the dull tranſact the moſt trifling affairs; a ſolemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent deſpiſe. When the court of Liſbon ſent a Soarez to ſupercede an Albuquerk, they gave a prophecy of the fall of their empire.

Sequeyra, the diſcover of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the beſieger, after ſeveral attempts, was compelled to ſubmit to a treaty dictated by the Portugueſe. Forty-eight ſhips, under the command of the governor, ſailed to reduce the ſtrong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coaſt of Cambaya, an object of

great importance to the Portugueſe, but nothing was attempted. Continual Skirmiſhes, however, dyed every ſhore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendſhip of the hoſtile natives was thought of. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Achem, was generouſly relieved by the ſovereign. George de Brito arrived ſoon after, and Borba informed him, that in the ſepulchres of the kings were immenſe treaſures of gold; and that the preſent king, his benefactor, had formerly robbed ſome Portugueſe veſſels. Brito, at the head of 200 men, immediately began hoſtilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portugueſe, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Maluco iſlands were now diſcovered. The kings of theſe at ſtrife with each other, were each earneſt for the alliance of the Portugueſe. But they, led by their uſual ideas, ſoon involved themſelves in war and ſlaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerk was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portugueſe yoke. The tribute was raiſed, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this ſent Portugueſe officers to impoſe and collect the king's cuſtoms. This impolitical ſtep was followed by its natural conſequence. The inſolence and oppreſſion of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and almoſt doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly aſtoniſhing how men ſhould expect that dominion thus ſupported ſhould continue long; that they could not ſee that ſuch victories both ſowed and nouriſhed the ſeeds of future war. Even the Portugueſe hiſtorians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. The villainy of the Portugueſe merchants loſt the profitable trade of Canton, and only a few eſcaped with great hazard, obliged to fight their way through the Chineſe fleet. Next year Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of this, entered that harbour with four ſhips, which were inſtantly ſeized and the crews maſſacred by the enraged * Chineſe. Faria y Souſa

* The Chineſe, however, had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few years after this, the Portugueſe who brought gold from Africa and ſpicery from India were allowed to purchaſe the ſilks, porcelain, and tea of China, at the port of Sanciam. And an event which refutes all the Jeſuitical accounts of the greatneſs of the power and perfection of the Chineſe government, ſoon gave them a better ſettlement. A pirate, named Tchang-ſi-lao, made

makes an apology for mentioning this, and calls it a matter of trade, a ſubject unworthy of grave hiſtory.

While Sequeyra was engaged in a ſecond attempt upon Dio, Duarte de Menezes arrived in India, and ſucceded him in office. Unmeaning ſlaughter on the coaſts of Madagaſcar, the Red Sea, India, and the Maluco iſlands, compriſe the whole hiſtory of his regency.

About this time died Emmanuel, king of Portugal. If this hiſtory ſeem to arraign his government, it will alſo prove how difficult it is for the moſt vigilant king always to receive juſt intelligence. For Emmanuel was both a great and a good king. Of great vigilance in council, of great magnanimity in the execution of all his enterprizes: Of great capacity in diſtinguiſhing the abilities of men, and naturally liberal in the reward of merit. If ſuch a prince as Emmanuel erred, if his adminiſtration of Indian affairs in any inſtance arraign his policy, let it thence be inferred, what exactitude of intelligence is neceſſary to the happy government of a diſtant colony.

The maladminiſtration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Liſbon. The traffic of India which had raiſed the Caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupport the military method of commanding it, practiſed by the Portugueſe. A General of the firſt abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vaſco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of Count de Vidigueyra, was appointed Viceroy by John III. In 1524 Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally and chief trading port of the Portugueſe, was threatened by a powerful army of the Zamorim, and the Indian ſeas were infeſted by numberleſs fleets of Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To ſuppreſs theſe Gama ſent different ſquadrons, who were ſucceſsful in executing their orders. But while he meditated far greater

made himſelf maſter of the little iſland of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid ſeige to Canton itſelf. In this criſis of diſtreſs the Chineſe implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, whom they had lately expelled as the worſt of mankind. Two or three Portugueſe ſloops effected what the potent empire of China could not do, and the iſland of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent ſervice. The porcelain of China is not ſo brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chineſe ſtrength and policy muſt appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

deſigns,

deſigns, deſigns of the ſame exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himſelf, and ſo glorioufly proſecuted by Albuquerk, death, at the end of three months, cloſed the regency of Gama. It was the cuſtom of the kings of Portugal to ſend commiſſions ſealed up to India, with orders, which ſhould be firſt opened when a ſucceſſor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of theſe, finding the approach of diſſolution, opened the firſt commiſſion. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the uſual marks of public joy on his elevation, and ſaid, it was more neceſſary to mourn for the loſs of their late Viceroy. Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the firſt, ſays Faria, who honoured the memory of his predeceſſor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portugueſe veſſel at this time committed ſeveral depredations on ſtates at peace with Portugal. This ſhip, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble inſtance of juſtice, of more political ſervice than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of the Zamorim, whom he ſeverely humbled. The Portugueſe arms cleared the ſeas of pirates, took the ſtrong city of Dofar, and reduced ſome valuable iſlands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were alſo made for the reduction of Dio, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portugueſe much more formidable than he found it, is the leaſt of his praiſe. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the inſolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time was only wanting for him to have reſtored the ſituation of India as left by Albuquerk. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portugueſe, for he accepted of no preſent, though many, as the cuſtom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and an half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the poſſeſſion of this young governor.

Other tranſactions now ſucceed. The ſecond and third commiſſions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and left he

he who was firſt named ſhould be diſtant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to aſſume the command till the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the ſecond commiſſion, Pedro de Maſcarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was reſolved to ſet aſide Francis de Sa, and open the third commiſſion. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to reſign on the arrival of Maſcarene, and immediately he aſſumed the power of government. Maſcarene about this time performed ſome actions of great military ſplendor in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with ſeveral auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened deſtruction to the Portugueſe ſettlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took poſſeſſion of ſome of the Maluco iſlands, where the treachery of the Portugueſe had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and Don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this ſtation, put one another alternately in irons. They at laſt came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worſted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publickly executed ſome of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owed no allegiance. Oppreſſed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portugueſe, offered to pay a conſiderable tribute, and entreated them to built a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to reſtore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a ſcheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villainy muſt be defended by another, and the public intereſt muſt be ſecondary in the politics of the moſt able Uſurper of unjuſt power. Sampayo was reſolved to withhold the regency from Maſcarene, and therefore to ſtrengthen himſelf at Cochin was his firſt care. Where his own intereſt and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were leſs immediately connected, that of the latter was even neceſſarily neglected, and fell into ruin. It was his intereſt to cruſh the Zamorim, and he gained conſiderable victories over Cutial, admiral of the moſt formidable fleet which had hitherto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then ſailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refuſed to acknowledge him as governor. This diſpute was ſubmited to the council of th e city,

city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then ſent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not ſpare a force ſufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa could not effect his deſign.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a moſt formidable hoſtile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to aſſiſt the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkiſh admiral, had promiſed the Soldan to drive the Portugueſe from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the intereſt of Sampayo to make every preparation of defence, and every excuſe for preparation. But he ſtill kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was ſent to Dio and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed ſtrengthened the authority of the Uſurper. A fleet of five ſhips now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new commiſſions. Theſe were opened by Mexia, inſpector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commiſſions, was here named prior to Pedro de Maſcarene. What an infatuation of government was this! Had all been happy in India, this muſt have baniſhed harmony from the councils of the Portugueſe, and for a time unhinged the operations of juſt authority. Sampayo, when he took the oath to reſign to Maſcarene, diſpatched a meſſage to Malaca with the tidings. Maſcarene immediately aſſumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almoſt needleſs to name the reſult. He was preſent, and in power; and it was reſolved that Maſcarene ſhould not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give Maſcarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Maſcarene landed, Mexia's ſpear run him through the arm, ſeveral of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet ſaved the lives of Maſcarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera ſuppoſed the friend of the ejected governor was diſpoſſeſſed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to ſucceed. Anthony de Sylveyra was ſent to take Maſcarene at ſea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him priſoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Conanor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints.

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The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonſtrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Maſcarene, to whom a trial had been refuſed. Sampayo, fierce, reſolute to perſiſt; Hector retired, and ſummoned the council of Goa. A letter ſigned by three hundred, who promiſed to ſupport him as governor, was ſent to Maſcarene. It was alſo agreed to ſeize Sampayo, but he was no ſtranger to this deſign, and impriſonment was the fortune of the brave Hector. Menezes, governor of Cananor, as ſoon as he received information from Goa of the cauſe why Maſcarene was in chains, ſet him free, and, together with Souza, commandant of Chaul, and Anthony de Azevedo, admiral of the Indian ſeas, acknowledged him governor. The Portugueſe were now on the eve of a war among themſelves, when Azevedo and other leaders propoſed to accommodate diſputes by arbitration. Sampayo with great cunning managed this affair. He delayed his conſent, though on the brink of ruin, till he knew who were named as judges, and till he had procured a pardon for Alonzo Mexia, his friend, who had attempted the life of Maſcarene. Yet, though the defenders of this brave officer had influence to remove one of the appointed judges, and to add five others of their own nomination, the arts of Sampayo prevailed. The chief inhabitants of Cochin attended, and conſcious of their former vote in council againſt Maſcarene, declared, that if his title was preferred, they would revolt to the Moors. He who does a man an injury, generally becomes the rancorous enemy of the injured man; and even the friends of him whoſe power is on the decline, cautiouſly withdraw from his intereſt. The council of Goa, who had promiſed to ſupport, now deſerted Maſcarene, forward to make their peace where they feared to oppoſe. Sampayo was declared lawful governor, and Maſcarene embarked for Liſbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he periſhed at ſea.

Sampayo, now undiſturbed by a rival, but conſcious of the accuſations which Maſcarene would lay againſt him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himſelf to his ſovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerk, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkiſh fleet had been aſſaſſinated by the

friends of each other, and their war ſhips were ſcattered in different places. Sampayo ſent Azevedo to deſtroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was diſpatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the iſland of Sunda. What heavy accuſation of his former conduct, devoted to his private intereſt, was this late execution of theſe important deſigns! Other captains were ſent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the moſt gallant officers ever ſent from Portugal to India, greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; John Deza deſtroyed the remains of the Zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chineſe admiral; and Sampayo himſelf ſpread ſlaughter and devaſtation over the ſeas and ſhores of India. Every where, ſays Faria, there was fire and ſword, ruin and deſtruction. In the midſt of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finiſh what he had begun, to clear the ſeas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his requeſt, that it might not be ſaid he had reaped the laurels already graſped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who happened to be there, ſent his brother in law, John Deza, to Nunio, inviting him to come aſhore and receive the reſignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a ſnare, and he inſiſted that Sampayo ſhould come on board. He came, and having reſigned with the uſual ſolemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were ſeized and his perſon impriſoned. And ſoon after, amid the inſults of the croud, he was put aboard a ſhip and ſent priſoner to Liſbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the ſovereign *.

* When Sampayo was arreſted, "*Tell Nunio*, ſaid he, *I have impriſoned others, and am now impriſoned, and one will come to impriſon him.*" When this was reported, "*Tell Sampayo*, ſaid Nunio, *that I doubt it not; but there ſhall be this difference between us; he deſerves impriſonment, but I ſhall not deſerve it.*" When the ſhip which carried Sampayo arrived at the iſle of Tercera, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Liſbon, he was ſet upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the inſults of the populace, carried to the caſtle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to ſee him. After two years, the Duke of Braganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was ſurrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard which covered his face, and the other tokens of his ſufferings, ſays Faria, might have moved Maſcarene himſelf to forgiveneſs. He made a long maſterly ſpeech, wherein he enumerated his ſervices, pleaded the neceſſities of public affairs, and

The acts and character of this extraordinary man demand the attention of every country poſſeſſed of colonies. His abilities were certainly of the firſt rate, but having made one ſtep of villany, the neceſſity of ſelf-defence rendered his talents of little benefit, rather of great prejudice to his country. The Portugueſe writers, indeed, talk in high terms of his eminent ſervices and military glory. But there is a ſurer teſt than their opinion. The Indian princes ſincerely mourned over the aſhes of Albuquerk, whom they called their father; but there was a general joy on the departure of their tyrant Sampayo; a certain proof that his conduct was of infinite prejudice to the intereſt of Portugal. However high and dreadful they may ſeem, men in his ſituation never dare to puniſh without reſpect of the offender's connections. The tyranny of George de Menezes, governor of Maluco, under Sampayo, diſgraces human nature. He openly robbed the houſes of the Mooriſh merchants, cut off the hands of ſome, and looked on, while a magiſtrate, who had dared to complain, was, by his order, devoured by dogs *. If the embarraſſment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miſcreant, others, however, had his ſanction. Camoens, that enthuſiaſt of his nation's honour, in an apoſtrophe to Maſcarene, thus characteriſes the regency of the Uſurper, "Avarice and ambition now in India ſet their face openly againſt God and juſtice; a grief to thee, but not thy ſhame!" And Camoens is exceeding accurate in the facts of hiſtory, and with the reſt of his countrymen, admires the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it ſhould alſo be remembered that, according to Faria, theſe people had improved the

and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence ſtaggered the king's reſolution againſt him, but his uſurpation could not be forgiven. He was ſentenced to pay Maſcarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowance as governor, and to be baniſhed into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private ſtation to Portugal. His friend Alonzo Mexia, the inſpector of the revenue, was alſo ſeverely puniſhed, if leſs than his rapacity deſerved, may be called ſevere.

* This tyrant, on his return to Liſbon, was baniſhed to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken priſoner, and died the death of an American captive. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roaſted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and ſmoaked by the ſavages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poignards; his eyes are at laſt thruſt out, and he is let looſe to ſtagger about as his torture impels him. As ſoon as he expires, his diſſevered limbs are boiled in the war-kettle, and devoured by his executioners. While George de Menezes ſuffered this torture, charity would hope that the remembrance of his cruelties in India gave him his ſevereſt pains.

diviſions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portugueſe ſettlements. And when he did conquer, puſhed on by the rage to do ſomething eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its conſequence uncommercial. It is not earthquakes and whirlwinds that revive a blighted harveſt; the gentle rains and mild dews of heaven alone diffuſe fertility, and heal the chaſms of the withered ſoil. Malaca, while governed by the injured Maſcarene, was the only diviſion of Portugueſe Aſia where commerce flouriſhed. After his departure, all was wretchedneſs; Portugueſe againſt Portugueſe, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the reſt were left by Sampayo will ſoon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portugueſe, was confined by the ſmall-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him, but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a ſight of the new governor, he added, he was ſure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long liſt of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. Theſe, in true policy, Nunio redreſſed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a ſlave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio viſited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppreſſion and injuſtice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied reſiſtance. Nunio ſoothed and redreſſed the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was made every where, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him and receive redreſs. Many appeared, and to the aſtoniſhment of all India, juſtice was conſpicuouſly diſtributed. Raez Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime miniſter, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, ſtood accuſed of the moſt horrid crimes of office. Rapine was defended by murder; and the ſpirit of induſtry, cruſhed to the ground, ſighed for ſupport amid the deſolate ſtreets. Innocence and induſtry were now protected by Nunio, and Xarafo, though a native of India, was ſent in irons to Liſbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in reſtoring to proſperity the allies of Portugal *. Hector de

* Before his arrival, Nunio greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf on the Ethiopian coaſt. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portugueſe, had again reduced the kings of Melinda and Zanzibar to great diſtreſs. Nunio reduced Mombaza to aſhes, and left a garriſon at Melinda, which afterwards rendered conſiderable ſervice to that city.

Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line acroſs the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and let not a Mooriſh or Egyptian veſſel eſcape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthuſiaſt in honeſty, was ſent by Nunio to ſucceed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a villain who trod in the ſteps of Menezes. All was in confuſion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, ſays Faria, to ſuppreſs the villainy of the Portugueſe, than to quell the hoſtile natives. By his wiſdom, however, reſolution, and moſt ſcrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flouriſhing ſettlement, and the neighbouring kings, ſome of whom he had vanquiſhed, entreated his continuance when he received his recal. Anthony de Sylveyra ſpread the terror of his arms along the hoſtile coaſt of Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, ſon of the great Vaſco, was ſent to Malaca, which he effectually ſecured, by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hoſtility. And the governor himſelf attempted Dio; but while employed in the reduction of the ſtrongly fortified iſland of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement, commanded by Muſtapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out againſt all the vigorous attacks of Nunio.

While the governor was thus employed in reſtoring the ſtrength of the Portugueſe ſettlements, ſcenes, new to the Portugueſe, opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wiſdom and abilities. One of thoſe brutal wars, during which the eaſtern princes deſolate kingdoms and ſhed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of thoſe horrid characters common in oriental hiſtory, aſcended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy and unjuſt invaſions of his neighbours, increaſed his territories, when the Mogul, or king of Delhi, ſent a demand of homage and tribute. Badur flayed the ambaſſadors alive, and boaſted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raiſed on each ſide, and alternately deſtroyed, ſometimes by the ſword, ſometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly muſtered, inferior kingdoms were deſolated as they marched along, but Badur was at laſt reduced to the loweſt extremity. In his diſtreſs he implored the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, and not only yielded Dio, a city among

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almoſt inacceſſible rocks, but gave permiſſion to Nunio to fortify it as he pleaſed *. The Mogul alſo made large offers, but thoſe of Badur were accepted, and the king of Delhi's army ſoon after withdrew from Cambaya. Abraham, king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid ſeige to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he beſieged, found means to defeat him by famine. Abraham had dethroned his own brother, Mulacham, and thruſt out his eyes. Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, deſolated by theſe brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent oppoſite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the conſent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fled to the king of Biſnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now aſſiſted by Catamaluco, the prince whom he beſieged in Golconda, invaded Biſnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco joined the king of Biſnagar. King Badur, who owed his crown to the Portugueſe, now meditating their deſtruction, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miſerable inhabitants of Decan had put themſelves under the Portugueſe dominion, now adviſed his maſter to recover his territory by force of arms. A war enſued, but neither Azadacam, nor Solyman Aga with his Perſian auxiliaries, could expel the Portugueſe. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hoſtilities to ceaſe, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treaſon, attempted to poiſon Hydal Can. Yet ſoon after the traitor bought his par-

* One Iago Botello performed the moſt wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occaſion. He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earneſtly the king of Portugal deſired the poſſeſſion of Diu, he hoped, that to be the meſſenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the ſort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he ſet ſail on pretence for Cambaya, in a veſſel only ſixteen feet and an half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portugueſe, his ſervants, and ſome Indian ſlaves, were his crew. When out at ſea he diſcovered his true purpoſe: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were ſailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Liſbon, where his pardon was all his reward. His veſſel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that ſuch evidence of the ſafety and eaſe of the voyage to India might not remain.

don

don with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the ſordid courts of the Eaſt. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce, but a new enemy immediately aroſe. The Zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raiſed an army of about 50,000 men, but was ſix times defeated by the Portugueſe. Badur had now recourſe to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Diu, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to aſſaſſinate them both. But ere his ſcheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in ſtepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in ſafety, but ſome Portugueſe, who at a diſtance beheld his danger, rowed up haſtily to his aſſiſtance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portugueſe gentlemen immediately boarded his barge, and ruſhed on the tyrant. Iago de Meſqueta wounded him, but though theſe brave men loſt their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap over board for ſafety. A commotion in the bay enſued, and the king, unable to ſwim any longer, called out aloud who he was, and begged aſſiſtance. A Portugueſe officer held out an oar, but as Badur laid hold of it, a common ſoldier, moved with honeſt indignation, ſtruck him over the face with a halbert, and repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whoſe remorſeleſs perfidy and cruelty had long diſgraced human nature.

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unbluſhing perfidy, and deſolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the hiſtory of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the ſame changes in policy, the ſame deſolations, and the ſame deluges of ſpilt blood. And who can behold ſo horrid a picture without perceiving the ineſtimable benefits which MAY BE DIFFUSED over the Eaſt by a potent ſettlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own intereſt demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffuſed. Nunio, as much as poſſibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendſhip of his countrymen was capable of affording them the ſureſt defence. Greatly ſuperior to the groſs ideas of Gothic conqueſt he addreſſed himſelf to the reaſon and the intereſts of thoſe with whom he negociated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya,

baya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By theſe, the treacherous deſigns of king Badur fully appeared, and his negociation to engage the Grand Turk to drive the Portugueſe from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the firſt officers of Badur, and who was preſent at his death, with ſeveral others, witneſſed the manner of it. And Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portugueſe. Letters, to this purpoſe, in Arabic and Perſic, ſigned by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were diſperſed by Nunio every where in India and the coaſts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician ſtop here. Superior to bigottry, he did not look to the Pope's Bull for the foundation of authority. The free exerciſe of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portugueſe territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the penſions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portugueſe ſettlements now enjoyed proſperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and ſome hoſtilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the ſole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again ſteeped in her own blood. While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi loſt an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, loſt almoſt as many in the ſeige of Calijor, Nunio preſerved his territory in the Decan in a ſtate of peace and ſafety, the envy of the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the deſtruction of the Portugueſe. Selim, Sultan of Conſtantinople, a few years before, had defeated the Soldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkiſh empire. The Mohammedan ſtrength was now more conſolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conqueſts in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurſe of his naval ſtrength, and the preſents ſent by king Badur gave him the higheſt idea of the riches of Indoſtan. Seventy large veſſels, well ſupplied with cannon and all military ſtores, under the command of Solyman, Baſhaw of Cairo, ſailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portugueſe from India. The ſeamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-ſlaves, taken in war, all of them trained ſailors; and 7000 Janiſaries were deſtined to act on ſhore. Some Portugueſe Renegados

gados were alſo in the fleet; and Coje Zofar, who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hoſtile operations began with the ſeige of Dio, but when Nunio was ready to ſail to its relief with a fleet of eighty veſſels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commiſſion to ſucceed him as governor. Nunio immediately reſigned, and Noronha, in providing a greater fleet, by a criminal loſs of time, reduced the garriſon of Dio to the greateſt extremity. Here the Portugueſe ſhewed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms; the officers ladies went from rampart to rampart upbraiding the leaſt appearance of langour. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of power in his arms, paſſed his companions, *make way*, he cried, *I carry my own and many a man's death*. His own, however, he did not, for he returned ſafe to his ſtation; but above a hundred of the enemy were deſtroyed by the exploſion of the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men who at firſt were in the garriſon, forty were not now able to bear arms, when Coje Zofar, irritated by the inſolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garriſon, which promiſed the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he deſigned, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediately hoiſted his ſails, and with the ſhattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid puniſhment, he died by his own hands.

But while Nunio reſtored the affairs of India, the political canker at the court of Liſbon accumulated its malignity. He did not amuſe them with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conqueſts, and the wiſdom of his policy was unperceived. Even their hiſtorians ſeem inſenſible of it, and even the author of *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, in his account of the Portugueſe politics, pays no attention to Nunio, though he even improved upon the ideas of Albuquerk. In place of rewards, chains were prepared in Portugal for this great commander; but his death at ſea, after a happy regency of about ten years, prevented the completion of his country's ingratitude.

When Noronha was ſent to ſupercede Nunio, an allegorical poet might feign that the dæmon of infatuation directed the councils of Liſbon. Noronha's regency began with an infamous delay of the ſuccours deſtined by Nunio for Dio. Coje Zofar,

by the ſame ſpirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to harraſs the Portugueſe of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the Zamorim himſelf, awed by the dignity and juſtice of Nunio's government, entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negociate a general peace; a peace, which on the part of the Zamorim, gave the Portugueſe every opportunity to ſtrengthen their empire, for it continued thirty years.

Theſe tranſactions, the privateering war with the Moors, ſome ſkirmiſhes in Ceylon, the deſign, contrary to the king's commiſſion, to appoint his ſon to ſucceed him, his death, and the public joy which it occaſioned, compriſe the hiſtory of the regency of the unworthy ſucceſſor of the generous Nunio.

Both the Portugueſe and the natives gave unfeigned demonſtrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the ſon of the great Vaſco. By his firſt act he ordered his private eſtate to be publickly valued, and by his ſecond he lent a great ſum to the treaſury, which by Noronha was left exhauſted. He viſited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his officers he defeated the king of Achem, who diſturbed Malaca. He reſtored tranquility in Cambaya, where the Portugueſe territory was invaded by a powerful army, led by Bramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned by king Badur. His brother Chriſtoval he ſent on an expedition into Ethiopia *, and the governor himſelf ſailed to the Red Sea with a fleet, equipped at his own expence. Here he gave a ſevere wound to the Turkiſh naval ſtrength. But while every thing was in proſperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was ſuddenly ſuperceded by the elevation of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recalls a governor of decided abilities ere he can poſſibly complete any plan of importance; yet ſuch recalls, ere now, had been iſſued from the court of Liſbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portugueſe intereſt than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the ſteps of his father and of Albuquerk. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to get witneſſes to impeach his predeceſſor, but though he pardoned a murderer on

* For his melancholy fate, ſee p. 451.

that

that condition, every accuſation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Liſbon. Having refuſed to give his hand, however, to a bride, choſen for him by John III. he found it convenient to baniſh himſelf from his native country, the country which his father had raiſed to its higheſt honours. He retired therefore to Venice, his eſtate 40,000 crowns leſs than when he entered upon his ſhort government of two years and one month.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives, he rendered the Portugueſe ſettlements happy and flouriſhing. But gloomy ſuperſtition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of prieſts, who eſteemed the butcheries of religious perſecution as the ſervice of heaven. The temples of Malabar were laid in aſhes, and thouſands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were ſlaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portugueſe hiſtorians mention as the greateſt honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the deteſtation which ſuch cruelty muſt certainly bring upon the religion which inſpires it: ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, poſſeſſes its beſt opportunity to conquer the heart by the diſplay of its ſuperior excellence. At the ſeige of Batecala, the Portugueſe ſoldiers quarrelled about the booty, and while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives and driven to their ſhips. The pay of the common ſoldiers had been diminiſhed by Souza, and they freely owned that this was the cauſe of the mutiny. The city afterward was taken, and the ſtreets ran with blood; ſuch was the rage of the army to recompence themſelves by plunder. The king of Ormuz, unable to pay the exorbitant tribute exacted from him, which was now ſix times more than the tax impoſed by Albuquerk, reſigned his revenues to the Portugueſe. Azadacam, now in open war with his maſter the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The deſign was to dethrone Abraham, who had been always friendly to the Portugueſe, and to place Meale Can his brother in his dominions. The Portugueſe officers murmured at this ſhameleſs injuſtice, but only Pedro de Faria, truſting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonſtrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, liſtened to the man of fourſcore, and confeſſed that he had ſaved both his life

and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly reſented by the Hydal Can, who gathered ſuch a ſtorm to cruſh the Portugueſe, that Souza, foreſeeing the tempeſt that was hovering over him, threatened to open the commiſſions, and reſign to the governor next named. He complained that he could not govern men who had neither truth nor honour; he did not conſider, however, that his unjuſt treatment of the common ſoldiers occaſioned their diſorder and diſobedience. But while he thus meditated a cowardly and treacherous retreat, treacherous becauſe it was to deſert his poſt in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Caſtro, the ſucceſſor of the embarraſſed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military ſtrength of the Portugueſe in India was in a ſickly condition. Great diſcontent among the few who were honeſt; all was villainy and diſorder among the reſt. The natives, earneſt for their total extirpation, from different provinces joined Hydal Can, and their warlike operations began with the ſeige of Diu. John de Maſcarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portugueſe diſplayed many prodigies of valour. Azadacam, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greateſt military reputation, directed the attacks, and loſt their lives in the ſeige. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians preſſed on by ten thouſands, but were always repulſed. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every ſide, and mines were ſprung, by one of which Fernando, the ſon of Caſtro, was with his battallion blown up in the air. After eight months Caſtro arrived with a large fleet, and without oppoſition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of 2500 Portugueſe and ſome auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Hydal Can continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profuſion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and purſued with incredible ſlaughter through the ſtreets of the city. Rume Can, the ſon of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his braveſt troops, and was totally defeated by Caſtro *. It was neceſſary to proſecute the war, and the

* During the heat of this engagement, Father Cazal, with a crucifix on the point of a ſpear, greatly animated the Portugueſe. Rume Can, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Caſtro, put his troops at laſt in great diſorder. But though the General could not, the Prieſt led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Cazal exclaiming aloud, *ſacriledge, ſacriledge, revenge the ſacriledge*, inſpired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their

governor, in great want of money to carry it on, deſired the citizens of Goa to advance a loan of 20,000 pardaos, for which he ſent them a lock of his muſtacheos in pledge. A ſecurity indeed uncommon; but which included in it a ſignal pawn of his honour. More money than he required was ſent, and even the women ſtript themſelves of their bracelets and other jewels to ſupply his want. The jewels, however, he returned, and having with great aſſiduity improved his naval and military ſtrength, he and his captains carried fire and ſword over the dominions of the hoſtile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was alſo defeated at Malaca, and the ſtubborn villainy of the debauched Portugueſe ſoldiers and traders was the only enemy unſubdued. While he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuſes of the revenue, and the diſtribution of juſtice, grief, it is ſaid, impaired Caſtro's health and haſtened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms againſt the Portugueſe were ſuing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of ſelect perſons to take the management of affairs. And ſo poor was the great Caſtro, that the firſt act of this committee was an order to ſupply the expences of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, ſucceeded this great man, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of Caſtro, greatly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. Here Camoens ends his prophetic ſong, and here alſo the moſt important period of the hiſtory of the Portugueſe empire in Aſia is naturally wound up. A repetition of the ſame oppreſſive impolitical meaſures, which had often armed the Eaſt againſt them, deſcribes the conduct of the governors who ruled India for twenty years after Caſtro. But the rapine of individuals every year became more ſhameleſs and more general. Indian women of quality were publickly

their intereſt in this manner. They often ſaw the ſign of the croſs in the air, and at different times ſome Mooriſh priſoners enquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the front of the Portugueſe ſquadrons. And the Portugueſe ſoldiers, who ſaw no ſuch perſonages, were thus taught to believe themſelves under the particular care of the Virgin and St. Joſeph.

dragged

dragged from their friends by Portugueſe raviſhers. When the Count de Redonda was governor, a Portugueſe ſhip, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three veſſels of Malabar. Redonda complained, and was anſwered by the Zamorim, that ſome rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe. Irritated by this reply, he ſent Dominic de Meſquita with three ſhips to ſcour the coaſt of Malabar. And Meſquita ſoon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greateſt part of whom were ſewed up in their own ſail cloths and wantonly drowned. When the Zamorim complained, Redonda retorted his own reply, "It was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to ſeize and chaſtiſe." A ſpirited repriſal is often the moſt deciſive meaſure; but this inhuman one, ſurely, was not dictated by wiſdom. Harraſſed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, the princes of India combined in a general league for the utter extirpation of the Portugueſe. Eaſtern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation than this, and ſo confident were the natives of ſucceſs, that not only the poſſeſſions of the Portugueſe, but the moſt beautiful of their wives and daughters were alſo divided among them. Five years was this league in forming; at laſt, at the ſame inſtant, the king of Ternate attacked the Malucos, the king of Achem invaded Malaca, the queen of Garzopa carried her arms againſt Onor; Surat was ſeized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the Mogul; the Hydal Can attacked Chaul, Daman, Bazaim and Goa; and the Zamorim laid ſeige to Mangalor, Cochin and Cananor. And even the ancient Chriſtians of St. Thomas, perſecuted by the archbiſhops of Goa, for non-ſubmiſſion to the See of Rome, joined the Pagans and Mohammedans againſt the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of virtue remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Luis de Ataide, the Portugueſe governor, was adviſed to withdraw his troops from the exterior parts for the ſupport of Goa, the ſeat of their empire. But this he gallantly refuſed, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to ſail for Portugal. No ſooner did he gain an advantage in one place than he ſent relief to another. He and the beſt troops haſtened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this moſt formidable combination

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ſued for peace. A ſignal proof of what valour and military art may do againſt the greateſt multitudes of undiſciplined militia.

The brave Ataide, after his return to Portugal, was ſent a ſecond time Viceroy to India*, where, ſoon after the defeat of king Sebaſtian in Africa, he died of melancholy, ſo deeply was he affected with the fall of his country, which he foreſaw and foretold. Gama, Albuquerk, and Nunio de Cunha, certainly underſtood the great principles upon which a foreign commerce can only be eſtabliſhed and rendered ſecure. But the court of Liſbon, and moſt of the other governors, never perceived the true intereſt of their empire. When errors in government begin, the wiſe ſee the ſecret diſeaſe, but it is the next generation that feels the worſt of its effects. Camoens, whoſe political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, ſaw the declenſion of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its exiſtence to the ſpirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the ſtatutes of Lamego. Camoens, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntſman he paints the wild romantic purſuits of king Sebaſtian, and wiſhes that he may not fall the victim of his blind paſſion. The courtiers he characteriſes,

* Ataide often checked the wild purſuits of the young king Sebaſtian, and ſtrongly oppoſed his romantic deſire to head an expedition in Africa. The Prince, to be eaſed of the reſtraint of his preſence, ſent Ataide a ſecond time to India, and in a ſpeech which he made to him, ſtrongly characteriſed the frivolouſneſs which now prevailed in the cabinet of Portugal. Don Conſtantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he ſent out on various expeditions were generally defeated. He himſelf ſhared the ſame fate, and once ſaved his life by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He impriſoned Luis de Melo for loſing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coaſt of Malabar. In a deſcent on Ceylon the Portugueſe ſeized the tooth of a monkey, a relick held ſacred by the Pagans, for which, according to Linſchoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ranſom; but Conſtantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was ſaved by a Banian, and each aſſerting he was in poſſeſſion of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portugueſe eaſtern ſettlements, were kindled; and Conſtantine, finding himſelf embarraſſed, reſigned, contrary to the deſire of Sebaſtian. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed moſt incredible actions, had ſaved the Portugueſe from the greateſt dangers they ever ſurmounted in Aſia. Yet when the ſecond time Ataide went out Viceroy, Sebaſtian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bade him reign like Don Conſtanſtine —— a whiffler, whoſe abilities reached no farther than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeneſs was his only commendation.

——— each for ſome baſe intereſt of his own,
With flattery's manna'd lips aſſails the throne.

And the clergy, the men of letters ———

——— trim'd the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,
Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the people's cauſe,
Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave father's helm-hackt ſwords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the conſtitution gradually expired under the artful increaſe of the royal perogative. If Sebaſtian was more abſolute than John the Firſt, his power was bought by the degeneracy and weakneſs of his ſubjects, the certain price with which monarchs purchaſe their beloved deſpotiſm. The neglect of one man of merit is the ſignal for the worthleſs, if rich, to croud to court. Many of theſe ſignals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III. Sebaſtian, and his ſucceſſor the Cardinal Henry; and thus the labours of an Albuquerk, a Nunio, a Caſtro, and an Ataide, were fruſtrated and reverſed. Theſe governors, bred in war, enthuſiaſts in honour, all died poor. Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his maſter the king of Ormuz, charged with murders and the moſt unbounded extortion, was ſent in irons to Liſbon. But he carried his treaſures with him, and was reſtored to his employments. Anthony Galvam, the moſt honeſt of men, ſaved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and like Pacheco, died in an alms-houſe. Some of the firſt nobility and princes of the blood were after Caſtro made Viceroys of India. Nor came they there on purpoſe to return with empty coffers*. Under the ſhade of ſilken umbrellas they rode to

* The governors of India, about this time, cleared 800,000 ducats per annum. 200,000 was the ſalary of the commanders of ſome forts, beſide the profits of trade, which were immenſe, for the ſhips they ſent to Europe were loaded with the plunder of their rapine. Yet at this time all the royal revenue which aroſe from the cuſtoms, and all the tribute paid by the acquired territory and vaſſal princes, afforded only 1,000,000 crowns, the higheſt annual ſum received by the kings of Portugal, a ſum often purchaſed by armaments of much ſuperior expence. Though a king of Ceylon was ſo ignorant as to refuſe a preſent of tapeſtry from the Portugueſe, his allies, becauſe the figures upon it, he ſaid, were inchanted men, who would kill him in the night time;

battle in chairs carried on men's ſhoulders. All was luxury, weakneſs, and unlimitted oppreſſion. Ataide effected a glorious recovery of the Portugueſe affairs, but they ſoon relapſed with doubled confuſion into their former diſorder. Both before and after this period, a long ſucceſſion of governors, in one uniform courſe, regardleſs of the injury which the commerce of their country ſuſtained by their depredations, ſtudiouſly kindled unjuſt wars, that they might enrich themſelves by the enormous plunder. Sebaſtian loſt his crown in Africa, and was ſucceeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle Cardinal Henrico. Two years cloſed Henry's puſillanimous ſway, and Philip II. of Spain ſoon after made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Portugal. Totally engroſſed by their immenſe American empire and the politics of Europe, the Spaniſh court paid little attention to Portugueſe India. Little or no ſupplies arrived from Europe. The commanders on the different ſtations ceaſed to act in concert with each other. Unreſtrained by a regular government, each endeavoured to enrich himſelf. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Moſtly natives of the Eaſt, the Portugueſe in India loſt all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a ſlender thread. The will of the captain of the fort was abſolute, and his protection of the moſt audacious plunderers was the ſupport of his power. Around the Malucos, fort after fort fell into the hands of the neighbouring princes. Some of the Portugueſe were impaled, others entered into the ſervice of their conquerors, and in many actions fought againſt each other with the greateſt rancour. In this wretched condition of Portugueſe Aſia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, in jail for debt at Liſbon, planned the eſtabliſhment of his countrymen in the Eaſt. The Hollanders paid his debts; he ſailed for the Eaſt, and returned with credentials of his promiſe, which gave birth to the Dutch India company, an inſtitution of deep commercial

time; Though the general opinion of India eſteemed the Portugueſe as a race ſuperior to other men; You are among men, ſaid an Indian, what lions are among beaſts, and nature has appointed that your ſpecies ſhould be equally few for the ſame reaſon; Though ſuch ignorance of the natives facilitated the Portugueſe victories, ſome, however, had more reaſon. Let them alone, ſaid one Indian prince to another, their management of their revenue, and their love of luxury, will ſoon ruin them. And a king of Perſia aſked a Portugueſe captain, how many of their Indian Viceroys had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal? None, replied the officer: then you will not long, returned the Perſian, be the maſters of India.

wiſdom. In Java and the Malucos, where the Portugueſe were weakeſt, the Dutch began their operations, and from thence carried their hoſtilities into Bengal and the other parts of India. The Portugueſe valour ſeemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquiſhed fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and brought freſh ſupplies. The Portugueſe Jeſuits omitted no invention that might inflame the natives againſt them; even their republican form of government was urged as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the deteſtation of the Portugueſe name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villainies and cruelties had given birth and had long nouriſhed, was now felt to militate againſt them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portugueſe governors been like that of Albuquerk, had the princes of India mourned over their graves, no ſtrangers had ever eſtabliſhed themſelves on the ruin of ſuch allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increaſed, the harbours of India received them with kindneſs, and gave them aſſiſtance, while the friendleſs deteſted Portugueſe, though victorious in almoſt every ſkirmiſh, were harraſſed out and daily weakened. Like beaſts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortreſſes, their deſtruction the wiſh of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of theſe wolves and tygers. Five years after the arrival of the Dutch, the Engliſh alſo appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the beſt harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portugueſe from their ſettlements. The Engliſh, in 1601, under Sir James Lancaſter, erected ſeveral factories in India, but they went to ports open to all, and interfered with neither Dutch, Portugueſe, nor Mooriſh ſettlement. Twenty Engliſh fleets made the voyage to India without hoſtility, when the Portugueſe Jeſuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loſs of the Portugueſe military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practiſed againſt Gama was repeated by the Jeſuits, and the event was the ſame. The Jeſuit Pinneus influenced the Mogul againſt the Engliſh, and commerce with them was interdicted. While Captain Beſt in a large ſhip, and Captain Salmon in a bomb ketch, lay near Surat, Nunio de Cunha, with four large galliots and twenty-five frigates, was

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ſent to deſtroy them. An Indian, who had been aboard the Engliſh ſhips, told Nunio that they had not above a week's proviſion, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in freſh water. Nunio replied, that *he would not ſpend a week's proviſions upon his own men to purchaſe a victory that might be gained in an hour*. And in the ſame high ſpirit he ſent Canning, an Engliſh priſoner in his cuſtody, to help his countrymen to fight, boaſting, that *he would ſoon take him again with more company*. As Nunio advanced, with red banners diſplayed, Beſt weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and Captain Salmon, in the bomb ketch, behaved with equal courage *. The Mogul had an army at this time upon the ſhore. The beach and the eminences were covered with ſpectators. And now thoſe who had deemed the Portugueſe invincible at ſea, with aſtoniſhment beheld nine and twenty ſhips vanquiſhed and put to flight by two veſſels. But they knew not that the victors had fought under a Drake and a Raleigh. After the arrival of the Dutch, the Spaniſh court began to pay ſome attention to India, and ſupplies were ſent againſt them and the Engliſh. But Thomas Beſt, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Azevedo, the Viceroy nominated by Spain, prepared an armament of eight veſſels, each of about 600 tons, and ſixty frigates; but though often braved by the Engliſh, reinforced only with four ſhips, to the deeper aſtoniſhment of all India, he declined the combat, and ſuffered the Engliſh, unmoleſted, to proceed homeward with loaded ſhips. The reputation of the Portugueſe valour was now no more. The Dutch power increaſed, and the natives in every

* Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions this engagement, "Capt. Salmon, of the bomb ketch, the Oſiander, was like a Salamander amid the fire, dancing the hay about the Portugueſe, friſking and playing like a ſalmon." The Portugueſe writers aſcribe theſe victories to the excellence of the Engliſh and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the Engliſh commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hoſtilities in India were in revenge of the Spaniſh tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal alſo bended down beneath the ſame cruel yoke; yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, becauſe the Portugueſe groaned under Spaniſh oppreſſion, the Spaniſh oppreſſion in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portugueſe ſettlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the ſtronger boars in a German foreſt ſhoulder the weaker ones from the beſt fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdſmen, the ſtronger boars perſiſt and return; ſo the Dutch perſiſted, till they ſecured poſſeſſion. Every thing, however, was different in the firſt ſettlement of the Engliſh. The Author of *Hiſtoire Philoſophique, &c.* ſeems to decry the

place openly declared war againſt them. Philip de Brito Nicote, whoſe bravery and villainy were the ſcourge and terror of Siam and the adjacent regions, after a brave defence, was overpowered in his ſtrong fort of Siriam. His wife and ſoldiers were maimed and ſent into ſlavery. He himſelf and his male-kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garriſon. While the memory of the injuries ſuffered by the natives thus poured deſtruction upon the unpitied Portugueſe, the Spaniſh court compleated the ruin of their eaſtern empire. The expence of the ſupplies lately ſent, far exceeded the advantages reaped by Spain. And Azevedo, the Viceroy, received an order from the court of Madrid, to diſpoſe of every employment, of every office under him, by public ſale, that money might be raiſed to ſupport his government. We now need add no circumſtance more. The hiſtory of the fall of the Portugueſe empire is here complete. Every thing after was headlong declenſion. A ſucceſſion of governors continued, and ſtill continue; but of all their numerous ſettlements on every coaſt of the eaſtern world,

policy of their firſt captains, who made themſelves maſters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants, an uncertain foundation of continuance, according to him, though the Engliſh trade with China is now carried on in this manner. With all the *ſang froid* of a materialiſt philoſopher, the Engliſh perceived, ſays he, *that great riches could not be acquired without great injuſtice*, and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portugueſe and Dutch, they muſt alſo adopt their meaſures, and eſtabliſh themſelves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned ſuch narrow policy, was too puſillanimous, and too much engaged in controverſial divinity, to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the Engliſh with the potent king of Perſia, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wiſdom. But Sir D. Cotton's embaſſy into Perſia, in the Clarendon State Papers, Vol. I. p. 36. fol. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Perſia was the idleſt ſtep the Engliſh could poſſibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Perſia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime miniſter, raiſed from the meaneſt ſtation, was a greater ſhuffler and villain than his maſter. The treaty with Perſia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portugueſe and the Dutch, and brought hoſtilities upon the Engliſh, which the puſillanimous James would not allow them to puniſh as juſtice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Perſia to give any effectual aſſiſtance to the Engliſh. A Perſian boxed Lord Shirley, the Sophi's ambaſſador, in the preſence of James, and each charged the other with impoſture. And the king of Perſia and his miniſter did nothing but ſcruple the credentials ſent from England, and endeavour to extort preſents. While James thus amuſed himſelf with his Perſian negociation, as ſagacious and fruitleſs as thoſe he held with the court of Spain and the Prince Palatine, the commerce of his ſubjects languiſhed in India. Hopeleſs of any help from Perſia, they entered into a kind of partnerſhip in ſome of the Dutch ſettlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the Engliſh of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties, which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no conſequence in the Eaſt.

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the ports of Goa and Diu in India, and the iſle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remain in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe. Two ſmall veſſels, often Chineſe, once in the year carry ſome porcelaine to Goa and Diu, but theſe muſt touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of ſilk and ſpicery. And one ſhip, with a poor cargo, according to *Hiſtoire Philoſophique*, partly furniſhed by the two ſloops of Macao, and partly purchaſed from the Engliſh, ſails once in the year from Goa for Liſbon. Such is the fall of that power which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Aſia from the ſtraits of Gibraltar to the eaſtern ſide of Japan.

The author, juſt now mentioned, in his reflections on the fate of the Portugueſe, informs his reader, that while the court of Liſbon projected the diſcovery of India, and expected inexhauſtible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foreſaw and foretold the evils which would follow ſucceſs. And time, ſays he, the ſupreme judge of politics, haſtened to fulfill their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portugueſe Hiſtorians, muſt perceive the errors of this miſrepreſentation. The objections againſt the voyage of Gama, were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were theſe: Nothing but barren deſerts, like Lybia, were to be found; or, if the diſcovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable; or if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom. Foreign ſettlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or if foreign colonies were neceſſary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better ſettlements. And the wrath of the Soldan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe againſt Portugal, completed the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreſeen nor foretold, that the unexampled miſconduct of the Portugueſe would render the moſt lucrative commerce of the world an heavy, and at laſt inſupportable expence on the treaſury of Liſbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the ſhameleſs villainy, the faithleſs piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down deſtruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our author. Nor does the evil of the increaſe of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the conſequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the

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wiſdom of thoſe who foretold them, or to that of thoſe who adopt the opinion. Many have pronounced, that the ſame evils which overwhelmed the Portugueſe, are ready to burſt upon the Britiſh empire; an enquiry, therefore, into the cauſe from whence theſe evils ſprung, is of no trivial importance to the Britiſh nation.

Mines of gold, though moſt earneſtly deſired, are the leaſt valuable parts of foreign acquiſition. To encreaſe the population of the mother country is the only real wealth, and this can only be attained by increaſing the means of employment, in ſuch manner as will naturally inſpire the ſpirit of induſtry. The ſtaple commodities of a country muſt therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence, agriculture will of neceſſity be improved. To export the domeſtic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uſes of foreign ſettlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive theſe advantages from their immenſe acquiſitions in the Eaſt and Weſt? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but eſtabliſhed or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, was not the natural conſequence of the diſcoveries of Columbus, but the certain reſult of the evil policy of Spain. We have ſeen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce which was the foundation of the maritime ſtrength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portugueſe, but it was their's alſo to purchaſe that traffic on their own terms with the commodities of Europe. Had theſe methods been purſued, Portugal, a much finer country, had ſoon been more populous than Holland is now. He who foretells the neglect of agriculture on the increaſe of commerce, foretells an event contrary to the nature of things; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a diſtance be foreſeen, may poſſibly fullfil the prediction. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cauſe of the fall of the Portugueſe empire, does not at preſent threaten the Britiſh; nor is the only natural reaſon of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too ſmall to be the head of ſo extenſive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occaſionally aſſiſt, but permanancy of dominion can only be enſured by native troops. The numerous

merous garriſons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa and Aſia, required more ſupplies than the ſeat of empire could afford without depriving itſelf of defence in caſe of invaſion. In the event, the foreign garriſons were loſt for want of ſupplies, and the ſeat of empire, on the ſhock of one diſaſter, fell an eaſy prey to the uſurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empreſs of the world. The unrivalled iſland is neither too large nor too ſmall. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally ſufficient to afford armies to defend themſelves againſt the greateſt power; nor is ſuch radical ſtrength liable to fall aſunder by its own weight. Neither is nature leſs kind in the variety of the climate of the Britiſh iſles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable ſtaples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars eſteemed religious, the circumſtances of Portugal, produced a high and ardent ſpirit of chivalry, which raiſed her to empire; but when ſucceſs gave a relaxation to the action of this ſpirit, the general ignorance of all ranks ſunk her into ruin. The circumſtances of the Britiſh empire are greatly different. Her military ſpirit is neither cheriſhed by, nor dependent upon cauſes which exiſt in one age and not in another; and deep, indeed, muſt be her degeneracy, when all her ranks are as ignorant of her true intereſt as thoſe of Portugal were, previous to her fall. Nor is the increaſe of wealth big with ſuch evils as ſome eſteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for ſhe was not enriched by the commerce of India. And if Great Britain ever ſuffer by enormous wealth, it muſt be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than ſome ſurmiſe. To remedy an evil we muſt trace its ſource. And never was there national corruption of manners which did not flow from the vices and errors of government. Where merit is the only paſſport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthleſs can purchaſe the offices of truſt, univerſal profligacy muſt follow. It was not the acquiſitions given by Columbus, it was the dull ignorant politics of Madrid which rendered America in any degree a curſe to Spain. It was not the fall of Carthage that corrupted Rome, it was the want of knowledge and the want of virtue in the Roman Senate which introduced

introduced that venality, which, as a hectic fever, conſumed the Roman ſtrength. Mankind, it may be ſaid, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom will greatly miſlead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general ſenſe. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the loweſt. Profligacy of manners is not therefore the natural conſequence of affluence, it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind in whatever external ſituation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or ſtate, it is the negligence, or wickedneſs of government, and not the increaſe of wealth, which is the ſource of national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in juſtice to be charged on the increaſe of national trade. The true principles of commerce on the contrary, require the reſtriction of many *, and perhaps the prohibition of ſome articles. And ignorance of the true ſpirit of commerce, and neglect in the legiſlature, are therefore the only ſources of theſe evils. The aſcendency of this ignorance and this neglect, are always attended with venality, and muſt prove fatal in every country. The two firſt fatal to the commercial ſtrength, venality to the national power and manners. When the king of Spain commanded Azevedo, his Viceroy of India, to diſpoſe of every office by public ſale, he made an edict, that merit ſhould be neglected, and that the moſt worthleſs and unfit ſhould only be entruſted with the public affairs. Exactly proportioned to the degrees of venality, as it is checked or predominant, does the conſtitutional health of every empire recover or decline. That of Portugueſe Aſia, from the complex variety

* That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently aſſerted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more falſe. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the ſervice of the ſtate. Thoſe employed on the natural ſtaples are of the firſt rate ſervice; but thoſe engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the ballance of trade againſt the country where they reſide; and as the ſale of their labours depends upon faſhion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to become a dangerous burden on the common wealth. Nor is all which is ſpent by individuals, gained, as ſome aſſert, by the public. A young merchant who diſſipates 10,000 l. in debauchery among ſharpers and courtezans, people of no labour, does not advantage the public in any degree equal to the loſs which it ſuſtains in the diſtreſſes of his induſtrious creditors. Nor is even this all; where private luxury is cheriſhed as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the moſt dreadful political diſeaſe, will be ſure to prevail, ſure to reduce the moſt flouriſhing kingdom to the moſt critical weakneſs.

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of cauſes we have traced, had long ſtruggled in a deep conſumption, and was now in the laſt ſtage, when Philip II. made an edict in open favour of venality, an act which almoſt immediately ended her political exiſtence.

If happily many of the cauſes of the fall of Portugal do not threaten the Britiſh empire; yet againſt thoſe cauſes laſt mentioned, Great Britain cannot be too well guarded; and may He who foretells her danger from them, never prove a Caſſandra in prophecy; may He never have the gift of foretelling what is true, and yet be fated to obtain no credit!—But if the fall of the Portugueſe empire be an example peculiarly held up to the Britiſh, ſtill more particularly does the hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia demand the attention of that ſtupendous Common Wealth, the United Eaſt India Company.

The hiſtories of wars, from the earlieſt times, are much alike; the names of the countries raviſhed, the towns deſtroyed, and captains ſlain, are different; the motives and conduct of the oppreſſors, and the miſeries of the oppreſſed, are the ſame. Portugal raiſed the firſt commercial empire of the modern world; the hiſtory of her fate therefore opens a new field for the moſt important ſpeculation. The tranſactions of the Portugueſe in India are peculiarly the wars and negociations of commerce, and therefore offer inſtructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæſar or a Marlborough. The proſperity and declenſion of foreign ſettlements, reſulting from the wiſdom or errors of the ſupreme power at home, from the wiſdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; The ſtupendous effects of unſtained honour and faith; The miſerable ruinous embarraſſments which attend diſhoneſt policy, though ſupported by the greateſt abilities in the field or in the council; The uncommercial and dreadful conſequences of wars unjuſtly provoked, though crowned with a long ſeries of victories; The ſelf-deſtructive meaſures, uncommercial ſpirit and inherent weakneſs of deſpotic rule; The power, affluence, and ſtability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, All thoſe cauſes which nouriſh the infancy, all thoſe which as a ſecret diſeaſe undermine, or as a violent poiſon ſuddenly deſtroy the vital ſtrength of a commercial empire; all theſe are developed and

diſplayed, in the moſt exemplary manner, in the hiſtory of the tranſactions of Portugueſe Aſia.

And all theſe combine to aſcertain the one great principle upon which the Britiſh Eaſt India Company muſt exiſt or fall. The viceroy or governor always finds two intereſts, often different from each other, ſoliciting his attention; the public intereſt and his own private one. If inſtitutions cannot be deviſed to render it the true intereſt of governors, to make that of the public their firſt care, ſtability cannot be preſerved *. — But it were unjuſt to require the poverty of an Albuquerk or a Nunio. He who devotes his life to the ſervice of his country, merits a reward adequate to his ſtation. An eſtimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch ſettlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Naſſau, the general of a Dutch Weſt India company, expelled the Portugueſe from one half of this rich and extenſive country. In reward of his ſervice he was appointed governor, but his mercantile maſters, earneſt for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was neceſſary for future ſecurity, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number of fortreſſes which he built, and the expence of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill treatment to reſign, and the ideas of the compting-houſe were now adopted. The expence of troops and of fortreſſes was greatly reduced; even that of the court of juſtice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new ſubjects every advantage of the ſordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmoſt rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the Burgo-maſters, the Lords of this colony; when the Portugueſe, invited by the defenceleſs ſtate, and joined by the diſcontented ſubjects of the Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin.

* Nor is it enough to ſuppreſs the means of private villainy: To render a ſettlement proſperous, the honeſt merchant muſt have every poſſible encouragement. If it is eaſy to acquire an handſome independence in an honourable channel, the ſons of men of property and of connexions, will adventure; and where capital and real abilities are beſt rewarded, commerce muſt greatly increaſe. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered by difficulties, only men of deſperate fortune will ſettle in a diſtant climate. And theſe, conſcious of the reſtraints under which they labour, conſcious that they have much to gain and little to loſe, will, in the nature of things, be ſolely influenced by the ſpirit of the mere adventurer; by that ſpirit which utterly ruined the Portugueſe in India.

Though

Though the States now intereſted themſelves vigouroufly, all the great expence of their armaments was loſt. Brazil was recovered by the Portugueſe, and the Dutch Eaſt India Company was utterly extinguiſhed.

Nor can we cloſe our obſervations without one more. Nunio acquired an extenſive territory in India. Harraſſed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portugueſe to take them under protection. And ſafe and happy, while all around was ſteeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breaſt muſt warm on the view of the happineſs which the Britiſh India Company MAY diffuſe over the Eaſt, a happineſs which the Britiſh * are peculiarly enabled to beſtow. Beſides the many inſtances of Portugueſe tyranny and miſconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government which muſt ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the ſtupendous efforts of Portugueſe colonization were only founded on the ſands, on the quick-ſands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain ſyſtem of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Liſbon, and againſt the will of the Ruler there was no appeal to the civil power. Confidence in the high juſtice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppreſſion a temporary ſpirit of induſtry; but temporary it muſt be, as a haſty journey made in the uncertain interval of a tempeſt. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued where the merchant is conſcious of protection on his appeal to known laws of ſupreme authority. On the firm baſis of her laws the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully proſpered, for ſhe gave them an image of her own conſtitution. And even where the government of

* The form of the government, and the national character of the Britiſh, peculiarly enable them to diffuſe the bleſſings which flow from the true ſpirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penuriouſneſs in their manners, and a palpable ſelfiſhneſs in their laws, ill reliſhed by the neighbours of their ſettlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and ſentiment which ariſes from the intercourſe and converſation of the merchant with the man of property, educated in independance. India, perhaps the moſt fertile country in the world, has ſuffered more by famine than any other. For the thouſands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her ſons, who have thus periſhed. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true ſpirit of commerce to prevent famine, to bring proviſion from one country to another. And may this true ſpirit of it be exerted by the Britiſh in India!

the natives cannot be new modelled, an eaſy appeal to the ſupremacy of her civil laws, muſt place her commerce upon the ſureſt foundation. It is not the ſpirit of Gothic conqueſt, it is not the little cunning fineſſe of embroiling the Indian princes among themſelves; of cajoling one and winning another; it is not the groveling arts of intrigue, often embarraſſed, always ſhifting, which can give laſting ſecurity. An eſſential deciſive predominancy of the juſtice of laws like the Britiſh, can alone ſecure the proſperity of the moſt powerful commercial ſyſtem, or render its exiſtence ADVANTAGEOUS or even SAFE to the ſeat of Empire.

The next period of the Introduction to the Luſiad requires

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

WHEN the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian ſplendor, Nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeneſs of that nation, produced one great Poet, to record the numberleſs actions of high ſpirit performed by his countrymen. Except Oſorius, the hiſtorians of Portugal are little better than dry journaliſts. But it is not their inelegance which rendered the poet neceſſary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to expreſs an indignation againſt the breaches of honour, in a ſpirit which at once ſeizes the heart of the man feeling, and carries with it an inſtantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portugueſe form the great hinge which opened the door to the moſt important alteration in the civil hiſtory of mankind. And to place theſe actions in the light and enthuſiaſm of poetry, that enthuſiaſm which particularly aſſimulates the youthful breaſt to its own fires, was Luis de Camoens, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities claimed the honour of his birth. But according to N. Antonio, and Manuel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Liſbon in 1517. His family was of conſiderable note, and originally Spaniſh. In 1370, Vaſco Perez de Caamans, diſguſted at the court of Caſtile, fled to that of Liſbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordſhips of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amendo, and other conſiderable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the ſucceſſion, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Caamans, ſided with the king of Caſtile, and was killed in the battle of Aljabarrota. But though John I. the victor,

victor, ſeized a great part of his eſtate, his widow, the daughter of Gonſalo Tereyro, grand maſter of the order of Chriſt, and general of the Portugueſe army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three ſons, who took the name of Camöens. The family of the eldeſt inter-married with the firſt nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Caſtera, with the blood royal. But the family of the ſecond brother, whoſe fortune was ſlender, had the ſuperior honour to produce the Author of the Luſiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the Poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoens, his father, commander of a veſſel, was ſhipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greateſt part of his fortune was loſt. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her ſon Luis at the univerſity of Coimbra. What he acquired there his works diſcover: An intimacy with the claſſics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taſte of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the univerſity he appeared at court. He was handſome *, had ſpeaking eyes, it is ſaid, and the fineſt complexion. Certain it is, however, he was a poliſhed ſcholar, which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his diſpoſition, rendered him an accompliſhed gentleman. Courts are the ſcenes of intrigue, and intrigue was faſhionable at Liſbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoens reſt unknown. This only appears: He had aſpired above his rank, for he was baniſhed from the court; and in ſeveral of his ſonnets he aſcribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his ſtudies, and began his Poem on the Diſcovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament againſt Africa. Camoens, tired of his inactive obſcure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly diſtinguiſhed his valour in ſeveral rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors in the ſtraits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremoſt, and loſt his right eye. Yet neither the

* The French Tranſlator gives us ſo fine a deſcription of the perſon of Camoens, that it ſeems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is univerſally agreed, however, that he was handſome, and had a moſt engaging mein and addreſs. He is thus deſcribed by Nicolas Antonio, "*Mediocri ſtatura fuit, et carne plena, capillis uſque ad croci colorem flaveſcentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons, & medius naſus, cætera longus, et in fine craſſiuſculus.*"

hurry

hurry of actual ſervice nor the diſſipation of the camp co uld ſtifle his genius. He continued his *Luſiadas*, and ſeveral of his moſt beautiful ſonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expreſſes it,

One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permiſſion to return to Liſbon. But while he ſolicited an eſtabliſhment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriouſly poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by ſeveral years reſidence under the ſcorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loſs of an eye, his preſence gave uneaſineſs to the gentlemen of ſome families of the firſt rank where he had formerly viſited. Jealouſy is the characteriſtic of the Spaniſh and Portugueſe; its reſentment knows no bounds, and Camoens now found it prudent to baniſh himſelf from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he ſailed for India, with a reſolution never to return. As the ſhip left the Tagus he exclaimed, in the words of the ſepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, *Ingrata patria, non poſſidebis oſſa mea!* Ungrateful country, thou ſhalt not poſſeſs my bones! But he knew not what evils in the Eaſt would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoens arrived in India, an expedition was ready to ſail to revenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any reſt on ſhore after his long voyage, he joined this armament, and in the conqueſt of the Alagada iſlands, diſplayed his uſual bravery. But his modeſty, perhaps, is his greateſt praiſe. In a ſonnet he mentions this expedition: We went to puniſh the king of Pimenta, ſays he, *e ſuccedeones bem, and we ſucceeded well.* When it is conſidered that the Poet bore no inconſiderable ſhare in the victory, no ode can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following he attended Manuel de Vaſconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. Here, ſays Faria, as Camoens had no uſe for his ſword he employed his pen. Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He viſited Mount Felix and the adjacent inhoſpitable regions of Africa, which he ſo ſtrongly

ſtrongly pictures in the Luſiad, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the abſence of his miſtreſs.

When he returned to Goa he enjoyed a tranquility which enabled him to beſtow his attention on his Epic Poem. But this ſerenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote ſome ſatyrs which gave offence, and by order of the Viceroy Franciſco Barreto he was baniſhed to China.

Men of dull abilities are more conſcious of their embarraſſment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great ſolemnity; and every expreſſion of the moſt diſtant tendency to leſſen their dignity, is held as the greateſt of crimes. Conſcious alſo how ſeverely the man of genius can hurt their intereſt, they bear an inſtinctive antipathy againſt him, are uneaſy even in his company, and on the ſlighteſt pretence are happy to drive him from them. Camoens was thus ſituated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for ſatyr than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet whatever eſteem the prudence of Camoens may loſe in our idea, the nobleneſs of his diſpoſition will doubly gain. And ſo conſcious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his ſonnets he wiſhes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile ſhould ever be remembered*.

* Caſtera, who always condemns Camoens as if guilty of ſacriledge, when the ſlighteſt reproach of a grandee appears, tells us, "that poſterity by no means enters into the "reſentment of our poet, and that the Por-"tugueſe hiſtorians make glorious mention "of Barreto, who was a man of true merit." The Portugueſe hiſtorians, however, knew not what true merit was. The brutal uncommercial wars of Sampayo are by them mentioned as much more glorious than the leſs bloody campaigns of a Nunio, which eſtabliſhed commerce and empire. But the actions of Barreto ſhall be called to witneſs for Camoens.

We have ſeen Souza's villainous negociation in favour of Meale Can, and the dangerous war which it kindled. Barreto took up the ſame buſineſs, and Meale Can, in breach of the treaty with his brother Hydal Can, was by him proclaimed king of Viſipor. This begat a war, which ended in the captivity of Meale Can and the diſgrace of the Portugueſe, who were ſtript of the territory and revenues promiſed them by the Uſurper. In the ſpirit of Sampayo, Barreto's officers deſolated the coaſts of Malabar and Ceylon. Becauſe Hydal Can ſought revenge for the favour ſhewed to the Uſurper, Barreto ſent Coutinho to attack Salſete and Bardes, all the ſea ports of which he deſtroyed with fire and ſword, and returned, ſays Faria, with *honour* and riches to Goa. Hydal Can on this raiſed a great army. Barreto did the ſame; but though he made a winter campaign, did nothing, ſays Faria, worthy of hiſtory. The king of Cinde deſired Barreto's aſſiſtance to cruſh a neighbouring prince who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himſelf to relieve him; but having diſagreed about the reward he required, for the king had made peace with his enemy, he burned Tata the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect, for eight days deſtroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his veſſels, ſays our author, with the richeſt booty hitherto taken in India. The war

The accompliſhments and manners of Camoens ſoon found him friends, though under the diſgrace of baniſhment. He was appointed commiſſary of the Defunct in the iſland of Macao, a Portugueſe ſettlement in the bay of Canton. Here he continued his Luſiad; and here alſo, after five years reſidence, he acquired a fortune, though ſmall, yet equal to his wiſhes. Don Conſtantine de Braganza was now Viceroy of India, and Camoens, deſirous to return to Goa, reſigned his charge. In a ſhip, freighted by himſelf, he ſet ſail, but was ſhipwrecked in the gulph near the mouth of the river Mehon on the coaſt of China. All he had acquired was loſt in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he ſwimmed with the other, were all he found himſelf poſſeſſed of, when he ſtood friendleſs on the unknown ſhore. But the natives gave him a moſt humane reception: this he has immortaliſed in the prophetic ſong in the tenth Luſiad *; and in the ſeventh, he tells us, that here he loſt the wealth which ſatisfied his wiſhes.

Agora da eſperança ja adquirida, &c.

Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
Forever loſt; ———
My life like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore
By miracle prolong'd ———

On the banks of the Mehon, he wrote his beautiful paraphraſe of the pſalm, where the Jews, in the fineſt ſtrain of poetry, are repreſented as hanging their harps on the willows

war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was deſtroyed by the viceroy, who, ſoon after, at the head of 17,000 men, defeated the injured Hydal Can's army of 20,000. While horrid deſolation followed theſe victories, and while Hydal Can raiſed new armies, Duarte Deza treacherouſly impriſoned the king of Ternate and his whole family, though in alliance with Portugal, and ordered them to be ſtarved to death. This kindled a war, which endangered the Malucos, and ended in the ſubmiſſion of the Portugueſe. Such was the monſter Barreto, the man who exiled Camoens, and ſuch were the villains who acted under him.

* Having named the Mehon;
Eſte recebera placido, & brando,
No ſeu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.
Literally thus: "On his gentle hoſpitable boſom *(ſic* brando *poeticé)* ſhall he receive the ſong, wet from woeful unhappy ſhipwreck, eſcaped from deſtroying tempeſts, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjuſt ſentence upon him, whoſe lyre ſhall be more renowned than enriched." When Camoens was commiſſary, he viſited the iſlands of Ternate, Timor, &c. deſcribed in the Luſiad.

by

by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoens continued ſome time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, Don Conſtantine de Braganza, the Viceroy, whoſe characteriſtic was politeneſs, admitted him into intimate friendſhip, and Camoens was happy till Count Redondo aſſumed the government. Thoſe who had formerly procured the baniſhment of the ſatyriſt, were ſilent while Conſtantine was in power. But now they exerted all their arts againſt him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoens; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he made his moſt horrible witticiſm on the Zamorim, he ſuffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common priſon. After all the delay of bringing witneſſes, Camoens, in a public trial, fully refuted every accuſation of his conduct, while commiſſary at Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoens had ſome creditors; and theſe detained him in priſon a conſiderable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be aſhamed, that a man of his ſingular merit ſhould experience ſuch treatment among them. He was ſet at liberty; and again he aſſumed the profeſſion of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at this time common in Portugueſe India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promiſes, allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a diſtant fort, in a barbarous country, ſhares in ſome meaſure the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleaſant ſituation, to retain the converſation of Camoens at his table, it was his leaſt care to render the life of his gueſt agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a conſiderable time having elapſed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoens reſolved to return to his native country. A ſhip, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and ſeveral gentlemen * who were on board were deſirous that Camoens ſhould accompany them. But this the governor ungenerouſly endeavoured to prevent, and charged him

* According to the Portugueſe Life of Camoens, prefixed to Gedron's, the beſt edition of his works, Diogo de Couto, the hiſtorian, one of the company in this homeward voyage, wrote annotations upon the Luſiad, under the eye of its author. But theſe unhappily have never appeared in public.

with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand, and Camoens, ſays Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were ſold together.

After an abſence of ſixteen years, Camoens, in 1569, returned to Liſbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the peſtilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At laſt, in 1572, he printed his Luſiad, which, in the opening of the firſt book, in a moſt elegant turn of compliment he addreſſed to his prince, king Sebaſtian, then in his eighteenth year. The king, ſays the French tranſlator, was ſo pleaſed with his merit, that he gave the Author a penſion of 4000 reals, on condition that he ſhould reſide at court. But this ſalary, ſays the ſame writer, was withdrawn by Cardinal Henry, who ſucceeded to the crown of Portugal, loſt by Sebaſtian at the battle of Alcazar.

But this ſtory of the penſion is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though ſome late writers have given credit to it. If Camoens, however, had a penſion, it is highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebaſtian was devoted to the chace, his grand uncle, the Cardinal, preſided at the council board, and Camoens, in his addreſs to the king, which cloſes the Luſiad, adviſes him to exclude the clergy from ſtate affairs. It was eaſy to ſee that the Cardinal was here intended. And Henry, beſides, was one of thoſe ſtateſmen who can perceive no benefit reſulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought alſo to be added in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which cloſed a ſhort inglorious reign, the crown of Liſbon, after a faint ſtruggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portugueſe, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoens, and whoſe obſervation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great * patron of one ſpecies of literature, a

* Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial eſteem by the Portugueſe writers. Happily they alſo tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romiſh Friars of the Eaſt tranſmitted their childiſh forgeries of inſcriptions and miracles *(for ſome of which, ſee the note, p. 456.)* He correſponded with them, directed their labours, and received the firſt accounts of their ſucceſs. Under his patronage it was diſcovered, that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worſhip the Croſs; and that the Mooriſh tradition of Perimal, (who, having embraced Mohammediſm,

ſpecies the reverſe of that of Camoens, certain it is, that the author of the Luſiad was utterly neglected by Henry, under whoſe inglorious reign he died in all the miſery of poverty. By ſome, it is ſaid, he died in an alms-houſe. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of ſubſiſtence, which theſe houſes provide. He had a black ſervant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his maſter's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to ſome writers, ſaved his maſter's life in the unhappy ſhipwreck where he loſt his effects, begged in the ſtreets of Liſbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had beſtowed thoſe talents, which have a tendency to erect the ſpirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful obſerver, the fate of Camoens throws great light on that of his country, and will appear ſtrictly connected with it. The ſame ignorance, the ſame degenerated ſpirit, which ſuffered Camoens to depend on his ſhare of the alms begged in the ſtreets by his old hoary ſervant, the ſame ſpirit which cauſed this, ſunk the kingdom of Portugal into the moſt abject vaſſallage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin

Mohammediſm, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the Zamorim,) was a malicious miſrepreſentation, for that Perimal, having turned Chriſtian, reſigned his kingdom and became a monk. Such was the learning patroniſed by Henry, under whoſe auſpices, that horrid tribunal, the inquiſition was erected at Liſbon. And he himſelf long preſided as inquiſitor general. Nor was he content with this, he eſtabliſhed an inquiſition alſo at Goa, and ſent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to form a court of inquiſitors, to ſuppreſs the Jews and reduce the native Chriſtians to the See of Rome. Nor muſt the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Liſbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof that the fine genius of Camoens, was the true ſource of his misfortunes. John III. earneſt to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his ſubjects, engaged Buchanan, the moſt elegant Latiniſt, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philoſophy and the *Belles Lettres* at Liſbon. But the deſign of the monarch was ſoon fruſtrated by the clergy, at the head of whom was Henry, afterwards the ſovereign. Buchanan was committed to priſon, becauſe it was alledged he had eaten fleſh in Lent, and becauſe in his early youth, at St. Andrews in Scotland, he had written a ſatyr againſt the Franciſcans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Liſbon, John had promiſed abſolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his releaſe from a loathſome jail, but could not effect his reſtoration as a teacher. No, he only changed his priſon, for Buchanan was ſent to a monaſtery *to be inſtructed by the monks*, the men of letters patroniſed by Henry. Theſe are thus characteriſed by their pupil Buchanan,—*nec inhumanis, nec malis, ſed omnis religionis ignaris.* "Not uncivilized, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A ſatyrical negative compliment, followed by a charge of groſs barbariſm. In this confinement Buchanan wrote his elegant verſion of the pſalms. Camoens, about the ſame time, ſailed for India. The bleſſed effects of the ſpirit which perſecuted ſuch men, are well expreſſed in the proverb, *A Spaniard, ſtript of all his virtues, makes a good Portugueſe.*

which impended over them, Camoens beheld it with a pungency of grief which haſtened his exit. In one of his letters he has theſe remarkable words, " *Em fim accaberey à vida, e verràm todos que fuy afeiçoada a minho patria*, &c." I am ending the courſe of my life, the world will witneſs how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her boſom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains, " Who has ſeen on ſo ſmall a theatre as my poor bed, ſuch a repreſentation of the diſappointments of fortune. And I, as if ſhe could not herſelf ſubdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to ſurmount ſuch accumulated evils."

In this unhappy ſituation, in 1579, in his ſixty-ſecond year, the year after the fatal defeat of Don Sebaſtian, died Luis de Camoens, the greateſt literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage and ſpirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greateſt heroes. And in a manner ſuitable to the poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatneſs of his merit was univerſally confeſſed, and his Luſiad was tranſlated into various languages *. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man ſo miſerably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earneſtly enquired after by Philip of Spain, when he aſſumed the crown of Liſbon. When Philip heard that Camoens was dead, both his words and his countenance expreſſed his diſappointment and grief.

From the whole tenor of his life, and from that ſpirit which glows throughout the Luſiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoens flowed from true greatneſs and dignity of ſoul. Though his poliſhed converſation ‡ was often courted

* According to Gedron, a ſecond edition of the Luſiad appeared in the ſame year with the firſt. There are two Italian and four Spaniſh tranſlations of it. An hundred years before Caſtera's verſion it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, Bp. of Targa in Africa, tranſlated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoens: a mean but vain attempt to paſs his verſion upon the public as an original. Le P. Niceron ſays there were two other Latin tranſlations. It is tranſlated alſo into Hebrew with great elegance and ſpirit by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of ſeveral poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

‡ Camoens has not eſcaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality diſgrace them. Camoens, it is ſaid, one day heard a potter ſinging ſome of his verſes in a miſerable mangled manner, and by way of retaliation, broke a parcel

by the great, he appears ſo diſtant from ſervility, that his imprudence in this reſpect is by ſome highly blamed. Yet the inſtances of it by no means deſerve that ſeverity of cenſure with which ſome writers have condemned him. Unconſcious of the feelings of a Camoens, they knew not that a careleſſneſs in ſecuring the ſmiles of fortune, and an open honeſty of indignation, are almoſt inſeparable from the enthuſiaſm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man poſſeſſed of true genius feels his greateſt happineſs in the purſuits and excurſions of the mind, and therefore makes an eſtimate of things, very different from that of him whoſe unremitting attention is devoted to his external intereſt. The profuſion of Camoens is alſo cenſured. Had he diſſipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profuſion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoens was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

—— through the dim ſhade his fate caſts o'er him:
A ſhade that ſpreads its evening darkneſs o'er
His brighteſt virtues, while it ſhews his foibles
Crowding and obvious as the midnight ſtars,
Which in the ſunſhine of proſperity
Never had been deſcried ——

Yet after the ſtricteſt diſcuſſion, when all the cauſes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoens will appear the fault and diſgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have ſecured him an apartment in the palace of Auguſtus, but ſuch talents are a curſe to their poſſeſſor in an illiterate nation. After all, however, if he was imprudent on his firſt appearance at the court of John III. if the honeſty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he ſatyriſed the Viceroy and the firſt Goths

a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend, ſaid he, you deſtroy my verſes and I deſtroy your goods." The ſame fooliſh ſtory is told of Arioſto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's ſpeech to his horſe in the firſt book,

Ferma Baiardo mio, &c.

was the paſſage miſtuned; and that on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied, "I have only broken a few baſe pots of thine not worth a groat, but thou haſt murdered a fine ſtanza of mine worth a mark of gold." But both theſe ſilly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's life of Arceſilaus, where the ſame dull humour is told of Philoxenus. "He heard ſome brick-makers miſtune one of his ſongs, and in return he deſtroyed a number of their bricks."

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in power; yet let it alſo be remembered, that "The gifts of "imagination bring the heavieſt taſk upon the vigilance of "reaſon; and to bear thoſe faculties with unerring rectitude or "invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmneſs and of cool "attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of "the mind. Yet difficult as nature herſelf ſeems to have ren- "dered the taſk of regularity to genius, it is the ſupreme con- "ſolation of dullneſs and of folly to point with Gothic triumph "to thoſe exceſſes which are the overflowings of faculties they "never enjoyed. Perfectly unconſcious that they are indebted "to their ſtupidity for the conſiſtency of their conduct, they "plume themſelves on an imaginary virtue, which has its "origin in what is really their diſgrace.—Let ſuch, if ſuch "dare approach the ſhrine of Camoens, withdraw to a reſpect- "ful diſtance; and ſhould they behold the ruins of genius, or "the weakneſs of an exalted mind, let them be taught to la- "ment, that nature has left the nobleſt of her works im- "perfect *."

And Poetry is not only the nobleſt, but alſo not the leaſt uſeful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonſtrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the firſt ornaments of a ſtate, but alſo of the firſt conſequence if the laſt refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a ‡ Burleigh or a Locke, it is philoſophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is

*This paſſage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Langhorne's account of the life of William Collins.

‡ Burleigh, though a deep politician in ſtate intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue, was of any benefit to a nation, though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declenſion. Spenſer, the man who greatly conduced to refine the Engliſh Muſes, was by Burleigh eſteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the Engliſh polite literature is at this day, in the eſteem which it commands abroad, is of more real ſervice to England, than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh. And ten thouſand Burleighs, according to Sir W. Temple, are born for one Spenſer. Ten thouſand are born, ſays Sir William, with abilities requiſite to form a great Stateſman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great Poet. Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one ſhort ſentence; HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MATTER. An extract from his correſpondence with Mr. Molyneux, and a citation from one of his treatiſes, ſhall demonſtrate the truth of this aſſertion.

Molyneux writes to Locke:

"Mr. Churchill favoured me with the preſent of Sir R. Blackmore's K. Arthur. I had read Pr. Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all leſſened by this ſecond piece. *All our Engliſh poets* (except Milton) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon to him.* Upon the publication of his firſt poem, I intimated to him, through Mr.

Locke's opinion either inexplicable, or irrefutable. The great genius of Ariſtotle, and that of his great reſembler, Sir Francis

Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philoſophic poem, from many touches he gave in his Pr. Arthur, particularly from Mopas's ſong. And I perceive by his preface to K. Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philoſophic hypotheſes."

Mr. Locke anſwers;

"I ſhall, when I ſee Sir R. Blackmore, diſcourſe him as you deſire. There is, I with pleaſure find, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine."

Molyneux replies;

"I perceive you are ſo happy as to be acquainted with Sir Rich. Blackmore; he is an extraordinary perſon, and I admire his two prefaces as much as I do any parts of his books: The firſt, wherein he expoſes "the licentiouſneſs and immorality of our late poetry" is incomparable, and the ſecond, wherein he proſecutes the ſame ſubject, and delivers his thoughts concerning hypotheſes, is no leſs judicious, and I am wholly of his opinion relating to the latter. However the hiſtory and phænomena of nature we may venture at; and this is what I propoſe to be the ſubject of a philoſophic poem. Sir R. Blackmore has exquiſite touches of this kind, diſperſed in many places of his books: (to paſs over Mopas's ſong) I'll inſtance one particular in the moſt profound ſpeculations of Mr. Newton's philoſophy, thus curiouſly touched in King Arthur, Book IX. p. 243.

The conſtellations ſhine at his command;
He form'd their radiant orbs, and with his hand
He weigh'd, and put them off with ſuch a force
As might preſerve an everlaſting courſe *.

"I doubt not but Sir R. Blackmore, in theſe lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the *vis centripeta*, that keeps the planets in their continued courſes.

"I have by me ſome obſervations, made by a judicious friend of mine on both of Sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be any ways acceptible to Sir R. I ſhall ſend them to you."

Mr. Locke again replies;

"Though Sir R. B's vein in poetry be what every body muſt allow him to have an extraordinary talent in, and though, with you, I exceedingly valued his firſt preface, yet I muſt own to you, there was nothing that I ſo much admired him for, as for what he ſays of hypotheſes in his laſt. It ſeems to me ſo right, and is yet ſo much out of the way of the ordinary writers, and practitioners in that faculty, that it ſhews as great a ſtrength and penetration of judgment *as his poetry has ſhewn flights of fancy*."

As the beſt comment on this, let an extract from Locke's Eſſay on Education fully explain his ideas.

"If he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the ſtrangeſt thing in the world, that the father ſhould deſire or ſuffer it to be cheriſhed or improved. Methinks the parents ſhould labour to have it ſtifled and ſuppreſſed as much as may be, and I know not what reaſon a father can have to wiſh his ſon a poet, who does not deſire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or buſineſs, which is not yet the worſt of the caſe; for if he proves a ſucceſsful rhymer, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I deſire it may be conſidered, what company and places he is like to ſpend his time in, nay, and eſtate too; for it is very ſeldom ſeen that any one diſcovers mines of gold or ſilver in Parnaſſus. 'Tis a pleaſant air but a barren ſoil, and there are very few inſtances of thoſe who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence. Poetry and Gaming, which uſually go together, are alike in this too, that they ſeldom bring any advantage but to thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on. Men of eſtates almoſt conſtantly go away loſers, and 'tis well if they eſcape at a cheaper rate, than their whole eſtates or the greateſt part of them. If therefore you would not have your ſon the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the ſparks could not reliſh their wine, nor know how to ſpend an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waſte his time and

* Theſe lines, however, are a dull wretched paraphraſe of ſome parts of the Pſalms.

Bacon, ſaw deeper into the true ſpirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of Homer were called the leſſon or philoſophy of kings; and Bacon deſcribes the effects of poetry in the moſt exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in hiſtory and nature poetry ſupplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; "and therefore, ſays he, it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſs *." The love of poetry is ſo

and eſtate to divert others, and condemn the dirty acres left him by his anceſtors, I do not think you will much care he ſhould be a poet."

This ignorance of poetry is even worſe than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore fully prove, that Locke, however great in other reſpects, knew no difference between a Shakeſpeare, that unequalled philoſopher of the paſſions, and the dulleſt Grub-ſtreet plodder; Between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the ſecond Charles. But Milton's knowledge of the affections diſcovered in the civilization of the Muſes a uſe of the firſt importance. A taſte formed by the great poetry he eſteems as the ultimate refinement of the underſtanding. "This, (ſays he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth) would make them ſoon perceive, what deſpicable creatures our common rhymers and play writers be, and ſhew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent uſe might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right ſeaſon of forming them to be able writers and compoſers in every excellent matter . . . whether they be to ſpeak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then alſo appear in pulpits other viſages, other geſtures, and ſtuff otherwiſe wrought than what we now ſit under" ———

* His high idea of poetry is thus philoſophically explained by the great Bacon:

"So likewiſe I finde, ſome particular writings of an elegant nature, touching ſome of the affections, as of *anger*, of *comfort, upon adverſe accidents*, of tenderneſſe of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of hiſtories are the beſt doctors of this knowledge, where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and reſtrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they diſcloſe themſelves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities, amongſt the which this laſt is of ſpecial uſe in moral and civile matters."

Here poetry is ranked with hiſtory; in the following its effects on the paſſions is preferred.

"The uſe of this fained Hiſtory *(Poetry)* hath been to give ſome ſhadowe of ſatisfaction to the mind of man in thoſe points in which nature doth deny it: the world being in proportion inferior to the ſoul: By reaſon whereof there is agreeable to the ſpirit of man a more ample greatneſſe, a more exact goodneſſe, and a more abſolute variety then can be found in the nature of things. Therefore becauſe the events of true hiſtory have not that magnitude which ſatisfieth the mind of man, Poeſy fayneth acts and events greater and more heroicall; becauſe true hiſtory propoundeth the ſucceſſes and iſſues of actions not ſo agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore Poeſy faynes them more juſt in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence; becauſe true Hiſtory repreſenteth actions and events more ordinary and leſs interchanged, therefore Poeſy endueth them with more rareneſſe, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So then it appeareth that Poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have ſome participation of divineneſſe, becauſe it doth raiſe and erect the mind, by ſubmitting the ſhewes of things to the deſires of the mind, whereas reaſon doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

natural

natural to the ſtronger affections, that the moſt barbarous nations delight in it. And always it is found, that as the rude war ſong and eulogy of the dead hero refine, the manners of the age refine alſo. The hiſtory of the ſtages of poetry is the philoſophical hiſtory of manners; the only hiſtory in which, with certainty, we can behold the true character of paſt ages. True civilization and a humaniſed taſte of the mental pleaſures, are therefore ſynonimous terms. And moſt certain it is, where feeling and affection reſide in the breaſt, theſe muſt be moſt forcibly kindled and called into action by the animated repreſentations and living fire of the great poetry. Nor may Milton's evidence be rejected, for though a poet himſelf, his judgment is founded on nature. According to him, a true taſte for the great poetry gives a refinement and energy to all other ſtudies, and is of the laſt importance in forming the ſenator and the gentleman. That the poetry of Camoens merits this high character in a ſingular manner, he that reads it with taſte and attention muſt own: A Diſſertation on it, however, is the duty of the Tranſlator——

But this muſt be introduced by an examination of the criticiſm of Voltaire, a criticiſm which, though moſt amazingly erroneous, is generally eſteemed in ſeveral countries of Europe as the true character of the Luſiad.

When Voltaire was in England, previous to his publication of his Henriade, he publiſhed in Engliſh an Eſſay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations. In this he highly praiſed and ſeverely attacked the Luſiad. In his French editions of this Eſſay, he has made various alterations at different times in the article of Camoens. The original Engliſh, however, ſhall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premiſe, that ſome moſt amazing falſities will be detected; the groſs miſrepreſentation of every objection refuted; and demonſtration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his Engliſh Eſſay, his knowledge of the Luſiad was entirely borrowed from the bald, harſh, unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

"While Triſſino, ſays Voltaire, was clearing away the rubbiſh in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heap'd up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and ſciences, Camouens in Portugal ſteer'd a new courſe, and acquir'd a reputation which

laſts ſtill among his countrymen, who pay as much reſpect to his memory, as the Engliſh to Milton.

" He was a ſtrong inſtance of the irreſiſtible impulſe of nature, which determines a true genius to follow the bent of his talents, in ſpight of all the obſtacles which could check his courſe.

" His infancy loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon; his youth ſpent in romantic loves, or in the war againſt the Moors; his long voyages at ſea, in his riper years; his misfortunes at court, the revolutions of his country, none of all theſe could ſuppreſs his genius.

" Emanuel the ſecond king of Portugal, having a mind to find a new way to the Eaſt Indies by the ocean, ſent Velaſco de Gama with a fleet in the year 1497, to that undertaking, which being new, was accounted raſh and impracticable, and which of courſe gained him a great reputation when it ſucceeded.

" Camouens follow'd Velaſco de Gama in that dangerous voyage, led by his friendſhip to him, and by a noble curioſity, which ſeldom fails to be the character of men born with a great imagination.

" He took his voyage for the ſubject of his poem; he enjoy'd the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend, and the things he was an eye witneſs of.

" He wrote his Poem, part on the Atlantic Sea, and part on the Indian ſhore. I ought not to omit, that in a ſhipwrack on the coaſts of Malabar, he ſwam a ſhore, holding-up his poem in one hand, which otherwiſe had been perhaps loſt for ever.

" Such a new ſubject, manag'd by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a ſort of Epic Poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thouſand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world over-turn'd for her cauſe; no empire founded; in ſhort, nothing of what was deem'd before the only ſubject of poetry.

" The Poet conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coaſts of Africk. He takes notice in the way, of many nations who live upon the African ſhore. He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal. The ſimplicity of his ſubject, is rais'd by ſome fictions of different kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the Reader with.

" When the fleet is ſailing in the ſight of the Cape of Good Hope, call'd then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable ſhape appears

appears to them, walking in the depth of the ſea; his head reaches to the clouds, the ſtorms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him; his arms are extended over the waves. 'Tis the guardian of that foreign ocean unplow'd before by any ſhip. He complains of being oblig'd to ſubmit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portugueſe, and foretells them all the misfortunes which they muſt undergo in the Indies. I believe, that ſuch a fiction would be thought noble and proper, in all ages, and in all nations.

" There is another, which perhaps would have pleas'd the Italians as well as the Portugueſe, but no other nation beſides: It is the inchanted iſland, call'd the Iſland of Bliſs, which the fleet finds in her way home, juſt riſing from the ſea, for their comfort and for their reward: Camouens deſcribes that place, as Taſſo did ſome years after, his iſland of Armida. There a ſupernatural power, brings in all the beauties, and preſents all the pleaſures which nature can afford, and which the heart may wiſh for; a Goddeſs enamour'd with Velaſco de Gama, carries him to the top of an high mountain, from whence ſhe ſhews him all the kingdoms of the earth, and foretells the fate of Portugal.

" After Camouens hath given looſe to his fancy, in the laſcivious deſcription of the pleaſures which Gama and his crew enjoy'd in the iſland, he takes care to inform the Reader, that he ought to underſtand by this fiction, nothing but the ſatisfaction which the virtuous man feels, and the glory which accrues to him by the practice of virtue; but the beſt excuſe for ſuch an invention, is, the charming ſtile in which it is deliver'd (if we believe the Portugueſe) for the beauty of the elocution makes ſometimes amends for the faults of the poets, as the colouring of Rubens make ſome defects in his figures paſs unreguarded.

" There is *another* kind of machinery continued throughout all the Poem, which nothing can excuſe, in any country whatever; 'tis an unjudicious mixture of the Heathen Gods with our Religion. Gama in a ſtorm addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are chriſtians, and the poet heathen. The main deſign which the Portugueſe are ſuppos'd to have (next to promoting their trade) is to propagate Chriſtianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands, all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery, caſts

a blemiſh upon the whole Poem; yet ſhews at the ſame time, how prevailing are its beauties, ſince the Portugueſe like it with all its faults.

" Camouens hath a great deal of true wit, and not a little ſhare of falſe; his imagination hurries him into great abſurdities. I remember, that after Velaſco de Gama, hath related his adventures to the king of Melinda, now, ſays he, O king, judge if Ulyſſes, and Æneas, have travell'd ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips. As if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.

" His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another; and almoſt in every page, there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with. Among his moſt lucky thoughts, I muſt take notice of two for the likeneſs, which they bear to two moſt celebrated paſſages of Waller, and Sir John Denham.

" Waller ſays, in his Epiſtle to Zelinda;

Thy matchleſs form will credit bring,
To all the wonders I can ſing.

" Camouens ſays, in ſpeaking of the voyages of the Argonautes, and of Ulyſſes, that the undertaking of the Portugueſe ſhall give credit to all thoſe fables, in ſurpaſſing them.

" Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Cooper's-Hill, ſays to the Thames;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream,
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" Camouens addreſſes the Nymphs of Tagus in the like manner; " O Nymphs, if ever I ſung of you, inſpire me now with new and ſtrong lays; let my ſtyle flow like your waves; let it be deep and clear, as your waters, &c."

Such is the original criticiſm of Voltaire on the Luſiad. And never, perhaps, was there ſuch a random reverie, ſuch a maſs of miſrepreſentations and falſities as the whole of it exhibits. The moſt excuſeable parts of it are ſuperficial in the higheſt degree.

degree. Both the poet and the hero are miſnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camouens* remains ſtill in Voltaire, the only author who ever ſpelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the ſecond of Portugal. Camoens was not ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Malabar, but on the river Mehon in China. "That Gama went a *new way* to the Eaſt Indies *by the ocean*," though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a moſt ſtriking proof of Voltaire's very careleſs peruſal of the Luſiad at the time when he firſt preſumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That *the infancy* of Camoens was *loſt amidſt the idleneſs and ignorance of the court of Liſbon*, is certainly falſe. His *youth* could not have been ſpent in idleneſs or ignorance, for his works diſplay a moſt maſterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

Though Voltaire has corrected his error in ſending Camoens to the Eaſt Indies along with Gama, ſuch an original unparralled romance ought to be recorded. Gama ſailed on the diſcovery of India in 1497. Camoens was born in 1517, and was not ſeven years of age when Gama died. Theſe facts were immediately objected to Voltaire, but, at firſt, he would not yield. Contrary to the teſtimony of Camoens himſelf, and every circumſtance of his life, an * hypotheſis muſt defend this favourite ſuppoſition. In his Amſterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly aſſerts that Camoens was a Spaniard, born in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabel, that he came to Liſbon in the firſt year of Emmanuel, and was in intimate friendſhip with Gama,

* This *honeſt* hypotheſis which makes Camoens a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the ſame ingenious Author. In his *unhappy* Eſſay on Epic Poetry he aſſerted, that Milton built his Paradiſe Loſt upon an Italian Comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even ſome Italian Literati declared, that no ſuch Author or Comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader, "*Il n'eſt pas etonnant*——it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that having carefully ſearched in England for whatever related to that great man *(Milton)* I ſhould diſcover circumſtances of his life, of which the public were ignorant."——This, therefore, is the authority from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his Paradiſe Loſt from a Comedy which nobody ever ſaw. From the ſame reſearches in England, Voltaire alſo learned other circumſtances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton ſold his Paradiſe Loſt to one Simmonds, a Bookſeller, is ſtill extant. But Voltaire diſcovered that he ſold it to *Tompſon* for thirty piſtoles, "*enfin Tompſon lui donna trente piſtoles de cet ouvrage.* Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, he adds, reſolving that England ſhould have an Epic Poem, prevailed on the heirs of *Tompſon* to print a ſplendid edition of it. And Addiſon wrote, ſays he, and the Engliſh were perſuaded, that they had an Epic Poem."

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whom he accompanied in his firſt voyage. Certain it is, however, by the archives of Portugal, that Camoens was in India about ſeventy-two years after this voyage, and that, according to this hypotheſis of Voltaire, he muſt have been near an hundred years old when he publiſhed his Luſiad. Voltaire, however, at laſt, confeſſes that Camoens did not accompany Gama. Yet ſuch is his accuracy, that even in the edition of 1768, in an eſſay which he calls *Idée de la Henriade*, a few pages before this confeſſion, the old aſſertion is ſtill retained. "*Le Camoëens, qui eſt le Virgile de Portugais a celebré un événement dont il avait été temoin lui-même.* Camouens, the Portugueſe Virgil, has celebrated an event of which he himſelf had been witneſs."

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than theſe throw upon that of Voltaire. The aſſertion that the Epic Poet *enjoyed the ſenſible pleaſure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye witneſs of*, can only be accounted for by the ſuppoſition, that Voltaire was pleaſed with the idea, and in a little while miſtook his ſtrong impreſſion for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured abſurd hypotheſis, which would defend this fanciful error, cannot be placed in ſo fair a light. And the error confeſſed, and ſtill retained, is a true *Voltairiſm*. Yet the idea of his accuracy which theſe accounts of the Poet muſt inſpire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticiſm on the poem. The narrative of a voyage conſtitutes the Odyſſey, the half of the Eneid, and forms the body of the Luſiad. Yet the Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *nothing of what was deemed before the only ſubject of poetry*. It forms, indeed, *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before:* But Voltaire's objection to this points out its true praiſe. *No heroes*, ſays he, *are wounded a thouſand different ways, no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe*—And muſt the fate of Helen, and the thouſand different wounds deſcribed by Homer, be copied by every Epic Poet? If this ſentence has any meaning this is included. Yet what is this *puerility* of criticiſm in compariſon of Voltaire's aſſertions, that in the Luſiad *no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded*.—If the deſtruction of Troy be allowed to be in the Eneid, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoens. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld theſe dreadful engines, and ahoſtile town burnt by a fleet, are finely deſcribed

deſcribed in that part which is called the action of the Epic Poem. But Voltaire was as utter a ſtranger to the firſt book of the Luſiad, as to the ONE ſubject of the poem, The founding of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt.—*No battle fought, no empire founded!* What inſult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never diſprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his Author? Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoens *conducts the Portugueſe fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coaſts of Afric.*——Camoens, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coaſt of Malabar. But though the ſcene of the action of the four laſt books lie upon this coaſt, Voltaire was not happy enough to *dip* into any of the numerous paſſages which fix the geography. He has therefore given the voyage of Gama a dimenſion almoſt as much beyond the real one given by Camoens, as the Weſt Indies are diſtant from England. Such errors are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dipt* here and there into the Luſiad, even after the critics ſet him right in ſome places; for this groſs error is ſtill retained. But a miſrepreſentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itſelf. *Gama, in a ſtorm,* ſays Voltaire, *addreſſes his prayers to Chriſt, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief.*—A bold aſſertion ſtill alſo retained, but there is no ſuch paſſage in the Luſiad. Gama, in a tempeſt, prays to the holy Power, to whom nothing is impoſſible, the ſovereign of earth, ſea, and land, who led Iſrael through the waves, who delivered Paul, and who protected the children of the ſecond father of the world from the deluge. But Chriſt is not once mentioned in the whole paſſage. To ſay that Gama was a good Catholic, and intended Chriſt under theſe appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticiſm, where the whole ridicule conſiſts in the oppoſition of the name of Chriſt and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the ſource of this unfair repreſentation. Fanſhaw thus tranſlates the mention of Paul,

Thou who didſt keep and ſave *thy ſervant* Paul——

Monſieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy ſervant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he choſe to beſtow. But unhappily for the miſguided critic, the original ſays only, *Tu que livraſte Paulo* * — thou who deliveredſt Paul. — And thus

* See Luſiadas, Cant. VI. St. 81.

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we are furniſhed with a ſure hint of the medium by which our critic ſtudied the Luſiad. To this laſt unbluſhing falſity, that *Gama prays to Chriſt*, is added, in the edition of 1768, " *Bacchus & la Vierge Marie ſe trouveront tout naturellement enſemble.* Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together." If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the Luſiad. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no ſuch perſonage as the Virgin Mary.

After theſe groſs falſities, Voltaire adds, " *A parler ſerieuſement, un merveilleux ſi abſurde, defiguré tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs ſenſés,*—To ſpeak ſeriouſly, ſuch an abſurdity in the marvellous, disfigures the whole work in the eyes of the ſenſible readers."—To ſuch as take Voltaire's word for it, it muſt indeed ſeem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A ſimilie muſt enforce the ſhameleſs miſrepreſentation, " *It is like the works of Paul Veroneſe, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiſs ſoldiers among his paintings from the Old Teſtament.*" And to this alſo is added, " *Le Camouens tombe preſque toujours dans de telles diſparates.* Camouens almoſt continually falls into ſuch extravagancies." Yet with equal juſtice may this ſentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the inſtance which Voltaire immediately gives: " *I remember*, ſays he, *Vaſco de Gama ſays to the king of Melinda, O king, judge if Ulyſſes and Eneas have travelled ſo far, and undergone ſo many hardſhips: as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.*" This ſentence is ſtill retained in Voltaire's laſt edition of his works. But, according to hiſtory, the Melindians were a humane and poliſhed people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandees were Mohammedan Arabs, deſcended of thoſe tribes, whoſe learning, when it ſuits his purpoſe, is the boaſt of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda, with whom Gama converſed, is thus deſcribed by the excellent hiſtorian Oſorius: " *In omni autem ſermone princeps ille non hominis barbari ſpecimen dabat, ſed ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam præ ſe ferebat*— In the whole converſation the Prince betrayed no ſign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himſelf with a politeneſs and intelligence worthy of his rank."—It is alſo certain, that this Prince, whom Voltaire is pleaſed to call a barbarous African, had ſufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer,

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for the writings of Homer are tranſlated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda ‡.

The Luſiad, *in my opinion*, ſays Voltaire, *is full of numberleſs faults and beauties, thick ſown near one another, and almoſt in every page there is ſomething to laugh at, and ſomething to be delighted with.*" This ſentence, though omitted in the French editions, had ſome ſource, and that ſource we ſhall eaſily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda ſo groſsly falſified by Voltaire, as the character of the Luſiad of Camoens is here miſrepreſented. Except the polite repartee of Veloſo (*of which ſee p.* 203.) there are not above two or three paſſages in the whole poem which even border upon conceit. The moſt uniform ſimplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Portugueſe Luſiad: Where then did Voltaire find the *falſe wit*, and *ſomething to laugh at almoſt in every page?* If there be a tranſlation which ſtrictly deſerves this character, we cannot ſuppoſe that Voltaire hit *this* character, and at the ſame time was ſo wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dipt into Fanſhaw's Luſiad, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expreſſions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanſhaw will ſoon juſtify this aſſertion. Yet, however deciſive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The reſemblance found by Voltaire between Sir John Denham's addreſs to the Thames, and that of Camoens to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exiſt in the original. *Let my ſtile flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters*

‡ The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is alſo enriched with tranſlations of ſeveral Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors, Ben-Shohna, who died in 1478, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an univerſal hiſtory, which he calls *Rawdhat almenadhir ſi ilm alawail walawachir*; that is, The meadow of the Eye of ancient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote an hiſtory in Arabic, in ten chapters, the firſt of which treats of the Patriarchs from Adam to Moſes; the ſecond of the Judges and Kings of Iſrael; the third of the Jewiſh Kings; the fourth of the Kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the Kings of the Magi; the ſixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the ſeventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Conſtantinopolitan Emperors; the ninth of the Arabian Mohammedan Kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The ſame author acquaints us that Homer's two works are elegantly tranſlated into the Syriac; which language is ſiſter to that ſpoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoens, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the deſire to condemn, was hurried into abſurdities, from which a moment's conſideration would have preſerved him.

—contains indeed the ſame alluſion as that expreſſed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no ſuch idea or alluſion exiſts in the Portugueſe. Though Voltaire ſtill retains this ſentence, its unauthenticity has been detected by ſeveral critics. But it was left for the preſent Tranſlator to diſcover the ſource of this wide miſtranſlation. He ſuſpected the alluſion might be in Fanſhaw, and in Fanſhaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in Sir Richard's verſion thus addreſſed :

> If I in low, yet tuneful verſe, the praiſe
> Of your ſweet river always did proclaim,
> Inſpire me now with high and thundering lays,
> *Give me them clear and flowing like his ſtream.*

He who has read Camoens and Fanſhaw, will be convinced where Voltaire found the *ſomething to laugh at in every page.* He who has read neither the original nor that tranſlation, will now perceive that Voltaire's opinion of the Luſiad was drawn from a very partial acquaintance with the unfaithful and unpoetical verſion of Fanſhaw.

And, as if all his miſrepreſentations of the Luſiad were not enough, a new and moſt capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. " *Mais de tous les defauts de ce poëme,* &c."—" But of all the faults of this poem, the greateſt is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It reſembles the voyage which is its ſubject. The adventures ſucceed one another, *(a wonderful objection)* and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot *now* be ſurpriſed at any of our Critic's miſrepreſentations —Though he has condemned the machinery of the Luſiad UPON CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE NO PLACE IN IT, the mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan mythology, which he in general aſcribes to it, requires ſome attention. A ſhort Diſſertation on the poem is therefore neceſſary; and an examen of its conduct will clearly evince, that the Eneid itſelf is not more perfect than the Luſiad in that connection, which is requiſite to form One whole, according to the ſtricteſt rules of Epic Unity.

The term Epopœia is derived from the Greek Ἔπος, *diſcourſe,* and hence the Epic, may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of this definition ſome Italian critics have contended,

tended, that the poems of Dante and Arioſto were Epic. And in the ſame manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queen are Epic poems. A definition more reſtricted however, a definition deſcriptive of the nobleſt ſpecies of poetry, has been given by Ariſtotle; and the greateſt critics have followed him, in appropriating to this ſpecies the term of Epopœia, or Epic. The ſubject of the Epopœia, according to that great father of criticiſm, muſt be One. One action muſt be invariably purſued, and heightened through different ſtages, till the Cataſtrophe cloſe it in ſo complete a manner, that any farther addition would only inform the reader of what he already perceives. Yet in purſuing this One end, collateral Epiſodes not only give that variety ſo eſſential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, aſſiſt in the moſt pleaſing manner to facilitate and produce the Unravelment, or Cataſtrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the ſubject of the Iliad. He withdraws his aſſiſtance from the Greeks. The efforts and diſtreſſes of the Grecian army in his abſence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the conſequences of his rage. In the utmoſt danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, ruſhes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is ſoothed by the obſequies of his friend. And thus alſo the ſubject of the Eneid is One. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a ſeat of empire is promiſed by the oracle, are repreſented as endangered by a tempeſt at ſea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hoſpitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in ſearch of the promiſed ſeat of that empire, which was one day to command the world. Eneas again ſets ſail, many adventures befal him. He at laſt lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war enſues, and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both theſe great poems a machinery ſuitable to the allegorical religion of theſe times is preſerved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never pleaſe. Without fiction it muſt want the marvellous, which is the very ſoul of poeſy; and hence a machinery is indiſpenſible in the Epic poem. The conduct and

machinery of the Luſiad are as follow: The poem opens with a view of the Portugueſe fleet before a proſperous gale on the coaſt of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their ſafety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The Gods of ancient or poetical mythology are repreſented as in council. The fate of the Eaſtern world depends upon the ſucceſs of the fleet. But as we trace the machinery of the Luſiad, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer and Virgil, it is alſo allegorical. Jupiter, or the Lord of Fate, pronounces that the Luſians ſhall be proſperous. Bacchus, the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, who was worſhipped in the Eaſt, foreſeeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, oppoſes Jove, or Fate. The celeſtial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Luſians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the Lord of Fate to remain unaltered; and Maia's ſon, the Meſſenger of Heaven, is ſent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the Eneid, raiſes a commotion againſt the Luſians. A battle enſues, and the victorious fleet purſue their voyage, under the care of a Mooriſh pilot, who adviſes them to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to hiſtory they attempted this harbour, where their deſtruction would have been inevitable; but they were driven from it by the violence of a ſudden tempeſt. The poet aſcribes this to the celeſtial Venus,

——— whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide ———

They now arrive at Mombaſſa. The malice of the evil dæmon or genius of Mohammediſm, ſtill exites the arts of treachery againſt them. Hermes, the meſſenger of heaven, in a dream, in the ſtyle of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to ſteer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the moſt friendly manner. Here the hero receives the firſt certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and proweſs of his gueſts, the firſt who had ever dared to paſs the unknown ocean by the tempeſtuous Cape, artfully prepares the reader for a long epiſode. The poem of Virgil contains the hiſtory of the Roman empire to his own time.

Camoens

Camoens perceived this, and trod in his ſteps. The hiſtory of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only neceſſary to give their new ally an high idea of the Luſian proweſs and ſpirit, but alſo naturally leads to, and accounts for the voyage of Gama; the event, which in its conſequences, ſums up the Portugueſe honours. It is as requiſite for Gama to tell the riſe of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Eneas to relate to Dido the cauſe of his voyage, the deſtruction of Troy. And Gama's long account of his own voyage, will bear to be read after the ſimilar parts of either the Odyſſey or the Eneid. Pleaſed with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows laſting friendſhip with the Luſians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they ſail acroſs the great Indian ocean the machinery is again employed. The evil dæmon implores Neptune and the powers of the ſea to raiſe a tempeſt to deſtroy the fleet. The ſailors on the night watch, fortify their courage by the valiant acts of their countrymen, and an epiſode in the true poetical ſpirit of chivalry is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is repreſented as ſinging to his lyre the praiſes of heroes. And in the Epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Neſtor, either to reſtrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the ſame.

The accumulation of the tempeſt in the meanwhile is finely deſcribed. It now deſcends. Celeſtial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her ſtar, a ſtroke of poetry which would have ſhined in the Eneid. The tempeſt is in its utmoſt rage,

> The ſky and ocean blending, each on fire,
> Seem'd as all nature ſtruggled to expire.
> When now the ſilver ſtar of Love appear'd;
> Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
> Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
> Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day.
> From her bright throne Celeſtial Love beheld
> The tempeſt burn ——

And in the true ſpirit of Homer's allegory (*See the note*, p. 266.) ſhe calls her nymphs, and by their miniſtry ſtills the tempeſt. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumſtance riſes from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct

duct in every circumſtance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may poſſibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accompliſhed his purpoſe in India, ſets ſail for Europe, and the machinery is the laſt time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raiſes a Paradiſaical iſland in the ſea. Voltaire, in his Engliſh eſſay, has ſaid, that no nation but the Portugueſe and Italians could bear ſuch laſcivious deſcription. In the French he has ſuppreſſed this ſentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the ſailors. Yet this idea of it is as falſe as it is groſs. Every thing in the iſland of Love reſembles the ſtatue of Venus de Medicis. The deſcription is warm indeed, but it is chaſte as the firſt loves of Adam and Eve in Milton. And ſo far from deſerving the cenſure of Voltaire (*See the note*, p. 394.) were Dante, Arioſto, Taſſo, Spenſer, and even Milton himſelf, to contend with him for the palm of modeſty, there could be no heſitation in fixing it upon the brow of Camoens. After the poet has explained the allegory of the iſland of Love, the Goddeſs of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom ſhe conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic ſong, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. In Epic conduct nothing can be more maſterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here moſt happily imitated after the Luſiad has alſo turned upon its great hinge, the diſcovery of India. The conduct is the ſame, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulyſſes and Eneas are ſent to viſit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero muſt alſo be conveyed to Hell and Heaven. But how ſuperior is the ſpirit of Camoens! He parrallels theſe ſtriking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the iſland of Bliſs, and Eneas in Hell, are in Epic conduct exactly the ſame; and in this unborrowing ſameneſs, he *artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal: artfully* as Voltaire himſelf confeſſes. The epiſode with the king of Melinda, the deſcription of the painted enſigns, and the prophetic ſong, are parallel in manner and purpoſe with the epiſode of Dido, the ſhield of Eneas, and the viſion in Elyſium. To revenge the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purpoſes of the Iliad and Eneid; the one effected by the

the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Eneas, accompliſhed in the death of Turnus. In like manner, to eſtabliſh the Portugueſe Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt, is the grand deſign of the Luſiad, accompliſhed in the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true ſpirit of the Epopœia, ends the Luſiad, a poem where every circumſtance riſes in juſt gradation, till the whole is ſummed up in the moſt perfect unity of Epic action.

The machinery of Homer (*See the note*, p. 266.) contains a moſt perfect and maſterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taſte when Camoens wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he eſteemed his own as allegorical he aſſures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Caſtera, the French Tranſlator, by his over refinement, has much miſrepreſented the allegory of the Luſiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the firſt book, he tells us, ſignifies Jeſus Chriſt. This explanation, ſo open to ridicule, is every way unneceſſary, and ſurely never entered the thought of Camoens. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Chriſtianity and Mohammediſm under the two principal perſonages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer:

> Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
> She knew her altars ſhould unnumber'd blaze;
> And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
> Be humaniſed and taught her lore divine:
> Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
> And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd.

And the ſame idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its Celeſtial, as well as Terreſtrial Venus*.

* The celeſtial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The paſſage ſtands in the Sympoſion of that author as follows: Παντες γαρ ισμεν οτι ουκ εστιν ανευ Ερωτος Αφροδιτη· ταυτης δε μιας μεν ουσης, εις αν ην Ερως· επει δε δυο εστον, δυο αναγκη και Ερωτε εἶναι. πως δ᾽ου δυο τα θεα; η μεν γε που, πρεσβυτερα, και ἀμητωρ, Ουρανου θυγατηρ, ην δη και ουρανιαν επονομαζομεν η δε νεωτερα, Διος τε και Διωνης, ην δη πανδημον καλουμεν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pauſanias and other writers, had ſumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted in complete armour; her prieſteſſes were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her ſhrine. Xenophon ſays, ſhe preſided over the love of wiſdom and virtue, which are the pleaſures of the ſoul, as the terreſtrial Venus preſided over the pleaſures of the body.

The

The Celeſtial Venus is therefore the moſt proper perſonage of that mythology to figure Chriſtianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the Eaſt, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the moſt natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be ſaid againſt the uſe of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour muſt confeſs, that the allegory of Camoens which arms the genius of Mohammediſm † againſt the expedition of his heroes, is both ſublime and moſt happily intereſting. Nor muſt his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry theſe three thouſand years, and its allegory is perfectly underſtood. If not impoſſible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an Epic poem. That of Taſſo is condemned by Boileau, yet, that of Camoens may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undeſignedly, by Voltaire himſelf. In an eſſay prefixed to his Henriade, *Le mot d' Amphitrite, ſays he, dans notre poeſie, ne ſignifie que la Mer, & non l'Epouſe de Neptune* —the word Amphitrite in our poetry ſignifies only the Sea, and not the wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoens ſignify divine Love, and not the wife of Vulcan? " Love, ſays Voltaire, in the ſame eſſay, has his arrows, and Juſtice a ballance, in our moſt chriſtian writings, in our paintings, in our tapeſtry, without being eſteemed as the leaſt mixture of Paganiſm." And if this criticiſm has juſtice in it, why not apply it to the Luſiad as well as the * Henriade? Candour will not only apply it to the Luſiad, but will alſo add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an Epic poem:

† This, as obſerved, is expreſsly ſuggeſted in the firſt book. For ſeveral collateral proofs, ſee the note, p. 215, and text, p. 339. where Bacchus, the evil dæmon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a prieſt of the Koran.

* Thus, when the Henriade is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of Paganiſm. But when the iſland of Love in the Luſiad is to be condemned, our *honnête* critic muſt ridicule the uſe of theſe very arrows — *C'eſt la que Venus, aidée des conſeils du Pere Eternel, et ſecondèe en meme tems des fleches de Cupidon.*—It is there that Venus, aided by the counſels of the Eternal Father, and at the ſame time, ſeconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amourous of the Portugueſe." — But this, one of his lateſt additions, is as unlucky as all the reſt. The Eternal Father is the ſame Jove, who is repreſented as the *ſupreme Father* in the firſt book, (*St. 22. Portugueſe.*) and in book 9. ſt. 18. is only ſaid to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Luſitanians. There is not a word about the *aſſiſtance of his counſel*; that was introduced by Voltaire, ſolely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the bye, when uſed in the Henriade, has not the leaſt fault; but is there every way in the true ſtyle of poetry.

Dans

Dans le vaſte récit d'une longue action,
Se ſoutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
Lá pour nous enchanter tout eſt mis en uſage:
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un eſprit, un viſage;
Chaque vertu devient une divinité;
Minerve eſt la prudence, & Venus la beauté.
Ce n'eſt plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnerre,
C'eſt Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'eſt Neptune en courroux, qui gourmande les flots . . .
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur;
La poeſie eſt morte, ou rampe ſans vigueur:
Le poëte n'eſt plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid hiſtorien d'une fable inſipide.

Every idea of theſe lines ſtrongly defends the Luſiad. Yet, it muſt not be concealed, a diſtinction follows which may appear againſt it. Boileau requires a profane ſubject for the Epic Muſe. But his reaſon for it is not juſt:

De la foi d'un Chrêtien les myſteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne ſont point ſuſceptibles.
L'evangile á l'eſprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que penitence a faire, & tourmens merités:
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Même á ſes vérités donne l'air de la fable.

The *myſteres terribles* afford indeed no ſubject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the Muſe ſomething beſides *penitence* and *merited torments*. The Paradiſe Loſt, and the works of the greateſt Painters, evince this. Nor does this criticiſm, falſe as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Chriſtian nation from being the ſubject of poetry. Modern ſubjects are indeed condemned by Boileau, and ancient fable, with its Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, &c. —— *noms heureux ſemblent nés pour les vers*—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoens, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thouſand Boileaus, no compoſitions are ſo miſerably unintereſting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the perſonages of the action. Unleſs,

therefore, the ſubject of Camoens † may thus ſeem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he propoſes is in favour of the machinery of the Luſiad. For whatever report Falſehood and Voltaire may have raiſed againſt it, in the machinery there is no mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian perſonages. The heroes, indeed, are Chriſtians, and *Santa Fe*, holy faith, is ſometimes mentioned. But the allegorical and hiſtorical parts of an Epic poem are eſſentially different, though the hiſtorical part be even often conducted under the veil of allegory; as, according to the precepts of Boileau, the deliverance of the Luſian fleet is aſcribed to the celeſtial Venus. Nor is poetical uſe the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoens, Bacchus was eſteemed a real * dæmon: And celeſtial

† But to carry the reſtriction ſo far, was certainly not the meaning of Boileau: for he himſelf uſes the Pagan mythology in his poem on the paſſage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

* It was the belief of the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, that the Pagan Gods were fallen angels. Milton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this ſyſtem. His Mammon, the architect of Pandæmonium, he alſo calls Vulcan:

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece, and in Auſonian land.
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove——
On Lemnos, th' Egean iſle: Thus they relate
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before.

Moloch and Vulcan are therefore mentioned together with great propriety in the Paradiſe Loſt. The belief of the firſt Chriſtians, with reſpect to dæmons, was unabated in the age of Camoens; for the oracles of the Pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil ſpirits. Bacchus might therefore in a Chriſtian poem of ſuch ages repreſent the Evil dæmon; and it was on this principle that Taſſo *felt* no impropriety in calling Pluto his king of hell, *the grand foe of mankind*, and making him talk of the birth of Chriſt. In like manner, when Camoens ſays that the Chriſtian altar raiſed (book II.) to deceive the Luſians, was the illuſion of Bacchus; he ſays no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief, which eſteemed the Pagan gods real dæmons, and no more than what poetry allows when a ſtorm is aſcribed to Neptune: In a word, it is not the illuſions which Taſſo aſcribes to his magic, or Camoens to Bacchus; it is the unallegorical oppoſition or concert of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas, which forms the abſurd, and diſfigures a poem. But this abſurd oppoſition or concert of perſonages has no place in the machinery of the Luſiad, though it is found in the greateſt of modern poets. The power of magic oppoſes the power of God and his arch-angel Michael in Taſſo. But from Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas may be beſt exemplified. With great judgment, as already obſerved, he ranks the Pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he ſometimes ſays, " as fables feign;" and ſometimes he mentions theſe deities in the allegory of poetical ſtyle; as thus,

—— When Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engines bent to raſe
Some capital city ——

And thus, when Adam ſmiles on Eve;

—— as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flowers ——

Here the perſonages are mentioned expreſſly in their allegorical capacity, a uſe recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is deſcribing Paradiſe ——

—— Univerſal

Venus was conſidered as the name by which the Ethnics expreſſed the divine Love. But if the cold hyper-critic will ſtill blame our author for his allegory, let it alſo be remembered, that of all Chriſtian poets, Camoens is in this the leaſt reprehenſible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradiſe of Dante, form one continued texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, deſcriptions, and ideas. Arioſto is continually in the ſame fault; and in this, and his addition of Gothic inchantment, he is followed by Taſſo. The Paradiſe Loſt alſo has this mixture, in a manner not to be found in the Luſiad. And if it is a fault to uſe the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Chriſtians, Voltaire himſelf has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoens. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confeſſed by himſelf, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau,

C'eſt d'un ſcrupule vain ſ'allarmer ſottement,
Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire ſans agrément
Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,
De donner a Thémis ni bandeau, ni balance . . . . .
Et par-tout des diſcours, comme une idolatrie,
Dans leur faux zele iront chaſſer l'allegorie.

But he ſuppreſſes the verſes which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

Et fabuleux chrêtiens, n'allons point dans nos ſonges,
Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de menſonges.

—— Univerſal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſerpin, gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd: which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world ——
—— might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive ——

The mention of Pan, the Graces and Hours, is here in the pure allegorical ſtyle of poetry. But the ſtory of Proſerpin is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the ſame manner of authenticity as the many Scripture hiſtories introduced into the Paradiſe Loſt. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, ſhe appears

—— in naked beauty more adorn'd
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.

Here we have the heathen Gods, another origin of evil, and a whole ſtring of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his ſubject. Nor are theſe the only inſtances; the death of Hercules, and ſeveral others in Milton, demerit the cenſure of an unjudicious mixture of ſacred and profane mythology and hiſtory.

Yet, the God of truth according to the Chriſtian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a conſiderable perſonage in the Pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet laſt cited, though as direct againſt the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the leaſt degree applicable to the machinery of the Luſiad; a machinery much leſs culpable, according to the ſevereſt criticiſm, than that of Taſſo, and infinitely ſuperior in every reſpect to that of ‡ Voltaire, though Camoens wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticiſm had given her beſt rules to the modern Muſe.

The poem of Camoens, indeed, ſo fully vindicates itſelf, that this defence of it perhaps may ſeem unneceſſary. Yet one conſideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the Original, and the unjuſt clamour raiſed againſt it by Rapin * and Voltaire, has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes †, and other authors, very cordially

‡ See the Diſſertation on the Machinery of Taſſo and Voltaire.

* It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue. Never was author ſo miſrepreſented by ignorance as the poet of Portugal. Rapin, that cold-blooded critic, tells us, that to write a good Epic, *Il faut obſerver de la proportion dans le deſſein*, it is neceſſary to obſerve proportion in the deſign, juſtneſs in the thought, and not to fall into rambling."—He then aſſerts, that Camoens treſpaſſes againſt all theſe rules—that he wants diſcernment, and conduct—that he thought of nothing but to expreſs the pride of his nation, for his ſtyle, he ſays, *eſt fier & faſtueux*, fierce and ſtilted. In another place he ſays, " poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and that obſcurity is its greateſt blemiſh,"—to which, having named Camoens, he adds, " *ſes vers ſont ſi obſcurs, qu'ils pourroient paſſer pour des myſteres*—his verſes are ſo obſcure that they may paſs for myſteries."—Perhaps the old French verſion may deſerve this character; but certain it is from hence, that Rapin never read the original. Perſpicuity, elegant ſimplicity, and the moſt natural unſtrained harmony, is the juſt characteriſtic of the ſtyle of Camoens. The appeal is to the world. And the firſt Linguiſt of the age, has given the ſtyle of Camoens a very different character from this of Rapin: *Camoenſium Luſitanum, cujus poeſis adeò venuſta eſt, adeò polita, ut nihil eſſe poſſit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac ſonora, ut nihil fingi poſſit magnificentius.* Jones, Poeſeos Aſiat. Comment.

Monteſquieu's high idea of the Luſiad is cited p. 227. We ſhall only add the ſuffrage of the great Cervantes, who, in his Don Quixote, C. iv. l. 6. moſt warmly expreſſes his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoens.

† Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: " Portugal was riſing in power and ſplendor " *(it was haſtening to the very laſt ſtages* " *of declenſion)* when Camoens wrote the " Luſiad, and with reſpect to the muſic of " verſe it has merit. The author however " is far from ſhining in point of taſte *(moſt* " *maſterly deſcription and boundleſs variety* " *however are his characteriſtics. He has* " *given the two fineſt fictions in poetry.* " *And according to Voltaire the ſtory of Inez* " *is equal to the beſt written parts of Virgil.*) " He makes a ſtrange jumble of Heathen " and Chriſtian Deities. " Gama" obſerves Voltaire, " in a ſtorm addreſſes " his prayers to Chriſt, but it is Venus who " comes to his relief." Voltaire's obſervation is but too well founded (*and is it* " *indeed in the name of honeſty!*) In the " firſt

condemn its mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology; even condemn it in terms, as if the Luſiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the moſt unexceptionable in this, were in this mixture the moſt egregiouſly unſufferable — Beſides, whatever has the ſanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and unleſs circumſtantially refuted, may

" firſt book, Jove ſummons a council of " the Gods, which is deſcribed at great " length, for no earthly purpoſe but to ſhew " that he favoured the Portugueſe: Bac- " chus, on the other hand, declares againſt " them on the following account, that he " himſelf had gained immortal glory as " conqueror of India; which would be " eclipſed if the Indies ſhould be conquered " a ſecond time by the Portugueſe. A " Mooriſh commander having received " Gama with ſmiles, but with hatred in " his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus " from heaven to confirm the Moor in his " wicked purpoſes, which would have been " perpetrated, had not Venus interpoſed in " Gama's behalf. In the ſecond canto " Bacchus feigns himſelf to be a Chriſtian, " in order to deceive the Portugueſe, but " Venus implores her father Jupiter to pro- " tect them."

Such is the view of the Luſiad given by a profeſſed Critic. It is impoſſible to make any remark on it without giving offence to Falſe Delicacy. But to that goddeſs the Tranſlator of the injured Camoens will offer no ſacrifice. What ignorance of the Epic poem, unpardonable in a profeſſed dictator in criticiſm, does the whole of it betray! Lucan has been ſeverely cenſured by the greateſt of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical cloathing or allegory. But we have already been explicit on that allegorical perſonification in which the true ſpirit of poetry exiſts. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (*See the note*, p. 267.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoens. Though the whole conduct of the Luſiad depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the perſonages,

Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpir'd,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fir'd—

and though this allegory is finely ſuſtained throughout the whole poem, where Celeſtial Love is ever mindful (*See* B. 9.) that Jove or fate had decreed her altars ſhould be reared in conſequence of the ſucceſs of her heroes; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever eſteemed the true Epic conduct, our critic can ſee no *earthly purpoſe* in the council of Jove, but to ſhew that he favoured the Luſians; no reaſon for the oppoſition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averſe it ſhould be conquered a ſecond time. In the ſame ignorance of the Epic conduct is the *vacant* account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the ſides of Camoens, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the Eneid, and every interpoſition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Luſians believe that Mombaſſa was inhabited by Chriſtians, the Moors took the Ambaſſadors of Gama to a houſe, where they ſhewed them a Chriſtian altar. This is hiſtory. Camoens, in the true ſpirit of the Epic poetry, aſcribes this appearance to the illuſion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was eſteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the ſentence paſſed upon Camoens. If his machinery muſt be condemned, with what accumulated weight muſt his ſentence fall upon the greateſt of our modern poets! But the myſtery is eaſily explained: There are a race of Critics, who cannot perceive the noble proſopopœia of Milton's angels, who would reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoens to a mere hiſtorian; who would ſtrip poetry of all her ornaments, becauſe they cannot ſee them, of all her paſſions, becauſe they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatneſs, the cadence, and tinkle of verſe.

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one time perhaps * be appealed to, as deciſive, in the controverſies of literary † merit.

Other views of the conduct of the Luſiad now offer themſelves. Beſides the above remarks, many obſervations on the machinery and poetical conduct, are in their proper places ſcattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations

* Voltaire's deſcription of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is juſt as wide of the original as bombaſt is from the true ſublime; yet it has been cited by ſeveral writers. In Camoens a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noiſe is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

——— riſing thro' the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous Phantom glare.—

Every part of the deſcription in Camoens is ſublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's laſt edition, the paſſage is thus rendered — "*C'eſt une fantôme, que l'èlève* —it is a phantome which riſes from the bottom of the ſea; his head touches the clouds; the tempeſts, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are ſtretched afar over the ſurface of the waters"—Yet not one pictureſque idea of this is in the Original. If the phantom's arms are ſtretched upon the ſurface of the waters, his ſhoulders, and his head which touches the clouds, muſt only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempeſts, winds and thunders *hanging* around him, would be truly abſurd upon canvas, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's deſciption, as that of the Original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a ſtroke of his own. The feet of the Phantom, ſays *Signor Algarotti*, are in the unfathomable abyſs of the ſea." *(See his treatiſe on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours)* And certainly, if his ſhoulders and head reached from the ſurface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the *Signor* has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is Algarotti the only abſurd retailer of Voltaire's miſrepreſentations. An Engliſh Traveller, who lately publiſhed an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite compleated the figure. "*Ses bras ſ'etendent au loin ſur la ſurface des eaux*, ſays Voltaire; and our Traveller thus tranſlates it, His arms extend over the *whole* ſurface of the waters." And thus the burleſque painter is furniſhed with the fineſt deſign imaginable for the mock ſublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* ſurface of the ſea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyſs of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impoſſible to mend it farther. Nor is our Traveller's ſpecimen of the Portugueſe literature leſs happy. He *very candidly*, and *with much knowledge of his ſubject*, retails ſeveral of the groſs miſrepreſentations and falſities of Voltaire; and alſo adds a little blunder or two of his own ‡. And though this Traveller could not perceive ‖ any beauty in the epiſode of the ſixth Luſiad, that epiſode will not yield in poetical merit to all the tales of Neſtor in Homer.

† As we have paid attention to the ſtrictures of Voltaire, ſome is alſo due to the praiſes which he beſtows on the Luſiad. Though he falſely aſſerts that it wants connection, he immediately adds, "*Tout cela prouve enfin, que l'ouvrage eſt plein des grandes beautés*—This only proves, in fine, that the work is full of grand beauties, ſince theſe two hundred years it has been the delight of an ingenious nation."—The fiction of the apparition, he owns, will pleaſe in every age; and of the epiſode of Inez, he ſays, *Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendriſſants & mieux ecrits*—There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."

‡ As for example, Camoens, he ſays, was born in 1523, whilſt John III. reigned, whoſe ſucceſſor, Don Emmanuel, ſent Vaſco de Gama on the diſcovery of India." But this is juſt the ſame as if a Portugueſe ſhould give his countrymen an account of England, and tell them that George I. was ſucceeded by Queen Anne; and that Shakeſpeare was born in the reign of King James.

‖ He thus *wittily* ridicules it: A tale is told *as how* twelve Portugueſe went to England, &c.

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of Camoens are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by theſe Parentheſes, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs be not an imitation of them, it is in the ſame manner and ſpirit. Nor will we ſcruple to pronounce that ſuch addreſſes to the Muſe would have been admired in Homer, are an intereſting improvement on the Epopœia, and will certainly be imitated if ever the world ſhall behold another real Epic poem.

The Luſiad, ſays Voltaire, contains *a ſort of Epic poetry unheard of before. No heroes are wounded a thouſand different ways; no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cauſe.*—But the very want of theſe, in place of ſupporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and peculiar excellence of Camoens. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has alſo given us all the unintereſting tireſome detail. What reader but muſt be tired with the deaths of a thouſand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterwards in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with ſuch *Gazette* returns of the ſlain and wounded——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν;
Ἀσσαῖον μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Αὐτόνοον, καὶ Ὀπίτην,
Καὶ Δόλοπα Κλυτίδην, καὶ Ὀφέλτιον, ἠδ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄρον τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μενεχάρμην·
Τὲς ἄρ' ὅγ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν ἕλεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα
Πληθύν· ὡς ὁπότε, &c.

Il. Lib. XI. lin. 299.

Thus imitated by Virgil,

Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaſpem:
Partheniumque Rapo, & prædurum viribus Orſen:
Meſſapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:
Illum, infrænis equi lapſu tellure jacentem;
Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius proceſſerat Agis,
Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
Dejecit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealces——

Æn. l. x. 747.

With ſuch catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tireſome than ſuch unintereſting deſcriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raiſed by ſuch ennumeration, ſtill the copy and original are ſo near each other, that they can never pleaſe in two ſeparate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more diſtant from thoſe of the Iliad. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lauſus, ſtill in many particulars, and in the action upon the whole, there is ſuch a ſameneſs with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleaſure inſpired by originality. If the man of taſte, however, will be pleaſed to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of Epic poems in the ſame ſtyle. Where the ſeige of a town and battles are the ſubject of an Epic, there will of neceſſity, in the characters and circumſtances, be a reſemblance to Homer; and ſuch poem muſt therefore want originality. Happy for Taſſo, the variation of manners, and his maſterly ſuperiority over Homer in deſcribing his duels, has given his Jeruſalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Chriſtian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamamnon, an Achilles, &c. armies ſlaughtered, and a city beſieged. In a word, we have a handſome copy of the Iliad in the Jeruſalem Delivered. If ſome imitations, however, have been ſucceſsful, how many other Epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the ſtream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their ſubjects. So fully is the ſtrife of war exhauſted by Homer, that Virgil and Taſſo could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that ſo many Epics on battles and ſeiges have been ſuffered to ſink into utter neglect. Camoens, perhaps, did not weigh theſe circumſtances, but the ſtrength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten tract of Helen's and Lavinia's, Achilles's and Hector's, ſeiges and ſlaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own ſword. Camoens was the firſt who wooed the Modern Epic Muſe, and ſhe gave him the wreath of a firſt Lover: *A ſort of Epic Poetry unheard of before*; or, as Voltaire

Voltaire calls it in his laſt edition, *une nouvelle eſpéce d'Epopée*. And the grandeſt ſubject it is (of profane hiſtory) which the world has ever beheld*. A voyage eſteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage through unknown oceans deemed unnavigable; the Eaſtern World happily diſcovered, and for ever indiſſolubly joined and given to the Weſtern; the grand Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt founded; the humanization of mankind and univerſal commerce the conſequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this! Troy is in aſhes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the Hero of the Luſiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increaſe in importance, while the world ſhall remain.

Happy in his choice, happy alſo was the genius of Camoens in the method of purſuing his ſubject. He has not, like Taſſo, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was ſufficient to ſuggeſt its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the Luſiad. That elegant writer propoſes a poem on the civil war; *Ecce Belli Civilis*, ſays he, *ingens opus——Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt (quod longè melius hiſtorici faciunt) ſed per ambages Deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides——* No poem, ancient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Luſiad. A truth of hiſtory is preſerved, yet, what is improper for the hiſtorian, the miniſtry of heaven is employed, and the free ſpirit of poetry throws itſelf into fictions, which makes the whole appear as an effuſion of prophetic

* The Drama and the Epopœia are in nothing ſo different as in this: The ſubjects of the Drama are inexhauſtible, thoſe of the Epopœia are perhaps exhauſted. He who chuſes war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the Epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoens and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their ſubjects; and theſe they have exhauſted. There cannot poſſibly be ſo important a voyage as that which gave the Eaſtern world to the Weſtern. And did even the ſtory of Columbus afford materials equal to that of Gama, the adventures of the hero, and the view of the extent of his diſcoveries, muſt now appear as ſervile copies of the Luſiad. The view of Spaniſh America, given in the *Auracana*, is not only a mere copy, but is introduced even by the very machinery of Camoens.

fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the ſanction of witneſſes. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is ſeverely condemned by Petronius, Camoens conducts his poem *per ambages Deorumque miniſteria*. The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandeſt fiction in human compoſition; the invention his own! In the Iſland of Venus, the uſe of which fiction in an Epic poem is alſo his own, he has given the compleateſt aſſemblage of all the flowers which have ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the *furentis animi vaticinatio*, more conſpicuouſly diſplayed than in the prophetic ſong, the view of the ſpheres, and of the globe of the earth. Taſſo's imitation of the Iſland of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles * dropping blood are nothing to Taſſo's inchanted foreſt," what are all Iſmeno's inchantments to the grandeur and horror of the appearance, prophecy, and evaniſhment of the ſpectre of Camoens!‡—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the ſolemnity of religious obſervances gives great dignity to the hiſtorical narrative of the Epopœia. Camoens, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in ſeveral other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious alluſions. Manners and character are alſo required in the Epic poem. But all the Epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in theſe. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulyſſes, its calm, furious, groſs and intelligent hero. Camoens and Milton happily left this beaten tract, this exhauſted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all thoſe poems which may be claſſed with the Thebaid. The Luſiad abounds with pictures of manners, from thoſe of the higheſt chivalry, to thoſe of the rudeſt, fierceſt, and moſt innocent barbariſm. In the fifth, ſixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloſo are painted in ſtronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But ſtriking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida,

* See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

‡ The Luſiad is alſo rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant ſatyr on king Sebaſtian, under the name of Acteon; and the proſopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama ſets ſail, diſplay the richneſs of our Author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the Claſſics.

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the friend of Gama, is much ſuperior to that of Achates. The baſe, ſelfiiſh, perfidious and cruel characters of the Zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the ſtrongeſt colours; and the character of Gama himſelf, is that of the finiſhed hero. His cool command of his paſſions, his deep ſagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderneſs of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthuſiaſm in the love of his country, are all diſplayed in the ſuperlative degree —— Let him who objects the want of character to the Luſiad, beware leſt he ſtumble upon its praiſe; leſt he only ſay, it wants an Achilles, a Hector, and a Priam. And to the novelty of the manners of the Luſiad let the novelty of fire-arms alſo be added. It has been ſaid, that the buckler, the bow, and the ſpear, muſt continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unſucceſsful others may have been, Camoens has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greateſt dignity and fineſt effect in the Epic Poem.

As the grand intereſt of commerce and of mankind forms the ſubject of the Luſiad, ſo with great propriety, as neceſſary accompanyments to the voyage of his Hero, the Author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book, a view of Europe; in the fifth, a view of Africa; and in the tenth, a picture of Aſia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praiſed for their judgment in the choice of ſubjects which intereſted their countrymen, and Statius has been as ſeverely condemned for his unintereſting choice. But though the ſubject of Camoens be particularly intereſting to his countrymen, it has alſo the peculiar happineſs to be the Poem of every trading nation. It is the Epic Poem of the Birth of Commerce. And in a particular manner the Epic Poem of whatever country has the controul and poſſeſſion of the commerce of India.

An unexhauſted fertility and variety of poetical deſcription, an unexhauſted elevation of ſentiment, and a conſtant tenor of the grand ſimplicity of diction, complete the character of the Luſiad of Camoens: A poem which, though it has hitherto received from the public moſt unmerited neglect, and from the critics moſt flagrant injuſtice, was yet better underſtood by the greateſt poet of Italy. Taſſo never did his judgment more credit, than when he confeſſed that he dreaded Camoens as a

rival; or his generoſity more honour, than when he addreſſed this elegant Sonnet to the Hero of the Luſiad:

SONNETTO.

Vaſco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al ſol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne:

Non piú di te per aſpro mar ſoſtenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e ſcorno:
Ne chi turbó l'Arpie nel ſuo ſoggiorno,
Ne dié più bel ſoggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre ſtende il glorioſo volo
Che i tuoi ſpalmati legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il noſtro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i ſuoi veſtigi,
Per lui del corſo tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vaſco, whoſe bold and happy bowſprit bore
Againſt the riſing morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whoſe ſails came weſtward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native ſhore:

Ne'er did the Greek ſuch length of ſeas explore:
The Greek, who ſorrow to the Cyclop wrought,
And he, who, Victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never ſuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerleſs in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'ſt thy nobleſt fame;
Farther than thou didſt ſail, his deathleſs ſong
Shall bear the dazzling ſplendor of thy name;
And under many a ſky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give ſome account of the Verſion of the Luſiad, which is now offered to the Public. Beſides the Tranſlations mentioned in the life of Camoens, M. Duperron De Caſtera, in 1735, gave in French proſe a looſe unpoetical paraphraſe * of the Luſiad. Nor does Sir Richard Fanſhaw's Engliſh verſion, publiſhed during the uſurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though ſtanza be rendered for ſtanza, though at firſt view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this verſion is nevertheleſs exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanſhaw

—— teems with many a dead-born jeſt †.

Nor had he the leaſt idea of the dignity of the Epic ‡ ſtyle, or of the true ſpirit of poetical tranſlation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The Tranſlator's feelings alone muſt direct him, for the ſpirit of poetry is ſure to evaporate in literal tranſlation.

Literal tranſlation of poetry is in reality a ſoleciſm. You may conſtrue your author, indeed, but if with ſome Tranſlators you boaſt that you have left your author to ſpeak for himſelf,

* Caſtera was every way unequal to his taſk. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either ſuppreſſes or lowers the moſt poetical paſſages, and ſubſtitutes French tinſel and impertinence in their place. In the neceſſary illuſtrations in the notes, the citations from Caſtera will vindicate this character.

† Pope, Odyſſ. xx.

‡ Richard Fanſhaw, Eſq; afterwards Sir Richard, was Engliſh Ambaſſador both at Madrid and Liſbon. He had a taſte for literature, and tranſlated from the Italian ſeveral pieces, which were of ſervice in the refinement of our poetry. Though his Luſiad, by the dedication of it to *William* Earl of *Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, ſeems as publiſhed by himſelf, we are told by the Editor of his Letters, that "during the "unſettled times of our *Anarchy*, ſome of "his MSS. falling by misfortune into un-"ſkillful hands, were printed and publiſhed "without his conſent or knowledge, and "before he could give them his laſt finiſh-"ing ſtrokes: Such was his tranſlation of "the *Luſiads*."

The great reſpect due to the memory of a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the Engliſh Muſes, and the acknowledgement of his friend, that his Luſiad received not his finiſhing ſtrokes, may ſeem to demand that a veil ſhould be thrown over its faults. And not a blemiſh ſhould have been pointed out by the preſent Tranſlator, if the reputation of Camoens were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a ſpecimen of the former tranſlation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the Luſiad from Fanſhaw. And Rapin moſt probably drew his from the ſame ſource. Perſpicuity is the characteriſtic of Camoens; yet Rapin ſays, his verſes are ſo obſcure they appear like myſteries. Fanſhaw is indeed ſo obſcure, that in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then tranſlated, the preſent Tranſlator has often been obliged to have recourſe to the Portugueſe, to diſcover his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fonder of proverbs. He has thruſt many into his

verſion.

that you have neither added nor diminiſhed, you have in reality groſsly abuſed him, and deceived yourſelf. Your literal tranſlation can have no claim to the original felicities of expreſſion; the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear indeed a reſemblance, but ſuch a one as a corps in the ſepulchre bears to the former man when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres——

was the taſte of the Auguſtan age. None but a Poet can tranſlate a Poet. The freedom which this precept gives, will, therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuſe the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own verſion, but will give it alſo the ſpirit of an original.

He who can conſtrue may perform all that is claimed by the literal Tranſlator. He who attempts the manner of tranſlation preſcribed by Horace, ventures upon a taſk of genius. Yet however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the Tranſlator acknowledges, that in this ſpirit he endeavoured to give the Luſiad in Engliſh. Even farther liberties in one or two inſtances ſeemed to him advantageous——

verſion. He can never have enough of conceits, low alluſions, and expreſſions. When gathering of flowers, "*as boninas apanhando*," is ſimply mentioned (C. 9. ſt. 24.) he gives it, *gather'd flowers by pecks*. And the Indian Regent is avaricious (C. 8. ſt. 95.)

Meaning a better penny thence to get.

But enough of theſe have already appeared in the notes. It is neceſſary now to give a few of his ſtanzas entire, that the reader may form an idea of the manner and ſpirit of the old tranſlation. Nor ſhall we ſelect the ſpecimens. The noble attitude of Mars in the firſt book, is the firſt ſtriking deſcription in the poem, and is thus rendered;

Lifting a little up his Helmet-ſight
('Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
To give his vote himſelf he placed right
Before the throne of Jove, arm'd, valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
A great thump on the floor of pureſt ſtuffe)
The heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light
It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And the appearance of Indians in canoes approaching the fleet, is the very next deſcription which occurs;

For ſtreight out of that Iſle which ſeem'd moſt neer
Unto the continent, Behold a number
Of little Boats in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea ſunder!
The men are rapt with joy, and, with the meer
Exceſs of it, can only look, and wonder.
What nation's this, (within themſelves they ſay)
What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?

Their coming thus: In boats with fins; nor flat,
But apt t' o're-ſet (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd ſwim like rats *. The ſayles, of mat
Made of palm-leaves, wove curiouſly and ſtrong.
The mens complexion, the ſelf-ſame with that
HEE gave the earth's burnt parts (from heaven flung)
Who was more brave than wiſe; That this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetuſa rue.

It may be neceſſary to add, the verſion of Fanſhaw, though the Luſiad very particularly requires them, was given to the Public without one note.

But

* Not in the Original.

But a minuteneſs * in the mention of theſe will not appear with a good grace in the firſt (perhaps laſt) Edition of his work: And the original is in the hands of the world.

Though unwilling to enter into the controverſy on the ſuperiority of blank verſe or rhyme, as the Tranſlator has choſen the latter, he preſumes it may not be improper to offer to the Reader the reaſons which directed his choice. But he gives them not as deciſive. He only confeſſes, that ſuch is his taſte——In Shakeſpeare, and in the beſt parts of Otway and Southern, the Engliſh blank verſe appears in great perfection and propriety. But this is of the Iambic or Dramatic kind, a kind very different from the Heroic. This, if not attainable, has never yet in perfection been attained in the Engliſh language; for certain it is, that in Milton, and every other writer of heroic blank verſe, almoſt every four or five lines are interrupted with other two or three, which are abſolute proſe. Every objection againſt rhyme recurs with accumulated charge againſt blank heroics. The monotony of the Night Thoughts, The Seaſons, and of Leonidas, is infinitely

* Some liberties of a leſs poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's liſts of ſlain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted ſeveral names which would have rendered Engliſh verſification dull and tireſome. Several alluſions to ancient hiſtory and fable have for this reaſon been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book 6.) the mention of Paul, "thou who deliveredſt Paul and defendedſt him from quickſands and wild waves—

Das ſcyrtes arenoſas & ondas ſeas——"

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in Engliſh, ſuch is the difference of languages, would loſe both its dignity and ardour, if burthened with a farther enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoens in ſome inſtances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the Tranſlator. He who chuſes to ſee a ſlight alteration of this kind, will find an inſtance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. ſt. 48, and another in Can. 7. ſt. 41. It was not to gratify the dull few, whoſe greateſt pleaſure in reading a tranſlation is to ſee what the author exactly ſays; it was to give a poem that might live in the Engliſh language which was the ambition of the Tranſlator. And for the ſame reaſon, he has not confined himſelf to the Portugueſe or Spaniſh pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniouſly obſerved in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verſe. Regardleſs therefore of Spaniſh pronunciation, the Tranſlator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which ſeemed to him to give moſt dignity to Engliſh verſification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more ſonorous uſage of Fanſhaw. Thus Sir Richard: "*Againſt Sofála's batter'd fort.*" And thus Milton: "*And Sófala thought Ophir—*" Which is the moſt ſonorous there can be no diſpute. If the Tranſlator, however, is found to have treſpaſſed againſt good taſte in theſe liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his error.

more

more tireſome than the ſameneſs of Dryden and Pope. Unnatural diſtortion of language ſeems peculiar to blank verſe. It is therefore a ſure method to ſpoil the ſtyle and expreſſion of youth, who, by the way, are generally its warmeſt advocates. That rhyme makes the poet walk in ſhackles is denied. He that feels it ſo, is forbidden by nature to write in verſe; and let him obey the admonition, and preſume not to dictate to others from his own feelings——Every advantage of imitative harmony, of running the lines into each other, is enjoyed by rhyme in as high a degree as blank verſe. Other arguments in favour of rhyme, are founded on the nature of our language: The repetition of ſound, unleſs murdered indeed in the reading, produces a ſhort reſt; and this reſt fixes the numerouſneſs of the ten ſyllables, which in blank heroics, when the lines run into each other, is often totally loſt. For the ear ſeldom perceives, in this caſe, where the harmony of the line ends, and thence it neceſſarily becomes proſaic, and is therefore contrary to the genius of our language. And the numerouſneſs thus produced by repetition of ſound leads even to a greater advantage. Rhyme admits and delights in the moſt elegant eaſe both of the natural ſimplicity and force of expreſſion. But blank heroics, alas! — Yet, peace to its admirers. Theſe obſervations are not obtruded as criticiſms, they are only offered as the reaſons which induced the Tranſlator to give the Engliſh Luſiad that dreſs, in which he has preſented it to the Public.

To his Subſcribers the Tranſlator begs leave to offer his moſt grateful acknowledgements of the honour they have done him. If the time of his publication exceed the period he at firſt propoſed, the idea he then conceived, and his *propoſals*, are alſo much exceeded by the Introduction and Notes which he found neceſſary to give. As he advanced in his undertaking, new views opened upon him, and to render his work as uſeful and as complete as he poſſibly could, was his firſt care. Nor is his thanks alone due to his Subſcribers in general. Many of the moſt reſpectable names have honoured his Luſiad with their countenance, and have promoted its ſucceſs. His liſt of ſubſcribers will ſhew the reſpect that was paid to the opinion of ſome Gentlemen of the Univerſity of Oxford, who have intereſted themſelves in its favour. And that his work may vindicate their good opinion, is not only his firſt ambition, but,

but, if ſo happy, the beſt return he could poſſibly make them. —The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the Engliſh Luſiad under his patronage, infinitely inhanced the honour of his acceptance—To Governor Johnſtone, whoſe anceſtors have been the hereditary patrons of the anceſtors of the Tranſlator, he is under every obligation which the warmeſt zeal to promote the ſucceſs of his undertaking can poſſibly confer. To this Gentleman, in a great meaſure, the appearance of the Luſiad in Engliſh is due. — To the Gentlemen of the Eaſt India Company, who are his Subſcribers, the Tranſlator offers his ſingular thanks; and with pleaſure he aſſures them, that their deſire to ſee an Epic Poem, particularly their own, in Engliſh, greatly encouraged him in the proſecution of his laborious work—To Thomas Pearſon, Eſq; of the Eaſt India Company's Service, he owes the aſſiſtance of ſome Portugueſe Hiſtorians and other books, which have enabled him to elucidate his author. To this Gentleman he alſo owes the acknowledgement for a numerous liſt of Subſcribers. But theſe, in themſelves, he eſteems the leaſt of Major Pearſon's favours. The manner of conferring them, and the continuance of his friendly wiſhes, cannot be repaid by the warmeſt acknowledgements—To James Boſwell, Eſq; he confeſſes many obligations. To the friendſhip of Mr. Hoole, the elegant Tranſlator of Taſſo, he is peculiarly indebted.—And while thus he recollects with pleaſure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received aſſiſtance or encouragement; he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnſon to the number of thoſe, whoſe kindneſs for the man, and good wiſhes for the Tranſlation, call for his ſincereſt gratitude. Nor muſt a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith be neglected. He ſaw a part of this verſion; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the Tranſlator. Neither muſt another circumſtance, which he eſteems ſo flattering an honour, be paſſed over in ſilence: Various ſpecimens of this tranſlation have been ſeen by Portugueſe Literati, and the Tranſlator has been favoured with their earneſt deſire to complete his undertaking. The ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated Navigator, has been even an enthuſiaſt in promoting its intereſt. By his means, ſome of the moſt reſpectable literary names of Portugal and of Paris have honoured his liſt. From Mr. Magellan and ſome other Portugueſe gen-

tlemen he has received conſiderable information on various parts of his ſubject. For theſe favours, and particularly for the honour they did him, in wiſhing him to be the Tranſlator of the Poet of their nation, he returns them his moſt reſpectful thanks. Yet, though flattered with the approbation of ſome of thoſe literary names, for whom the Public bear the greateſt reſpect, Though he has introduced to the Engliſh Reader a Poem, truly Virgilian, the Tranſlator confeſſes he has his fears for its fate. His execution——but no apology will ſupply the defects of elegance and poetical ſpirit; no apology ſhall therefore be offered. Yet whatever anxiety the conſcience of his inability may give him, he alſo feels other conſiderations, which ſeem to authenticate his fears. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declenſion of her literature, the Latin tongue was deſpiſed, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a maſterly treatiſe in ſome branches of literature would immediately receive the approbation due to merit, ere the juſt reputation of his poetry be fixed, an Author perhaps may be where the applauſe of the world cannot come. Long after Shakeſpeare wrote, and thirty years after the Paradiſe Loſt was publiſhed, Shaftſbury pronounced that the Engliſh Muſes were liſping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taſte, eſteems Sidney the greateſt of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton ſingular. Even though that immortal Author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure a line of the Paradiſe Loſt, who yet, with ſeeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the ſound of a language which is not debaſed by familiar uſe. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly eſteemed by the Scholar of dull taſte. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is uneſtabliſhed, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The preſent age, indeed, is happily auſpicious to Science and the Arts; but Poetry is neither the general taſte nor the faſhionable favourite of theſe times. Often, in the diſpirited hour, have theſe views obtruded upon the Tranſlator. Whilſt he has left his Author upon the table and wandered in the fields, theſe views have cloathed themſelves almoſt imperceptibly in the ſtanza and allegory

allegory of Spenſer. Thus connected with the Tranſlation of Camoens, unfiniſhed as they are, they ſhall cloſe the Introduction to the Engliſh Luſiad.

Hence, vagrant Minſtrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to ſhed thy poiſon here:
My hinds deſpiſe thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the Sloggard's bowers thy ill earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chaunting ſoothes their ear,
The noxious thiſtle choaks their ſickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, ſour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins ſtray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected ſoil,
When to the ſong the ill-ſtarr'd ſwain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthleſs toil;
Upon thy houſeleſs head pale want deſcends
In bitter ſhower: And taunting ſcorn ſtill rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beſeem,
Who poiſons thus the fount, ſhould drink the poiſon'd ſtream.

And is it thus, the heart-ſtung Minſtrel cry'd,
While indignation ſhook his ſilver'd head,
And is it thus, the groſs-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's baſe tongue the gentle Bard upbraid!
And muſt the holy ſong be thus repaid
By ſun-baſk'd ignorance, and chorliſh ſcorn!
While liſtleſs drooping in the languid ſhade
Of cold neglect, the ſacred Bard muſt mourn,
Though in his hallowed breaſt heaven's pureſt ardours burn!

Yet how ſublime, O Bard, the dread beheſt,
The awful truſt to thee by heaven aſſign'd!
'Tis thine to humaniſe the ſavage breaſt,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent ſpark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentleſt worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power diſplays.
So ſpread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When Heaven decreed to ſoothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed Barons, whoſe unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muſe, Heaven bade on Avon's ſhore
A Shakeſpeare riſe and ſoothe the barbarous age:
A Shakeſpeare roſe; the barbarous heats aſwage——
At diſtance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breaſt the dews of heaven deſcend.

And fits it you, ye ſons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmoved, the tongue of ſcorn upbraid
The Muſe neglected in her wintry bower,
While proudly flouriſhing in princely ſhade
Her younger ſiſters lift the laurel'd head——
And ſhall the pencil's boldeſt mimic rage,
Or ſofteſt charms foredoom'd in time to fade,
Shall theſe be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where paſſion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And ſhall the warbled ſtrain or ſweeteſt lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And ſhall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in ſweeter raptures pour!
Ah no, their ſong is tranſient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the ſhepherd boy
Sits liſtning in the ſilent Autumn bower;
The year no more reſtores the ſhort-lived joy,
And never more his harp ſhall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal Silence in her cold deaf ear
Has cloſed his ſtrain; deep as eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, ſo bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the ſight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting ſhall immortal ſhine,
Wide o'er the world ſhall ever ſound the might,
The raptured muſic of each deathleſs line,
For death nor time may touch their living ſoul divine.

And

And what the ſtrain, though Perez ſwell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muſe of fire!
Yes, what the tranſient ſounds, devoid of thought,
To th' unabated flood of Shakeſpeare's ire,
Or Milton's giant ſway, till time expire
Foredoom'd to live; as heaven's dread energy
Unconſcious of the bounds of place——

DISSERTATION.

DISSERTATION

On the Machinery of Taſſo's Jeruſalem, *and Voltaire's* Henriade.

CAmoens, unheard, unread by the critics, has been repreſented to the world as the moſt extravagant, moſt abſurd of all poets, in the injudicious profane mixture of Chriſtian and Pagan ideas. The groſs falſity of this charge we have fully detected. But juſtice to the reputation of my Author demands ſomething farther. If the great Taſſo be guilty of the fault injuriouſly aſcribed to Camoens, and if his arch-accuſer Voltaire has adopted a machinery infinitely leſs worthy of the Epic Muſe, what muſt we think of the unjuſt condemnation of the poet of Portugal! The machinery of the Jeruſalem is thus abridged: God ſends the angel Gabriel to Godfrey: Gabriel announces him general by the will of heaven, and incites him to a vigorous proſecution of the war, to reſcue the tomb of Chriſt from the Infidels. A magician, an apoſtate Chriſtian, who could alarm Pluto in his own regions,

Sin ne la regia ſua Pluton ſpaventa——

and who ſtill mixed ſome Chriſtian rites with his profane incantations, adviſes Aladine king of Jeruſalem to ſeize a ſtatue of the Virgin and place it in his moſque, aſſuring him, that while it continued there, his ſpells ſhould protect the city. The image is accordingly placed in the moſque, contrary to Mohammedan manners, from whence it miraculouſly diſappears. The war commences. The foe of man, afterwards named Pluto, calls a council of the infernal powers. Polypheme, Gorgon, Cerberus, &c. are here. Pluto relates his own fall from heaven, the birth of Chriſt, Chriſt's deſcent into hell, his reſcue of captive ſouls; and then propoſes to deſtroy the Chriſtian army, particularly by the ſnares of love. Armida, a moſt beautiful enchantreſs, is ſent by her uncle, the king of Damaſcus, who is alſo a magician, to delude the Chriſtian chiefs. She arrives at the camp; pretends to be a dethroned princeſs, and begs aſſiſtance. The flower of the Chriſtian warriors are eager to go with her: ten are appointed by lot, and many others follow her by ſtealth. Theſe, like Circe, ſhe enchants, and turns them into fiſhes. Beelzebub and Alecto are alternately introduced, as exciting the Infidels to treachery. God now ſends the arch-angel Michael to drive the dæmons from the battle. The magician Iſmeno excites the Soldan Solyman againſt the Chriſtians, and conveys him in an enchanted chariot to Jeruſalem. The dæmons, who had been driven by Michael to Acheron, are recalled by Iſmeno, and ordered to take poſſeſſion of a foreſt, from whence it was neceſſary for the Chriſtians to cut timber to carry on the ſeige. Tancred, terrified by apparitions, deſiſts from his attempt to cut down the foreſt. The hermit Peter pronounces that this ſervice was decreed for Rinaldo, who is in the power of the enchantreſs Armida. Peter informs Ubald and Charles, that a Chriſtian magician at Aſcalon will aſſiſt them to relieve the hero from her inchantment. The epiſode of Armida, abounding in poetry, is now introduced. Rinaldo is relieved, and the enchanted foreſt by him cut down. The poem now draws to the hurry of concluſion. The wall of Jeruſalem is aſſailed; Iſmeno and two other magicians, in defence of the Infidels, endeavour to change the courſe of nature with their inchantments,

Ritentar volle l'arti ſue fallaci
Per ſforzar la natura ——

And the arch-angel Michael appears to Godfrey, to whom he ſhews the ſouls of the Chriſtian heroes who had fallen in the war ſtill fighting under his banners, and the hoſt of heaven ready to oppoſe the enemy. The aſſault is ſucceſsful. The Infidel chiefs are killed by different Chriſtian heroes. Armida, who fought in the Egyptian army, ſubmits to Rinaldo, and Godfrey is completely victorious

Such is the machinery of a poem, univerſally and juſtly admired Yet whatever praiſe is due to the grandeur of Gothic inchantment, the oppoſition of it to the arch-angel Michael, the immediate meſſenger of God, carries

carries in it a ſomething which muſt diſpleaſe. No popular belief of the power of magic will palliate the diſguſt of the ſenſible reader. Had the hermit Peter, who is repreſented as a prophet, worked miracles, ſuch as abound in the monkiſh legends; theſe, the objects of firm popular belief, with greater propriety and even more poetry might have oppoſed the power of infernal magicians. But as the machinery ſtands in Taſſo, that of Camoens, which is purely the well known allegory of poetry, is infinitely leſs culpable in the mixture of ideas.

As the machinery of the Henriade cannot be traced without a view of the whole action of the poem, a diſſection of the whole ſhall be accurately given. It has been ſaid, that the French language is incapable of Epic dignity. The Henriade proves the juſtice of this obſervation. The Reader, who is acquainted with Virgil, muſt perceive the miſerable comparative poverty of the Henriade; he will alſo obſerve, that the following citations are made in examination of the machinery, and not ſelected with a view to the want of Epic dignity.

The action of the Henriade is founded on French hiſtory. Soon after the horrid maſſacre of Paris, an aſſociation againſt the proteſtants was formed under the Duke of Guiſe. The power of this aſſociation, called the Holy League, began to give uneaſineſs to Henry III. a weak diſſipated prince, and Guiſe, by his order, was aſſaſſinated. The League, however, became more formidable, and Henry was driven from his capital. He implored the aſſiſtance of his former enemy, Henry of Navarre, the head of the proteſtant party. While the two kings aſſailed Paris, Henry III. was ſtabbed by a young friar, and Henry of Navarre, the legal heir of the crown, continued the ſiege. Paris, though reduced to the moſt dreadful extremities of famine, ſtill held out, till Henry, perceiving the unalterable hatred which the League bore to his religion, abjured the proteſtant doctrine, and Paris opened her gates and received him with joy. And thus, ſays Voltaire, in his Engliſh introduction to the Henriade, (omitted in his French copies) "What his valour and magnanimity could never bring about, was "eaſily obtained by going to maſs, and by "receiving abſolution of the Pope."

However bold it may ſeem to condemn this ſubject as unworthy of the Epic Muſe, there needs no argument to prove it infinitely inferior to that of the Luſiad. In dignity and conduct Camoens is every where Virgilian: Voltaire ſhall ſpeak for himſelf. The ſtate of France, at the commencement of the action, is thus deſcribed:

Les loix étaient ſans force, et les droits confondus,
Ou plutôt en effet Valois ne régnait plus——
On voyait dans Paris la Diſcorde inhumaine
Excitant aux combats, & la Ligue & Mayene—
Ce monſtre impétueux, ſanguinaire, inflexible,
De ſes propres ſujets eſt l'ennemi terrible.

In the machinery which is now introduced, the ſoul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the Enead. From the height of the heavens he beholds and protects Henry of Navarre, but he conceals the arm which he ſpreads to guard him, leſt the hero, too ſure of victory, and with leſs danger, ſhould acquire leſs glory. The lines are theſe: frigid indeed!

Le Père de Bourbons, du ſein des immortels,
Louïs, fixait ſur lui ſes regards paternels——
Mais Henri s'avançait vers ſa grandeur ſuprême,
Par des chemins ſecrets, inconnus a lui même:
Louïs du haut de cieux lui prêtait ſon appui;
Mais il cachait le bras qu'il étendait pour lui,
De peur que ce héros, trop ſûr de ſa victoire,
Avec moins de danger n'eût acquis moins de gloire.

Having thus introduced the reader to the leading perſonage of the machinery, Paris is beſieged by the two kings, we are told, and the dæmon of carnage has carried his rage from ſea to ſea. The action now commences, Henry III. of the houſe of Valois, deplores his ſituation to Henry of Navarre, tells him that the papal thunders are iſſued againſt him, and that Spain is about to ſend auxiliaries to the League. He therefore entreats him to go to England to ſolicit an army to aſſiſt them.

Henry then ſails from Dieppe.

L'impétueux Borée, enchaîné dans les airs,
Au ſouſle de Zéphyre abandonnoit les mers.

Then comes a ſtorm, in very common place deſcription, in which Henry thought of nothing but the evils of his country;

Ne ſonge en ce danger qu'aux maux de ſa patrie.

Then the God of the Univerſe commands the ſtorm to carry the veſſel to the iſle of Jerſey. Here the hero lands and finds a venerable old man, who ſought peace far from

from the court, *loin de la cour*, and God, it ſeems, had ſent Wiſdom to open the book of Fate to this ſame hermit;

Ce Dieu qu'il adorait, prit ſoin de ſa vieilleſſe,
Il fit dans ſon déſert deſcendre la Sageſſe;
Et prodigue envers lui de ſes treſors divins,
Il ouvrit a ſes yieux le livre de Deſtins.

And here Mornay, the Calviniſt friend of Henry, who

Prêtait au Calviniſme un appui redoutable——

and the hermit, hold a diſcourſe upon theology, in which the old prophet execrates Calviniſm, and foretells, that a worſhip ſo new, could not always continue;

Un culte ſi nouveau ne peut durer toujours.
Des caprices de l'homme il a tiré ſon être:
On le verra périr ainſi qu'on la vû naître.

The hermit then propheſies, that Henry ſhould turn papiſt and be king. An idle declamation on the Engliſh, who are unfit either to be ſlaves or freemen,

Qui ne peut ni ſervir, ni vivre en liberté——

and the character of Elizabeth, who chained deſtiny at her feet, and aſtoniſhed the world with the eclat of her reign,

Une femme à ſes pieds enchaînant les deſtins,
De l'éclat de ſon règne étonnait les humains ——

conclude the interview with the hermit of Jerſey; an epiſode of no uſe in the conduct of the poem, and a dull imitation of the part acted by the hermit Peter in Taſſo. *What ſtrange fancy*, ſays Voltaire in his Engliſh critique on *The Jeruſalem*, to ſend Ubaldo and his companion to an holy conjurer." Yet this part in Taſſo is not only conducted in the true ſpirit of the grand machinery of Gothic enchantment, a machinery proper to the age of his heroes, but is alſo intimately connected with the cataſtrophe of the poem. But in no circumſtance does this defence of Taſſo plead for Voltaire.

Henry is now introduced to the queen of England, who with impatience demands an account of the troubles of France:

Elizabeth alors avec impatience,
Demande le récit des troubles de la France,
Veut ſavoir quels reſſorts, & quel enchaînement
Ont produit dans Paris un ſi grand changement.

The maſſacre of Paris is now related, with ſeveral digreſſive obſervations on tyranny, without either force or novelty, and after a long *tête à tête* on laws and liberty, &c. &c. Elizabeth allows the Earl of Eſſex and a thouſand Engliſh youth to accompany Henry, whom ſhe diſmiſſes in the true ſpirit of *petit maiteriſm*. Of her troops, ſhe ſays;

Au milieu des combats vous les verrez courir
Plus pour vous imiter que pour vous ſecourir.
Formés par votre exemple au grand art de la guerre,
Ils apprendront ſous vous à ſervir l'Angleterre——

i. e. In the midſt of battles you ſhall ſee them haſten more to imitate you than to help you. Formed by your example in the great art of war, they ſhall learn under you to ſerve England." And himſelf ſhe politely compliments, as only worthy to talk of himſelf;

Vous ſeul pouvez parler dignement de vous-même.

And thus ends in mere *bagatelle* the embaſſy which ought to have been of the utmoſt importance throughout the Poem. The embaſſy of king Latinus to Diomed, and the journey of Eneas to king Evander, are with admirable art worked into the great action of the Eneid. The refuſal of Diomed to make war againſt Eneas, greatly heightens the character of the hero. The abſence and return of Eneas are both moſt happily intereſting, and the fate of his new friend and auxiliary, the ſon of Evander, gives the higheſt importance to the journey of the hero, by conſtituting a principal part of the action and cataſtrophe of the Eneid. In the Henriade every thing is different. The hero leaves the ſiege of Paris, hears the effuſions of monkiſh bigotry poured forth by a hermit at the iſle of Jerſey, comes to London, and in the true ſtyle of coffee-houſe politicians, has a long *talk* with queen Elizabeth. The earl of Eſſex, it is true, and a thouſand of the Engliſh youth accompany him to France; but there is not one circumſtance performed by them, which even gives a colour of importance to this embaſſy of the hero of the Henriade. In his firſt editions, Voltaire twice mentions the Engliſh, but nothing particular is aſcribed to them: and ſo little did he regard the ſpirit of Virgil in the part of Pallas, that in his laſt edition, the Engliſh auxiliaries are only once mentioned as in battle, and that in a manner utterly unintereſting, of no conſequence to the conduct of the poem.

Henry's journey to England, therefore, is in direct contradiction to that great rule of the Epopæia, which requires unity of action; or in other words, which demands that every circumſtance ſhould conduce, according to its degree, to the completion of the whole.

In the fourth book, at laſt, ſome buſineſs commences. D'Aumale in the night attacks the beſiegers. Henry arrives, and turns the fortune of war, not as a modern general, but as an Achilles or Eneas, who drove whole ſquadrons before their ſingle ſwords. But not a word is here mentioned of the help of his Engliſh auxiliaries. Now the machinery takes place. D'Aumale is in danger of being killed; but Diſcorde ſaw it,

La Diſcorde le vit, & trembla pour d'Aumale—
Elle s'élève en l'air, & vole à ſon ſecours.

Then covering him with her *iron immenſe impenetrable* buckler, this *fille de l'Enfer*, daughter of hell, carries him to the gates of Paris, where ſhe cures him of the wounds, which he had never felt;

Sanglant, couvert de coups qu'il n'avait point ſentis.
Elle applique à ſes maux une main ſalutaire——

Then Diſcorde comforts Mayenne, the chief of the League, who is in great diſtreſs. She then flies in a whirlwind to Rome, which is deſcribed in the true ſpirit of declamation. La Politique is found in the Vatican,

Au fond du Vatican régnait la Politique——

Diſcorde and ſhe embrace each other. Politique laments that ſhe could not now from the Vatican lance her thunders and rule the world. She complains that the Senate of France had unmaſked her, and agrees with Diſcorde to reſume their loſt power. Humble Religion, in the meanwhile, is in a deſert far from the pomp of Rome, ſighing for the day when Henry was to embrace popery and revenge her altars. La Politique and Diſcorde ſeize upon Humble Religion, and God, to try her, gives her up to their fury,

Son Dieu pour l'éprouver la livre à leurs fureurs.

They ſtrip her of her ſacred veſtments, and having covered their own impure heads with them, they go to Paris to accompliſh their deſigns. La Politique gets into the Sorbonne and corrupts the doctors; to ſome he offers the Mitre,

Par l'éclat d'une Mitre elle ébluït leur vûe—

and others ſhe intimidates. Truth flies away weeping, and an old man of the Sorbonne ſpeaks for his brethren, "The church has the power to dethrone kings; we are the church, and we dethrone Valois. Oaths, hitherto ſacred, we break your chain." Scarce had he ſpoke, when Diſcorde wrote the *odious decree* in blood, and

Chacun jure par elle, & ſigne ſous ſes yeux.

Now in the habit of an Auguſtin, and now in the frock of a Franciſcan, ſhe flies from church to church, calls herſelf Religion, and excites to the moſt dreadful maſſacres. Then ſhe makes Sixteen of the heads of the faction (whoſe names may be ſeen in the notes to the Geneva edition) ride beſide her in her bloody chariot; and Pride, Treaſon, Fury, and Death, march before them in ſtreams of blood. During the management of this machinery, our Author talks of Chriſt, the church, and the children of Iſrael; he now talks of the heathen goddeſs Themis. She reſiſteth the general contagion,

La ſoif de s' agrandir, la crainte, l'eſpérance,
Rien n'avait dans ſes mains fait pancher ſa balance;
Son temple etait ſans tache———

In this temple of Themis ſat a venerable ſenate, propitious to innocence, dreadful to guilt,

Il etait dans ce temple un Sénat vénérable,
Propice à innocence, au crime redoutable——

Then the tyrants of the League lay ſiege to this temple,

Des tyrans de la Ligue une affreuſe coborte,
Du temple de Thémis environne la porte.

A *vile gladiator* then bullies the Senate, and by the help of the Sixteen, ſends them in chains to the Baſtile. Clement, a young Dominican friar, longs to kill Henry of Valois, the king. He prays, and is heard by Diſcorde, who inſtantly flies to Hell in ſearch of FANATICISM,

Le plus cruel tyran de l'empire des ombres.

Which goddeſs, our Poet tells us, was the author of the ſacrifices of Moloc, of Jephtha's vow, of the death of Agamemnon's daughter, of the human ſacrifices offered by the prieſts of the Teutates, and by the Druids; and of the firſt perſecution of the Chriſtians

Chriſtians at Rome. Afterward, he adds, ſhe paſſed to the church and made the Chriſtians perſecute each other; was the cauſe of the death of Charles I. at London, and eſtabliſhed the inquiſition at Madrid and Liſbon, on purpoſe to burn the Jews. This Goddeſs, cloathed in the habit of which ſhe had plundered Humble Religion, appears to Clement in a dream, encourages him by the example of Judith to aſſaſſinate the king, and giving him a ſword, flies to her infernal abode. The Sixteen heads of the faction are next repreſented at a magical ſacrifice, enquiring after the decrees of Fate. It is midnight. They have an altar on a tomb, where they place the images of the two kings, Henry of Valois, and Henry of Bourbon or Navarre,

Leurs ſacrilèges mains ont mêlé ſur l'autel,
A des noms infernaux, le nom de l'Eternel.

Their lances are ranged along the walls with their points in veſſels of blood, and they have a Jew for their prieſt,

Leurs parricides bras ſe lavent dans le ſang;
De Valois ſur l'autel ils vont percer le flanc;
Avec plus de terreur, & plus encor de rage
De Henri ſous leurs pieds ils renverſent l'image—
L'Hebreu joint cependant la priere au blaſphême:
Il invoque l'abîme, et les cieux, & Dieu même;
Tous ces impurs eſprits qui troublent l'univers,
Et le feu de la foudre & celui des Enfers.

While the Sixteen wait for the oracular reſponſe, Heaven, to puniſh them, conſents to give a true one. Sudden lightnings flaſh, and Henry of Bourbon appears riding in the chariot of victory,

Au milieu de ces feux, Henri brillant de gloire,
Apparait a leurs yeux ſur un char de victoire . . .
Et le ſceptre des Rois éclatait dans ſa main.

Thunder then overturns the altar and diſperſes the ſacrificers; but Clement, nevertheleſs, ſtabs Valois—In Arioſto, Diſcord is found in a monaſtery. This, and the part ſhe acts, are copied by Voltaire. The magical ſacrifice in Camoens is alſo imitated. But though the machinery of Diſcord, Fanaticiſm, &c. in the Henriade be deſtitute of poetical novelty, it is ſtrongly marked with an originality of another kind. The allegorical perſonages are dreſſed, and act, in the very *bagatelle* of conceit and quaintneſs. Jephtha's Vow, the Death of king Charles the Firſt, and the other exploits aſcribed to Fanaticiſm, are in a ſtrange ſpirit of *Je ne ſcai quoi*, knick-knack, or ſchool-boy compoſition: in that ſpirit, perhaps, which Shafteſbury intended, when he condemned the great Milton for his want of *the faſhionable turn of modern wit*. In the Orlando Furioſo, a poem much in the ſpirit of Don Quixote, ſatyrical quaintneſs and conceit, indeed, are in their proper place; but the quaint attempts of wit, that mere punning in poetical painting, with which Voltaire draws his Politique, Fanaticiſm, &c. are utterly inconſiſtent with Epic ſolemnity——But to return to the progreſs of the Henriade: A long debate enſues in Paris on the choice of a king. Henry and the army attack the city, and are on the point of forcing their way into the gates, when St. Louis appears,

——— *du profond d'une nue*
Un fantôme éclatant ſe preſente à ſa vue.

and orders Henry to ſtop; tells him he was St. Louis, the father of the Bourbons, his protector and ſire, reproves him for deſerting the faith, and foretells his advancement to the throne. Thrice Henry tries to embrace the ſhade of his father, but in vain. He then, as commanded, leaves the ſeige and marches to Vincennes. And thus all the great and juſt deſigns of the war, are abſurdly ſet aſide, to make room for a piece of machinery in direct imitation of Homer and Virgil. The difference of conduct, however, muſt be obſerved. Ulyſſes and Eneas, in great diſtreſs and uncertainty, are deſirous to conſult the fates, and are favoured with a view of the regions of the dead, according to the mythology of their age. By theſe interviews their diſtreſſes are alleviated, and their future conduct is formed. And thus the unity of each poem is admirably preſerved. Henry, on the contrary, is abſurdly driven from complete victory, to be carried through heaven and hell, though his advancement to the throne, the only part of the viſion connected with the intereſt of the poem, had been already twice foretold. And thus the *Liaiſon*, or connection of operations neceſſary in an Epic Poem, is groſly violated in the conduct of the Henriade.

No leſs inferior to the ſolemn horror of the Odyſſey, and ſublime poetry of the Eneid, where the regions of the dead are deſcribed, is the poetical colouring of the viſion of Henry. This will ſoon appear.

While he remains at Vincennes, whither he fled from victory, and to do what no critic

can poſſibly gueſs, St. Louis ſends Sleep and Hope to comfort him. The Saint appears to him in a dream, crowns him, and placeing him beſide himſelf in a chariot of light, they traverſe the heavens together;

Louïs en ce moment prenant ſon diadême
Sur le front du vainqueur il le poſa lui-meme: —
L'un & l'autre à ces mots dans un char de lumière
Des Cieux en un moment traverſent la carrière.

Then paſſing the ſun we have a view of the worlds around him, according to the Newtonian ſyſtem, in poetical colouring a very poor imitation of the Ptolemaic, as deſcribed in Camoens *. Henry paſſes,

A des mondes divers autour de lui flottans——

Then they come to ſpace,

Où la matière nage, & que Dieu ſeul embraſſe,
Sont de Soleils ſans nombre, & des mondes ſans fin.

He then comes, where the ghoſts of Brahmins, Bonzes, Monks, wild Americans and Mohammedans, wait the hour of judgment. Here he makes a ſpeech of twelve lines on the ſalvation of Heathens and Chriſtians. A voice, which ſhakes the heavens and makes the univerſe groan, anſwers from the throne of God. Henry is then carried by a whirlwind to an abode, the abominable image of Chaos;

Vers un ſéjour informe, aride, affreux, ſauvage,
De l'antique Cahos abominable image.

Hell is now deſcribed, where they ſee the aſſaſſin Clement. Then comes an Elyzium, where St. Louis preſides over Charlemagne and other kings and heroes of France. The palace of Deſtiny then opens its hundred braſs gates, and Henry is reproved by St. Louis, his guide, for being a proteſtant. And after having ſeen ſome of the great men of France, who were then unborn, the hero awakes; and thus cloſes a moſt ſervile uninventive imitation of the ſixth Eneid. Yet, uninventive as it is, original in nothing but the extravagance about the ſalvation of Bonzes and Bramins, Marmontel has not ſcrupled to pronounce it, "*vaut ſeul toute l'Iliade*, worth alone all the Iliad."

Hitherto has the Henriade been without *Liaiſon*. The real action has, *like a wounded ſnake, dragg'd its ſlow length along*. But ſome buſineſs is now reſumed. The eighth book opens with the confuſion of the Leaguers, who neither durſt degrade nor crown Mayenne; when Diſcorde, burſting from a cloud, appears in a luminous chariot, and inſpires their courage;

La Diſcorde à l'inſtant entr'ouvrant une nue,
Sur un char lumineux ſe préſente a leur vûe,
Courage, leur dit elle ——

The Spaniards under Egmont, and the Leaguers under Mayenne prepare for war. Henry advances to the plains of Ivry. Diſcorde blows her infernal trumpet to animate the Leaguers,

Elle vole à leur tête, et ſa bouche fatale
Fait retentir au loin ſa trompette infernale.
Par ces ſons trop connus d'Aumale eſt excité,
Auſſi prompt que le trait dans les airs emporté.

This battle is well deſcribed, but without originality. Mayenne and the Leaguers are defeated. St. Louis, ſurrounded with the ſouls of the other Bourbons, from the height of the firmament obſerves how Henry will uſe his victory,

—— du haut de firmament
Vint contempler Henri dans ce fameux moment.

and the reſult of the battle is like a newſpaper in verſe. Diſcorde goes now to find out Love. And the ninth book opens with a deſcription of his temple. A deſcription, where one might have expected original poetry from the genius of Voltaire. But every thing is contrary here. The deſcriptive part is moſt *hackneyed* common place; every expreſſion of it may be ſelected from Cowley's poems. Darts, flames, ſighs, tears, rapture and miſery, are huſtled together, and then ſtrung in verſe without gradation, without novelty. The reader is entreated

* In the edition of London, 1727, Voltaire ſeems to have imitated the celeſtial ſphere of Camoens. He ſends his hero,

Parmi ces tourbillons, que d'une main féconde
Diſpoſa l'Eternel au premier jour du monde,
Eſt un globe élevé dans le faîte des cieux
Dont l'éclat ſe dérobe à nos profanes yeux.

But theſe whirlwinds and the globe where the Moſt High creates the ſpirits, and whither they are returned by death, are omitted in the latter editions. The citations made in this Diſſertation are taken from the Geneva edition of 1768, which was publiſhed under Voltaire's own inſpection.

entreated to compare the Temple of Love in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite with that in the Henriade; and he is promiſed that he will find them as different as mere verſification is from real poetry. But to return to the fable of the Henriade. Love, who by the bye is Diſcord's brother, makes a long ſpeech about Hercules and Cleopatra. He then flies over Troy, and other places moſt famous in the claſſics, and arrives at laſt at Ivry. He beholds the camp as his prey, and feels an inhuman joy,

L'Amour ſent à ſa vûe une joie inhumaine.

In imitation of Virgil, a ſtorm is raiſed, which drives Henry to the Chateau of the celebrated Madam D'Eſtrée, where

Sa vertu l'abandonne, & ſon ame enyvrée
N'aime, ne voit, n'entend, ne connaît que d'Eſtrée.

his virtue abandons him, and his intoxicated ſoul loves, ſees, hears, and knows nothing but d'Eſtrée." The danger of d'Eſtrée's virtue, a poor ſubaltern's daughter, is thus pompouſly bewailed:

Contre un pouvoir ſi grand qu'eût pû faire d'Eſtrée?
Par un charme indomtable elle était attirée;
Elle avait à combattre, en ce funeſte jour,
Sa jeuneſſe, ſon cœur, un Héros, & l'Amour!

i. e. Againſt ſo great power what could d'Eſtrée do? By an irreſiſtible charm ſhe was attracted; in that fatal day ſhe had to combat her youth, her heart, a hero, and Love!

The French, indeed, may admire this. *No nation but themſelves, however, could bear* ſuch impertinence. What would be thought of an Engliſh writer, who would deſcribe the firſt meeting of Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, or Louis XV. and Pompadour, as an incident worthy of Epic dignity? The epiſode of Dido affords no defence for this parody upon it. A fugitive prince, married to the queen of a powerful ſtate, is as different in Epic grandeur from the amour of Henry with a Subaltern's daughter, as are the manners of the age of Eneas from thoſe of the days of the French Hero; as different as the true dignity of Virgil is from the French *complaiſance* and mock dignity of Madam d'Eſtrée. During the amour of Henry all is in danger; the camp is all licentiouſneſs,

Où du ſoldat vainqueur s'emporte l'inſolence ——

But St. Louis ſends the genius of France to put this to rights. The genius employs Mornay, the Calviniſt, to reſcue Henry from the ſnares of Love. And this, ſays the poet, was to inſtruct us that reaſon was often ſufficient to guide us, and thus Marcus Aurelius and Plato are a diſgrace to Chriſtians;

Il s'addreſſe a Mornay, c'était pour nous inſtruire,
Que ſouvent la raiſon ſuffit à nous conduire;
Ainſi qu' elle guida chez des peuples Payens
Marc-Auréle, ou Platon, la honte des Chrétiens.

Love, however, is very angry at this choice, but Mornay deſpiſes his rage and his charms,

Mais Mornay mépriſait ſa colère, & ſes charmes.

Diſcorde, in the meanwhile, irritates the Leaguers. Mornay finds the king and his miſtreſs. The king, aſhamed, leaves d'Eſtrée and attacks Paris. The battle of Ivry, the beſt part of the whole poem, is now deſcribed, but is as like Taſſo, as the cloſeſt imitations of Virgil reſemble Homer. In book X. Henry returns to the ſiege, is juſt on the point of taking the city, when the angel of France ſtops him,

Quand l'Ange de la France, appaiſant ſon couroux,
Retint ſon bras vainqueur, & ſuſpendit ſes coups.

A duel, in imitation of Homer, Virgil and Taſſo, between d'Aumale and Turenne, is now deſcribed. This is greatly admired in France, and is perhaps the firſt of the Henriade in true merit; but it is alſo a cloſe copy, and much inferior to the duels of Taſſo. A black cloud, during this combat, vomits the monſters of hell over Paris,

Cependant ſur Paris s'élevait un nuage,
Qui ſemblait apporter le tonnerre & l'orage;
Ses flancs noirs & brulans tout-à-coup entr'ouverts,
Vomiſſent dans ces lieux les monſtres des Enfers.

Fanaticiſm, Diſcorde, and dark Politique with falſe heart and ſquint eye,

La ſombre Politique, au cœur faux, & l'œil louche——

And the dæmon of battles,

Dieux enyvrés de ſang, Dieux dignes des Ligueurs——

all fly to the aid of d'Aumale. But the height of the heavens opens, and an Angel deſcends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace in one hand, and the ſword of God's vengeance in the other;

Voilà qu'au même inſtant, du haut de cieux ouverts,
Un Ange eſt deſcendu ſur le trône des airs,

The

The infernal monſters are diſmayed; then

Paris, le Roi, l'Armée, & l'Enfer, & les Cieux,
Sur ce combat illuſtre avaient fixé les yeux ——

Paris, the king, the army, hell and heaven fix their eyes on the illuſtrious fight." d'Aumale falls, the monſters of hell groan, and voices are heard in the air,

Ces lugubres accens dans les airs s'entendirent—

acknowledging that their reign is paſt. The army of Henry demand leave to aſſail the city, but St. Louis will not allow it, and Henry acts upon a ſentiment very unworthy of an Epic poem. He chuſes rather to reduce the city by famine, as a method more powerful than his arms,

Il crut que ſans aſſauts, ſans combats, ſans allarmes,
La diſette & la faim, plus fortes que ſes armes,
Lui livreraient ſans peine un peuple inanimé.

The horrors of famine are now deſcribed in lively colours, but too ſhocking to incite any one to a ſecond reading. The beſieged are willing to ſubmit, and Henry promiſes forgiveneſs and mercy. But the prieſts tell them that they are the ſoldiers of God, and that a tyrant heretic will not keep his word. And by the prieſts they are ordered to defend their temples from his hereſy,

Sauvons nos temples ſaints de ſon culte hérétique.

What now is to be done? The faction are again outrageous, and the beſieged may eat one another, nay, as both hiſtory and the poem tell us, may open the graves in the church-yards for food ‡; but St. Louis will not allow Henry to take the city by force. What muſt be done in this moſt admirable

——— *dignus vindice nodus?*

why truly St. Louis muſt take the buſineſs upon himſelf. The throne of God is now deſcribed in twenty-four lines, and here St. Louis approaches,

Le père de Bourbons a ſes yeux ſe préſente,
Et lui parle en ces mots d'une voix gèmiſſante.

In his ſpeech he tells the Almighty, that if the French diſobeyed the laws of heaven, it was on purpoſe to obey them; for that his ſon, the *grand Henri*, their lawful king, was an heretic. His converſion is therefore implored. Of this, the Eternal, by a word of his mouth, aſſures St. Louis,

Par un mot de ſa bouche il daigna l'aſſurer.

Truth then deſcends from the height of the heavens to the hero's tents,

Dans les tentes du Roi, deſcend du haut des cieux.

Henry then turns Roman Catholic, and believes in the doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation; for Truth,

—lui découvre un Dieu ſous un pain, qui n'eſt plus.

Then St. Louis, with an olive bough in his hand, deſcends from the height of the heavens, and leads Henry to the ramparts of Paris, which open at his call, and receive him in the name of God:

Louïs dans ce moment, qui comble ſes ſouhaits,
Louïs tenant en main l'olive de la paix,
Deſcend du haut du Cieux vers les Héros qu'il aime;
Aux remparts de Paris il le conduit lui-même;
Les remparts ébranlés s'entr'ouvrent à ſa voix;
Il entre au nom de Dieu, qui fait regner les Rois.

And thus ends the Henriade; a poem in every reſpect unworthy of the name of Epic.

Every reader who has an ear muſt perceive how diſtant from the dignity of Virgil are French heroics, *even in* the hands of Voltaire*. The conduct of the fable is not Epic, for it is not ONE. The cataſtrophe has not the leaſt dependance upon the long epiſode of the journey to England, though this epiſode is almoſt one third of the whole poem. In the action there is no gradation. Henry vanquiſhes his foes, but St. Louis will not allow him to reap the fruits of victory. Nothing therefore reſults from the real action, but contrary to Homer and Virgil, ALL is left to the machinery. After the long tale which Henry tells Elizabeth, the real action or fable would fill but a few pages; five parts of ſix are

‡ They ground the bones of the dead into a flour, of which they made bread.

* The old monkiſh rhymes of friar Baſton,

De planctu cudo metrum cum carmine nudo,
Riſum retrudo, cum tali themate ludo——

in harmony and energy are hardly inferior to many paſſages of the Henriade. But this perhaps is not the fault of Voltaire; but of the language.

are machinery, a machinery the moſt ridiculous and puerile ever adopted by the heroes of the *Lutrin*. If any French critic be offended at this, let him renounce his admiration of Boileau, by whom the machinery of the Henriade, as already obſerved, is as ſeverely condemned, as if he had written his celebrated critique on Epic poetry on purpoſe to condemn it. However ſuperior Voltaire may be in the other walks of poetry, certain it is, no originality, no ſtrength of colouring, ſhines in the Henriade. The following lines, ſaid of Mornay, are admired in France as the fineſt ſublime,

Mais il ne permet pas à ſes ſtoïques mains
De ſe ſouiller du ſang des malheureux humains.
De ſon Roi ſeulement ſon ame eſt occupée :
Pour ſa défenſe ſeule il a tiré l'épée ;
Et ſon rare courage, ennemi des combats,
Sait affronter la mort, & ne la donne pas.

But ſurely that cannot be the true ſublime which contains the true abſurd. Mornay will not ſtain his hands with human blood. He is only anxious to defend his king, for his defence only he draws his ſword. "His rare courage, enemy to battles, knows how to dare death but not to give it;" that is, Mornay is earneſt to defend his king, but he will kill no body in his defence. In the heat of battle he only parries the ſwords which attack him. The enemy may return to the charge in a moment; three or four ſwords may attack the king at a time, but Mornay will not leſſen their number or prevent a ſecond attack. A moſt excellent method, indeed, to defend one's ſovereign! Yet ſuch is the moſt admired beauty in the Henriade ‡!———Mr. Locke was highly pleaſed with the *epic poems* of Blackmore: And there are a race of critics, of Mr. Locke's taſte, who admire the Henriade, who call it *All Senſe*, who are pleaſed with Diſcorde in her chariot, and La Politique, ſometimes in one monk's frock, and ſometimes in another, the very Dutch ſtyle of painting; but who yet decry the grand perſonnifications of Milton's angels, as the moſt abſurd and *bizarre* extravagance. Nor is their reſemblance to Locke's taſte leſs remarkable, than the likeneſs between Blackmore's Arthurs and the Henriade. That *ſenſe* which is admired in the French poem, abounds in the Arthurs. In their machinery of Angels and Souls is a ſtriking likeneſs; the ſame ſtrain of common place deſcription, the ſame round of ſervile imitations, the ſame idle pretences to moderation in theology, and ſame want of poetical novelty, characteriſe the Henriade and the Ten epic poems of Blackmore. To conſtitute a poem worthy of the name of Epic in the ſtricteſt and higheſt ſenſe, ſome grand characteriſtics of ſubject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are abſolutely neceſſary. Of all the moderns, Camoens and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Taſſo has ſomething of it, but Voltatre has not the leaſt claim to this eſſential conſtituent of a real Epic. In a word, let our cold-blooded critics admire him as they pleaſe, the total want of originality, both in the circumſtances and poetical colouring, the want of that connection and gradation neceſſary to the Epic unity; the deficiency of grandeur, the idle ſpirit of theological *nibbling* about Plato, Bramins, and Bonzes, which runs through the whole; and *ſuch a machinery*, all combine to vindicate the man who is bold enough to pronounce that France has as yet no Epic poem, though Voltaire has written the Henriade.

‡ Voltaire informs us, that the judicious Critics, with whom France abounds, deſpiſe the Pandæmonium of Milton, and cannot bear his Death and Sin. He tells us that we know not what angels are, and therefore cannot be intereſted for them; and that it is abſurd to arm ſpirits with ſwords, for they cannot hurt each other with them. For theſe reaſons, he ſays, the battle of the angels appears to the judicious French critics as void of taſte, veriſimilitude, or reaſon.——But let the reputation of Voltaire be as high as it will, who can forbear to call this criticiſm an utter ignorance of the ſpirit of poetry. It is true we know neither the form nor the arms of an angel. But what then, in the name of all the Muſes? Will not true poetry perſonnify them in the manner of a Milton? Muſt Diſcorde have a trumpet and ride about in a chariot; and muſt not Milton arm a warrior angel with a ſword! Muſt the paſſions be perſonnified, and muſt not an angel be repreſented as the moſt graceful figure! But this needs no enforcement——That nation which can condemn the perſonnifications of Milton, and admire thoſe of the Henriade, highly merit the character which Voltaire tells us (Genev. Edit. vol. I. p. 314.) Monſieur Malezieux, in converſation with himſelf, gave them—"*Les Français n'ont pas la tête épique*——The French have not heads for Epic Poetry."

THE

LUSIAD.[a]

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Heroes, who from Liſbon's ſhore,
Thro' Seas[b] where ſail was never ſpread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her ſpicy breaſt,
And waves her woods above the watery waſte,

[a] *The Luſiad*; in the original, Os Luſiadas, The Luſiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Luſus or Lyſas, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who ſettled a colony in Luſitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

[b] *Thro' Seas where ſail was never ſpread before.*—M. Duperron de Caſtera, who has given a French proſe tranſlation, or rather paraphraſe of the Luſiad, has a long note on this paſſage, which he tells us, muſt not be underſtood literally. Our author, he ſays, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian Oceans had been navigated before the times of the Portugueſe. The Phœnicians whoſe fleets paſſed the ſtraits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in theſe ſeas, though they carefully concealed the courſe of their navigation that other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon, and Hiram king of Tyre, ſent ſhips to the Eaſt by the Red Sea. It is alſo certain that Hanno a Carthaginian captain made a voyage round the whole coaſt of Africa, as is evident from the hiſtory of the expedition, written by himſelf in the Punic language; a Greek tranſlation of which is now extant. Beſides,

With proweſs more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the riſing day:
What wars they wag'd, what ſeas, what dangers paſt,
What glorious Empire crown'd their toils at laſt,
Vent'rous I ſing, on ſoaring pinions borne,
[c] And all my Country's wars the ſong adorn;

ſides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy and Strabo, aſſure us, that Mozambic and the adjacent iſlands and ſome parts of India were known to the Romans: and theſe words of Macrobius, *Sed nec monſtruoſis carnibus abſtinetis, inſerentes poculis teſticulos Caſtorum et venenata corpora Viperarum; quibus admiſcetis quidquid India nutrit,* ſufficiently prove that they carried on a conſiderable traffic with the Eaſt. From all which, ſays M. Caſtera, we may conclude that the Portugueſe were rather the Reſtorers than the Diſcoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this firſt book, and throughout the whole Poem, Camoens frequently deſcribes his Heroes as paſſing through ſeas which had never before been navigated; and

Que ſó dos feyos focas ſe navega.
Where but Sea-monſters cut the waves before.

That this ſuppoſition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a ſolemn grandeur to his ſubject, might perhaps with M. Caſtera be eſteemed a ſufficient apology for the poetical licence in ſuch a violation of hiſtorical truth. Yet whatever liberties an Epic or Tragic Poet may commendably take in embelliſhing the actions of his heroes, an aſſertion relating to the ſcene where his Poem opens, if falſe, muſt be equally ridiculous as to call Veſpaſian the firſt who had ever aſſumed the title of Ceſar. But it will be found that Camoens has not fallen into ſuch abſurdity. The Poem opens with a deſcription of the Luſitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian Ocean, ſo far from land that it required the care of the Gods to conduct it to ſome hoſpitable ſhore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians paſſed the *Ne plus ultra* of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coaſt of Cornwall, and the iſles of Scilly; though there is ſome reaſon to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has been *ſuppoſed* that ſome of their ſhips *might* have been driven by ſtorm to the Brazils or North-America; yet there is not the leaſt foundation in hiſtory to ſuppoſe that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a demonſtration of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the Eaſt, by a much nearer and ſafer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it known in what particular part, whether in the Perſian gulph, or in the Indian Ocean, the Tarſhiſh and Ophir of the ancients are ſituated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is alſo equally certain that his voyage was merely a coaſting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great Ocean, or went ſo far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in queſtion, for it is certain that the Romans received the Merchandiſe of India by the way of Syria and the Mediterranean, in the ſame manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the Eaſt from Alexandria before the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who ſailed by the Compaſs, after having gone further than his cotemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the firſt who ever ſpread ſail in the great ſouthern Ocean, and that the Portugueſe were not the Reſtorers, but literally the Diſcoverers of the preſent rout of Navigation to the Eaſt Indies.

[c] *And all my Country's wars.*——He interweaves artfully the hiſtory of Portugal. ——Voltaire.

What

What Kings, what Heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Aſia's and on Afric's ſtrand:
Illuſtrious ſhades, who levell'd in the duſt
The idol-temples and the ſhrines of luſt;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
[d] To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd:
Illuſtrious names, with deathleſs laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!

Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he ſaw, what toils at ſea he bore;
Nor more the Trojan's wandering voyage boaſt,
What ſtorms he brav'd, how driven on many a coaſt:

[d] *To Holy Faith unnumber'd altars rear'd.* ——In no period of Hiſtory does Human Nature appear with more ſhocking, more diabolical features than in the wars of Cortez, and the Spaniſh Conquerors of South America. To the immortal honour of the Portugueſe Diſcoverers, their conduct was in every reſpect the reverſe. To eſtabliſh a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themſelves, was the motive on which they acted; the ſtricteſt honour, and that humanity which is ever inſeparable from true bravery, preſided over their tranſactions; nor did they ever proceed to hoſtilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the Natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendſhip courted by the Indian Princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and reſpect by the people and princes of India, though his conqueſts in the Eaſt were ſo great, that his Countrymen, without offering any injury to the fame of Alexander, compared him to that renowned Hero. It was owing to this ſpirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characteriſed that nation, that the religion of the Portugueſe was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly diſdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, profeſſing they would rather go to hell to eſcape theſe cruel Tyrants, than go to heaven, where they were told, they would meet them. Zeal for the Chriſtian religion was eſteemed, at the time of the Portugueſe grandeur, as the moſt cardinal Virtue, and to propagate Chriſtianity and extirpate Mohammediſm were the moſt certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was profeſſedly a principal motive of the Luſitanian Monarchs, and Camoëns underſtood the nature of Epic poetry too well to omit, That the deſign of his Hero was to divulge the Law of heaven, a circumſtance which gives a noble air of importance to his Subject. To take notice of the vaſt ſucceſs of the Portugueſe in propagating their religion, a ſucceſs ſo different from that of our modern miſſionaries, is a neceſſary Elucidation of this, and of ſeveral other paſſages of the Luſiad.

No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eaſtern conqueſts Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler Hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the ſong of ancient days,
Illuſtrious Gama, whom the waves obey'd,
And whoſe dread ſword the fate of Empire ſway'd.

And you, fair Nymphs of Tagus, parent ſtream,
If e'er your meadows were my paſtoral theme,
While you have liſten'd, and by moonſhine ſeen
My footſteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auſpicious, and the ſong inſpire
With all the boldneſs of your Hero's fire:
Deep and majeſtic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to heaven, with ardent fury glow,
Unlike the verſe that ſpeaks the lover's grief,
When heaving ſighs afford their ſoft relief,
And humble reeds bewail the ſhepherd's pain:
But like the warlike trumpet be the ſtrain
To rouſe the Hero's rage, and far around,
With equal powers, your warriors' deeds reſound.

And thou, [f] O born the pledge of happier days,
To guard our freedom and our glories raiſe,

[f] King Sebaſtian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praiſes of the future Hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happineſs to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterpriſing genius promiſed indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he

Given to the world to ſpread religion's ſway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,
Thy future honours on thy ſhield behold,
The croſs, and victor's wreath, emboſt in gold:

he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpoſe to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been depoſed by Muley Molucco. On the 4th of Auguſt, 1578, in the 25th year of his age, he gave battle to the Uſurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Mooriſh Emperor, extremely weakened by ſickneſs, was carried in his litter. By the impetuoſity of the attack, the firſt line of the Mooriſh infantry was broken, and the ſecond diſordered. Muley Molucco on this mounted his horſe, drew his ſabre, and would have put himſelf at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his attendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was ſo great that he fell from his horſe, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his finger on his lips to enjoin them ſilence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba ſtood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the Emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portugueſe was ſo total, that not above fifty of their whole army eſcaped. Hieron de Mendoça, and Sebaſtian de Meſa relate, that Don Sebaſtian, after having two horſes killed under him, was ſurrounded and taken; but the party who had ſecured him quarrelling among themſelves whoſe priſoner he was, a Mooriſh officer rode up and ſtruck the King a blow over the right eye which brought him to the ground; when, deſpairing of ranſom, the others killed him. Faria y Souſa, an exact and judicious hiſtorian reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the King with the royal ſtandard wrapped round him, Sebaſtian cried out, "Hold it "faſt, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed, that after he himſelf was taken priſoner, he ſaw the King at a diſtance unpurſued. Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making towards the river; and this, ſays the hiſtorian, was the laſt time he was ever ſeen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a ſtranger at Venice, who called himſelf Sebaſtian, King of Portugal, whom he ſo perfectly reſembled, that the Portugueſe of that city acknowledged him for their Sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now Maſter of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambaſſador at Venice charged this ſtranger with many attrocious crimes, and had intereſt to get him apprehended and thrown into priſon as an impoſtor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himſelf of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; he gave a diſtinct account of the manner in which he had paſſed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the ſucceſſor of Muley Molucco ſent a corps to Portugal which had been owned as that of the King by the Portugueſe nobility who ſurvived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet de chambre had produced that body to facilitate his eſcape, and that the nobility acted upon the ſame motive, and Meſa and Baena confeſs, that ſome of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged, that the corps was ſo disfigured with wounds that it was impoſſible to know it. He ſhewed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the perſon of the King whoſe name he aſſumed. He entered into a minute detail of the tranſactions that had paſſed between himſelf and the republic, and mentioned the ſecrets of ſeveral converſations with the Venetian ambaſſadors in the palace of Liſbon. The Committee were aſtoniſhed, and ſhewed no diſpoſition to declare him an Impoſtor; the Senate however refuſed to diſcuſs the great point, unleſs requeſted by ſome Prince or State in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the Prince of Orange, and an exa-

At thy commanding frown we truſt to ſee,
The Turk and Arab bend the ſuppliant knee:
[g] Beneath the morn, dread King, thine Empire lies,
When midnight veils thy Luſitanian ſkies;
And when deſcending in the weſtern main
[h] The ſun ſtill riſes on thy lengthening reign:

examination was made with great ſolemnity, but no deciſion followed, only the Senate ſet him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the moſt barbarous indignities. After they had often expoſed him, mounted on an aſs, to the cruel inſults of the brutal mob, he was ſhipped on board a galley as a ſlave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a caſtle in the heart of Caſtile, and never was heard of more. The firmneſs of his behaviour, his ſingular modeſty and heroical patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the laſt he maintained the truth of his aſſertions; a word never ſlipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of Impoſture, or juſtify the cruelty of his perſecutors. All Europe were aſtoniſhed at the Miniſtry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair ſo little to their credit, the topic of general converſation; and their aſſertion, that the unhappy ſufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of his pretenſions.

[g] Portugal, when Camoens wrote his Luſiad, was at the zenith of its power and ſplendor. The glorious ſucceſſes which had attended the arms of the Portugueſe in Africa, had gained them the higheſt military reputation. Their fleets covered the Ocean. Their dominions and ſettlements extended along the weſtern and eaſtern ſides of the vaſt African continent. From the Red Sea to China and Japan they were ſole maſters of the riches of the Eaſt; and in America, the fertile and extenſive regions of Brazil compleated their Empire. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the imagination of Camoens was warmed with the view of his Country's greatneſs, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a ſtrain, which muſt appear as mere hyperbole to thoſe whoſe ideas of Portugal are drawn from its preſent diminiſhed ſtate. After the defeat of Don Sebaſtian at Alcazar, which was the firſt ſtep of the declenſion of the Portugueſe grandeur, his uncle Cardinal Enricus aſcended the throne; but he dying after a reign of two years, Philip II. of Spain made himſelf maſter of the kingdom of Portugal, which remained under the Spaniſh yoke for about ſixty years. During this period, the Dutch poſſeſſed themſelves of the beſt Portugueſe ſettlements in the Eaſt Indies, in Africa and America; and thus, a ſudden evening interrupted the grandeur of the Portugueſe: So juſt is the obſervation of Goldſmith,

That Trade's proud Empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As Ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

May the Engliſh Eaſt India Company, in the midſt of their ſucceſſes, remember the fate of their predeceſſors, and ever be guarded againſt that politic people, who, according to the principles on which they have always acted, would take the ſame advantages of the weakneſs of England, which heretofore they took of the diſtreſſes of Portugal!

[h] *The Sun*—Imitated perhaps from Rutilius, ſpeaking of the Roman Empire,

Volvitur ipſe tibi, qui conſpicit omnia, Phœbus,
Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos.

or

Thou blooming Scion of the nobleſt ſtem,
Our nation's ſafety, and our age's gem,
O young Sebaſtian, haſten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the Muſe's lay
While thy green years to manhood ſpeed away:
The youthful terrors of thy brow ſuſpend,
And, O propitious, to the ſong attend,
The numerous ſong, by Patriot-paſſion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inſpir'd:
To be the Herald of my Country's fame
My firſt ambition and my deareſt aim:
Nor conqueſts fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muſe's paſtime, here adorn the ſtrain:
Orlando's fury, and Rugero's rage,
And all the heroes of th' Aonian page,
The dreams of Bards ſurpaſs'd the world ſhall view,
And own their boldeſt fictions may be true;
Surpaſs'd, and dimm'd by the ſuperior blaze
Of GAMA's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth diſplays.
Nor more let Hiſtory boaſt her heroes old,
Their glorious rivals here, dread Prince, behold:
Here ſhine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,
Whoſe ſingle arm the falling ſtate ſuſtain'd;

or more probably from theſe lines of Buchanan, addreſſed to John III. king of Portugal, the grand father of Sebaſtian.

Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orienſque caaenſque
Vix longum feſſo conderet axe diem.
Et quæcunque vago ſe circumvolvit Olympo
Affulget ratibus flamma miniſtra tuis.

Here

Here fearleſs Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
To give full ardour to the ſong combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering ſounds of Homer's lyre.
[1] To match the Twelve ſo long by Bards renown'd,
Here brave Magrizo and his Peers are crown'd
(A glorious Twelve!) with deathleſs laurels, won
In gallant arms before the Engliſh throne.
Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles ſhall ſtand,
Nor Cæſar's name the firſt of praiſe command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alphonſos ſee,
Thy valiant Sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquiſh'd Afric bow'd. Nor leſs in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whoſe awful ſword
Rebellion crouch'd, and trembling own'd him Lord.
Thoſe Heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And ſpread thy banners o'er the eaſtern world,
Whoſe ſpears ſubdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names, and glorious wars the ſong adorn:
The daring Gama, whoſe unequal'd name
Proud monarch ſhines o'er all of naval fame:
Caſtro the bold, in arms a peerleſs knight,
And ſtern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:

[1] *To match the Twelve ſo long by Bards renown'd*—The Twelve Peers of France, often mentioned in the old Romances. For the Epiſode of Magrizo and his eleven companions, ſee the ſixth Luſiad.

The

The two Almeydas, names for ever dear,
By Tago's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear;
Ah, ſtill their early fate the nymphs ſhall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapleſs urn:
Nor ſhall the godlike Albuquerk reſtrain
The Muſe's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The Muſe ſhall lead him in his thundering car
Amidſt his glorious brothers of the war,
Whoſe fame in arms reſounds from ſky to ſky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while, to thee, I tune the duteous lay,
Aſſume, O potent King, thine Empire's ſway;
With thy brave hoſt through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal ſong:
On thee with earneſt eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous Mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his ſhoulder bows;
To thee, fair Thetis yields her blue domain,
And binds her daughter with thy nuptial chain;
And from the bowers of heaven thy Grandſires [k] ſee
Their various virtues bloom afreſh in thee;
One for the joyful days of Peace renown'd,
And one with War's triumphant laurels crown'd:

[k] *Thy Grandſires*—John III. King of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the Emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almoſt continual wars.

With joyful hands, to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they ſee,
In Fame's eternal dome, reſerv'd [l] for thee.
Yet while thy youthful hand delays to wield
The ſcepter'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in ſeas unknown,
And all the terrors of the burning zone,
Till their proud ſtandards, rear'd in other ſkies,
And all their conqueſts meet thy wondering [m] eyes.

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode
The Luſitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they traced the wide and loneſome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his ſcaly train;
The dancing vanes before the Zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the tractleſs Ocean plow'd;
Unplow'd before, the green-ting'd billows roſe,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the God who with a thought controuls
The raging ſeas, and balances the poles,

[l] *Anne novum tardis ſidus te menſibus addas,*
Qua locus Erigonen inter chelaſque ſequentes
Panditur: ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cæli juſta plus parte reliquit.
VIRG. G. I.

[m] Some Critics have condemned Virgil for ſtopping his narrative to introduce even a ſhort obſervation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been blamed for the ſame reaſon, as being no part of the ſubject of his Poem. The addreſs of Camoens to Don Sebaſtian has not eſcaped the ſame cenſure; though in ſome meaſure undeſervedly, as the Poet has had the art to interweave therein ſome part of the general argument of his poem.

From

From heav'n beheld, and will'd, in ſovereign ſtate,
To fix the eaſtern World's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal ſenate of the ſkies;
Where, from the ſovereign throne of earth and heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of fate are given.
Inſtant the Regents of the ſpheres of light,
And thoſe who rule the paler orbs of night,
With thoſe, the gods whoſe delegated ſway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whoſe empires ſee the day-ſtar riſe,
And evening Phœbus leave the weſtern ſkies,
All inſtant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's chryſtal pavements glittering as they trode:
And now, obedient to the dread command,
Before their awful Lord in order ſtand.

Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with ſtars, and bright as lightning ſhone,
Th' immortal Sire, who darts the thunder, ſate,
The crown and ſceptre added ſolemn ſtate;
The crown, of heaven's own pearls, whoſe ardent rays,
Flam'd round his brows, outſhone the diamond's blaze:
His breath ſuch gales of vital fragrance ſhed,
As might, with ſudden life, inſpire the dead:

Supreme Controul throned in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the Monarch of the ſkies.
On ſeats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The ſubject Gods their ſovereign Lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that ſhook
The towers of heaven the world's dread Ruler ſpoke:

Immortal heirs of light, my purpoſe hear,
My counſels ponder, and the Fates revere:
Unleſs Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank ſhades, to you, ye Gods, are known
The Fate's Decree, and ancient warlike Fame
Of that bold race which boaſts of Luſus' name;
That bold advent'rous race the Fates declare,
A potent empire in the Eaſt ſhall rear,
Surpaſſing Babel's or the Perſian fame,
Proud Grecia's boaſt, or Rome's illuſtrious name.
Oft from thoſe brilliant ſeats have you beheld
The ſons of Luſus on the duſty field,
With few triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tagus' ſhores
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has heaven
Before their troops the proud Caſtilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings diſplay'd
Where'er their Warriors waved the ſhining blade.

Nor

Nor reſts unknown how Luſus' heroes ſtood
When Rome's ambition dy'd the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus [n] gain'd,
How oft his ſword with Roman gore was ſtain'd;
And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the Chief renown'd,
Who [o] feign'd a dæmon, in a deer conceal'd,
To him the counſels of the Gods reveal'd.

[n] This brave Luſitanian, who was firſt a ſhepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exaſperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and ſhake off the yoke. Being appointed General, he defeated Vetilius the Prætor, who commanded in Luſitania, or farther Spain. After this he defeated in three pitched battles, the Prætors C. Plautius Hypſæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led againſt him very numerous armies. For ſix years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waſte the countries of their allies. Having obtained ſuch advantages over the Proconſul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or ſlavery; the brave Viriatus, inſtead of putting them all to the ſword, as he could eaſily have done, ſent a deputation to the General, offering to conclude a peace with him on this ſingle condition, *That he ſhould continue Maſter of the Country now in his power, and that the Romans ſhould remain poſſeſſed of the reſt of Spain.*

The Proconſul, who expected nothing but death or ſlavery, thought theſe very favourable and moderate terms, and without heſitation concluded a peace, which was ſoon after ratified by the Roman ſenate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, compleated the glorious deſign he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vaſt country he had conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: He would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, ſtill deſirous to revenge their late defeat, ſoon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exaſperate Viriatus, and force him by repeated affronts to commit the firſt acts of hoſtility. But this mean artifice did not ſucceed: Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the peace. On this the Conſcript Fathers, to the eternal diſgrace of their Republic, ordered Cæpio to delare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baſeneſs Cæpio added ſtill a greater; he corrupted the ambaſſadors which Viriatus had ſent to negotiate with him, who, at the inſtigation of the Roman, treacherouſly murdered their Protector and General while he ſlept.----Univ. Hist.

[o] Sertorius, who was invited by the Luſitanians to defend them againſt the Romans. He had a tame white Hind, which he had accuſtomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the inſtructions of Diana. By this artifice he impoſed upon the ſuperſtition of that people.

Vid. Plut.

And now ambitious to extend their ſway
Beyond their conqueſts on the ſouthmoſt bay
Of Afric's ſwarthy coaſt, on floating wood
They brave the terrors of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd miſts have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have ſail'd the wave before;
Beneath new ſkies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whoſe mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd, that long ſhall Luſus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide ſea, whoſe waves behold
The ſun come forth enthroned in burning gold.
But now the tedious length of winter paſt,
Diſtreſs'd and weak, the heroes faint at laſt.
What gulphs they dared, you ſaw, what ſtorms they braved,
Beneath what various heavens their banners waved!
Now Mercy pleads, and ſoon the riſing land
To their glad eyes ſhall o'er the waves expand;
As welcome friends the natives ſhall receive,
With bounty feaſt them, and with joy relieve.
And when refreſhment ſhall their ſtrength renew,
Thence ſhall they turn, and their bold rout purſue.

So ſpoke high Jove: The Gods in ſilence heard,
Then riſing each, by turns, his thoughts preferr'd:

But

But chief was Bacchus [p] of the adverſe train;
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Luſus' race arrive on India's ſhore,
His ancient honours would be named no more;
No more in Nyſa [q] ſhould the natives tell
What kings, what mighty hoſts before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the riſing ſun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal ſong
The Conqueror's title ſhould to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that loos'd from Spain
Boldly advent'rous thro' the polar main,
A warlike race ſhould come, renown'd in arms,
And ſhake the eaſtern world with war's alarms,
Whoſe glorious conqueſts and eternal fame
In black Oblivion's waves ſhould whelm his name.

Urania-Venus [r], Queen of ſacred Love,
Aroſe a pleader on the part of Jove;

[p] *But chief was Bacchus.*——The French Tranſlator has the following note on this place: *Le Camoens n'a pourtant fait en cela que ſuivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premiere chapitre de Job.* Quidam autem die cum veniſſent, &c. *Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'etoient aſſemble devant ſon trone, Satan y vint auſſi, &c.*

[q] *No more in Nyſa.*—An antient city in India ſacred to Bacchus.

[r] *Urania-Venus.*——An Italian poet has given the following deſcription of the celeſtial Venus.

Queſta è vaga di Dio Venere bella
Vicina al Sole, e ſopra ogni altra eſtella
Queſta è quella beata, a cui s'inchina,
A cui ſi volge deſiando amore,
Chiamata cui del Ciel rara e divina
Beltà che vien tra noi per noſtro honore,
Per far le menti deſiando al Cielo
Obliare l'altrui col proprio velo.

MARTEL.

Her

Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Luſus' ſons could trace
A kindred likeneſs to the Roman race,
For whom of old ſuch kind regard ſhe [s] bore;
The ſame their triumphs on Barbaria's ſhore,
The ſame the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly muſic of their tongue the [t] ſame:
Affection thus the lovely Goddeſs ſway'd,
Nor leſs what Fate's unblotted page diſplay'd,
Where'er this people ſhould their empire raiſe,
She knew her altars would unnumbered blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy ſhrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her ſpreading honours thus the one inſpired,
And one the dread to loſe his worſhip fired.
Their ſtruggling factions ſhook th' Olympian ſtate
With all the clamorous tempeſt of debate.
Thus when the ſtorm with ſudden guſt invades
The antient foreſt's deep and lofty ſhades,
The burſting whirlwinds tear their rapid courſe,
The ſhatter'd oaks craſh, and with echoes hoarſe
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blaſt
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkneſs caſt;

[s] See the note in the Second Book on the following paſſage;—

As when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore, &c.

[t] *The manly muſic of their tongue the ſame.* —Camoens ſays,

E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao crê que he Latina.

Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, and the original, both prove this.

——— ——— ——— *their tongue*
Which ſhe thinks Latin with ſmall droſs among.

Such

Such was the tumult in the bleſt abodes,
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,
Stept forth: ſtern ſparkles from his eye balls glanc'd,
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left ſhoulder his broad ſhield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he ſtands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall ſpear-ſtaff on the ſounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale [a]---Such dread
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus ſpread:
When thus the Warrior,---O Eternal Sire,
Thine is the ſceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, Father, hear,
Shall that bold Race which once to thee was dear,
Who now fulfilling thy decrees of old,
Through theſe wild waves their fearleſs journey hold,
Shall that bold Race no more thy care engage,
But ſink the victims of unhallowed rage!
Did Bacchus yield to Reaſon's voice divine,
Bacchus the cauſe of Luſus' ſons would join,
Luſus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But Envy ſtill a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.

[a] ——*and the light turn'd pale*——The thought in the Original has ſomething in it wildly great, though it is not expreſſed in the happieſt manner of Camoens,

O ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorvado
Hum pauco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

Then thou, dread Lord of Fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counſels ſtain,
For Luſus' Race thy promis'd favour ſhew:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's ſon explore the watery way,
Where ſpent with toil, with weary hopes, they ſtray;
And ſafe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, impower'd, their wandering veſſels guide;
There let them hear of India's wiſh'd-for ſhore,
And balmy reſt their fainting ſtrength reſtore.

He ſpoke: high Jove aſſenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance ſhed:
Then lowly bending to th' Eternal Sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the Gods retire.

Whilſt thus in Heaven's bright palace Fate was weigh'd,
Right onward ſtill the brave Armada ſtray'd:
Right on they ſteer by Ethiopia's ſtrand
And paſtoral Madagaſcar's [b] verdant land.
Before the balmy gales of cheerful ſpring,
With heav'n their friend, they ſpread the canvas wing;
The ſky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The laſting promiſe of a calm declare.

[b] *And paſtoral Madagaſcar* — Called by the ancient Geographers Menuthia, and Cerna Ethiopica; by the natives, the Iſland of the Moon; and by the Portugueſe, the Iſle of St. Laurence, on whoſe feſtival they diſcovered it.

The

Behind them now the Cape of Praſo bends,
Another Ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topt iſlands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves [c], in proſpect riſe.
But Gama, (captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whoſe martial fires, with prudence cloſe allied,
Enſured the ſmiles of fortune on his ſide)
Bears off thoſe ſhores which waſte and wild appear'd,
And eaſtward ſtill for happier climates ſteer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of ſmall canoes the Pilot ſpied;
Hoiſting their ſails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a ſwarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and ſharp to bound along
Through the daſh'd waters, broad their oars and ſtrong:
The bending rowers on their features bore
The ſwarthy marks of Phaeton's [d] fall of yore:

[c] *Lav'd by the gentle waves*—The Original ſays, the Sea ſhewed them new iſlands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Neptune diſclos'd new iſles which he did play
About, and with his billows danc't the bay.

[d] ———of Phaeton's fall—

——*ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtonis amati,*
Populeas inter frondes umbramque ſororum
Dum canit, & mæſtum muſa ſolatur amorem:
Canentem molli pluma duxiſſe ſenectam,
Linquentem terras, et ſidera voce ſequentem.
VIRG. EN.

The hiſtorical foundation of the fable of Phaeton is this. Phaeton was a young enterpriſing Prince of Libya. Croſſing the Mediterranean in queſt of adventures he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to ſee his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaeton was ſkilled in aſtrology, from whence he arrogated to himſelf the title of the ſon of Apollo. One day in the heat of ſummer as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horſes took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where together with their maſter they periſhed. Cygnus, who was a Poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verſe, from whence the fable.
Vid. Plutar. in vit. Pyrr.

When flaming lightnings ſcorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, diſcover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton ſtrip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'Twas one whole piece beneath one arm confin'd,
The reſt hung looſe and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breaſt, above the loins was bare,
And ſwelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and faulchions broad,
And warlike muſic ſounded as they row'd.
With joy the ſailors ſaw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear:
What nations theſe, their wondering thoughts explore,
What rites they follow, and what God adore!
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty maſts the nimble youths aſcend,
The ropes they haule, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowſprits pointing to the ſhore,
A ſafe moon'd bay, with ſlacken'd ſails they bore:
With cheerful ſhouts they furl the gather'd ſail
That leſs and leſs flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their ſpeed ſtopt, o'er the ſurges nod,
The falling anchors daſh the foaming flood;

When

When ſudden as they ſtopt, the ſwarthy race
With ſmiles of friendly welcome on each face,
Alert and bounding, by the cordage climb:
Illuſtrious Gama, with an air ſublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendſhip gives,
Bids ſpread the board, and, inſtant as he ſaid,
Along the deck the feſtive board is ſpread:
The ſparkling wine in chryſtal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the Vine its ſprightly glee inſpires,
From whence the fleet, the ſwarthy Chief enquires,
What ſeas they paſt, what vantage would attain,
And what the ſhore their purpoſe hop'd to gain?
From fartheſt weſt, the Luſian race reply,
To reach the golden eaſtern ſhores we try.
Through that unbounded ſea whoſe billows roll
From the cold northern to the ſouthern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vaſt
Of Afric's bays, already have we paſt;
And many a ſky have ſeen, and many a ſhore,
Where but ſea-monſters cut the waves before.
To ſpread the glories of our Monarch's reign,
For India's ſhore we brave the trackleſs main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The diſmal gulphs of Acheron's black wave.

And now, in turn, your race, your Country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell,
To us, unconſcious of the falſehood, ſhew
What of theſe ſeas and India's ſite you know.

Rude are the natives here, the Moor reply'd,
Dark are their minds, and brute-deſire their guide:
But we of alien blood, and ſtrangers here,
Nor hold their cuſtoms nor their laws revere.
From Abram's [c] race our holy prophet ſprung,
An Angel taught, and heaven inſpir'd his tongue;
His ſacred rites and mandates we obey,
And diſtant Empires own his holy ſway.
From iſle to iſle our trading veſſels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
If then your ſails for India's ſhores expand,
For ſultry Ganges or Hydaſpes' ſtrand,
Here ſhall you find a Pilot ſkill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide,
Though wide ſpread ſhelves, and cruel rocks unſeen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits theſe iſlands hold,
And to the Regent let your wiſh be told.

[c] *From Abram's race our holy prophet ſprung.*—Mohammed, who was deſcended from Iſhmael, the ſon of Abraham by Hagar.

Then

Then may your mates the needful ſtores provide,
And all your various wants be here ſupplied.

So ſpake the Moor, and bearing ſmiles untrue
And ſigns of friendſhip, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhop'd the ſailors ſtood,
To find ſuch kindneſs on a ſhore ſo rude.

Now ſhooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd Sun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful reſt their wearied ſtrength repairs.
Calm Twilight[1] now his drowſy mantle ſpreads,
And ſhade on ſhade, the gloom ſtill deepening ſheds.
The Moon, full orb'd, forſakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray
Stream o'er the gliſt'ning waves, and quivering play:
Around her, glittering on the heav'ns arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd ſtars, enclos'd in azure, glow,

[1] *Calm Twilight now*——Camoens, in this paſſage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diverſifying the ſcene he has made the deſcription his own. The paſſage alluded to is in the eighth Iliad:

Ως δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, &c.

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Pope:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

Thick

Thick as the dew-drops of the roſy dawn,
Or May-flowers crouding o'er the daiſy-lawn:
The canvas whitens in the ſilvery beam,
And with a paler red the pendants gleam:
The maſts' tall ſhadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds an holy ſilence keep;
The watchman's carol echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the ſtill repoſe.

Aurora now, with dewy luſtre bright,
Appears, aſcending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as ſeeming oft to pauſe,
The purple curtains of the morn ſhe draws;
The ſun comes forth, and ſoon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful taſks purſue.
Wide o'er the decks the ſpreading ſails they throw;
From each tall maſt the waving ſtreamers flow;
All ſeems a feſtive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the iſland's Lord.
With equal joy the Regent ſails to meet,
And brings freſh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred Race their line he deems,
That ſavage Race who ruſh'd from Caſpia's ſtreams,
And triumph'd o'er the Eaſt, and, Aſia won,
In proud Byzantium fixt their haughty throne.

Brave

Brave Vasco hails the chief with honeſt ſmiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boaſt of Europe's arts diſcloſe,
And ſparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the ſhrouds the wondering ſailors hung,
To note the Mooriſh garb, and barbarous tongue:
Nor leſs the ſubtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dreſs, and lordly ſhips admired:
Much he enquires their King's, their Country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile ſhores they came?
What God they worſhipp'd, what their ſacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore?
To whom brave Gama; Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plow from Izmael's ſhores the flood;
From Europe's ſtrand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worſhip ſtretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave theſe ſwelling waves to roll below;
The hemiſpheres of night and day he ſpread,
He ſcoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head;
His Word produc'd the nations of the earth,
And gave the ſpirits of the ſky their birth;
On Earth, by him, his holy lore was given,
On Earth he came to raiſe mankind to heaven.
And now behold, what moſt your eyes deſire,
Our ſhining armour, and our arms of fire;

For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle field.

Strait [g] as he ſpoke the Magazines diſplay'd
Their glorious ſhew, where, tire on tire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering ſteel the carabines,
There the plumed helms, and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers ſculptur'd orbs emboſt
The crooked faulchions dreadful blades were croſt:
Here claſping greaves, and plated mail-quilts ſtrong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung,
And like a grove the burniſh'd ſpears were ſeen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thouſand lurking in their wombs,
And far around of brown, and duſky red
The pointed piles of iron balls were ſpread.
The Bombadeers, now to the Regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their Leader's nod, the ſons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the ſame)

[g] *Strait as he ſpoke*——The deſcription of the armoury, and the account which Vaſco de Gama gives of his religion, conſiſts, in the Original, of thirty-two lines, which M. Caſtera has reduced into the following ſentence: *Leur Gouverneur fait differentes queſtions au Capitaine, qui pour le ſatisfaire lui explique en peu des mots la Religion que les Portugais ſuivent, l'uſage des armes dont ils ſe ſervent dans la guerre, et le deſſein qui les amene.*

This omiſſion affords us one of the numberleſs inſtances of the unpoetical taſte of the French Paraphriſt.

Withheld

Withheld their hands, nor gave the ſeeds of fire
To rouſe the thunders of the dreadful tire.
For GAMA's ſoul diſdain'd the pride of ſhew
Which acts the lion o'er the trembling roe.

His joy and wonder oft the Moor expreſt,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breaſt;
With ſmiles obedient to his will's controul,
He veils the purpoſe of his treacherous ſoul:
For Pilots, conſcious of the Indian ſtrand
Brave VASCO ſues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts ſhall recompence their toils;
The Moor prevents him with aſſenting ſmiles,
Reſolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall firſt the hatred of his ſoul declare;
Such ſudden rage his rankling mind poſſeſt,
When [z] GAMA's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.
Oh depth of heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On heaven's beſt lov'd in every clime ſhould wait;

[z] *When Gama's lips Meſſiah's name confeſt.* —This, and of conſequence, the reaſon of the Moor's hate, is entirely omitted by Caſtera. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, "knowing they were fol- "lowers of the truth which the Son of "David taught." Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

Knowing they follow that unerring light,
The Son of David holds out in his Book.

By this Solomon muſt be underſtood, not the Meſſiah, as meant by Camoens.

Zacocia, (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of ſome Mohammedan country.—The mutual exchange of good offices between our people and theſe iſlanders promiſed a long continuance of friendſhip, but it proved otherwiſe. No ſooner did Zacocia underſtand they were Chriſtians, than all his kindneſs was turned into the moſt bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and ſought by every means to deſtroy the fleet.----Oſorio, Bp. of Sylves, Hiſt. of the Portug. Diſcov.

Now ſmiling round on all the wondering crew
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew;
His nimble barges ſoon approach'd the land,
And ſhouts of joy received him on the ſtrand.

From heaven's high dome the Vintage-God beheld;
(Whom [h] nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd)
Well-pleaſed he mark'd the Moor's determined hate
And thus his mind revolved in ſelf-debate:

Has heaven, indeed, ſuch glorious lot ordain'd!
By Luſus' race ſuch conqueſts to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's ſhore,
Where I unrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I ſprung from Jove! and ſhall theſe wandering few,
What Ammon's ſon unconquer'd left, ſubdue!
Ammon's brave ſon who led the God of war
His ſlave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Muſt theſe poſſeſs what Jove to him deny'd,
Poſſeſs what never ſooth'd the Roman pride!
Muſt theſe the Victor's lordly flag diſplay
With hateful blaze beneath the riſing day,

[h] *Whom nine long months his father's thigh conceal'd.*----According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nouriſhed during his infancy in a cave of mount Meros, which in Greek ſignifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

My

My name diſhonour'd, and my victories ſtain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my ſhrines profaned!
No---be it mine to fan the Regent's hate;
Occaſion ſeized commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine---this captain now my dread no more,
Shall never ſhake his ſpear on India's ſhore.

So ſpake the Power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted thro' the fields of light.
[1] His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape,
And ruſh'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark ſemblance of a Moor he came
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard
And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd:
The Prince in haſte he ſought, and thus expreſt
His guileful hate in friendly counſel dreſt:

And to the Regent of this iſle alone
Are theſe Adventurers and their fraud unknown?
Has Fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?

[1] *His form divine he cloath'd in human ſhape.*

Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus ſeſe transformat aniles,
Et frontem obſcœnum rugis arat.——————VIR. EN. 7.

Yet

Yet ſtill their hands the peaceful olive bore
Whene'er they anchor'd on a foreign ſhore:
But nor their ſeeming, nor their oaths I truſt,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjuſt.
The nations ſink beneath their lawleſs force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly courſe.
We too, unleſs kind heaven and Thou prevent,
Muſt fall the victims of their dire intent,
And, gaſping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters ſold.
By ſtealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living ſpring:
Arm'd with his troop the Captain will appear;
For conſcious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there ſelect a truſty band,
And in cloſe ambuſh take thy ſilent ſtand,
There wait, and ſudden on the heedleſs foe
Ruſh, and deſtroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or ſay ſhould ſome eſcape the ſecret ſnare
Saved by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fall ſhall celebrate our iſle,
If fate conſent, and thou approve the guile.
Give then a Pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit;
Whoſe hand adventurous ſhall their helms miſguide,
To hoſtile ſhores, or whelm them in the tide.

So

So ſpoke the God, in ſemblance of a ſage
Renown'd for counſel and the craft of age.
The Moor with tranſport glowing in his face
Approved, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And inſtant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and implements of war,
That Luſus' ſons, might purple with their gore,
The chryſtal fountain which they ſought on ſhore:
And ſtill regardful of his dire intent,
A ſkilful pilot to the bay he ſent;
Of honeſt mien, yet practiſed in deceit,
Who far at diſtance on the beach ſhould wait,
And to the 'ſcaped, if ſome ſhould 'ſcape the ſnare
Should offer friendſhip and the pilot's care,
But when at ſea, on rocks ſhould daſh their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.

Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia ſpread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when GAMA roſe,
And from his bands a truſty ſquadron choſe:
Three ſpeedy barges brought their caſks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the chryſtal rill:
Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepared,
For martial care is ever on the guard:

And ſecret warnings ever are impreſt
On wiſdom ſuch as waked in Gama's breaſt.

And now, as ſwiftly ſpringing o'er the tide
Advanced the boats, a troop of Moors they ſpy'd;
O'er the pale ſands the ſable warriors crowd,
And toſs their threatening darts, and ſhout aloud.
Yet ſeeming artleſs, though they dared the fight,
Their eager hope they placed in artful flight,
To lead brave Gama where unſeen by day
In dark-brow'd ſhades their ſilent ambuſh lay.
With ſcornful geſtures o'er the beach they ſtride,
And puſh their level'd ſpears with barbarous pride,
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And ſtrike their ſounding ſhields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Luſian Race beheld,
And each brave breaſt with indignation ſwell'd,
To view ſuch foes like ſnarling dogs diſplay
Their threatening tuſks, and brave the ſanguine fray:
Together with a bound they ſpring to land,
Unknown whoſe ſtep firſt trode the hoſtile ſtrand.

Thus [k], when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil,

[k] *Thus when to gain his beauteous Charmer's ſmile,*
The youthful Lover dares the bloody toil.
This ſimilie is taken from a favourite exerciſe in Spain, where it is uſual to ſee young Gentlemen of the beſt families entering the liſts to fight with a Bull, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind

Before the nodding Bull's ſtern front he ſtands,
He leaps, he wheels, he ſhouts, and waves his hands:
The lordly brute diſdains the ſtripling's rage,
His noſtrils ſmoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And ſhuts his flaming eyes, and wheeling round
With dreadful bellowing ruſhes on the foe,
And lays the boaſtful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the ſons of Luſus ſprung,
Nor ſlow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With ſudden roar the carabines reſound,
And burſting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hiſſing through the trembling air,
And death's fell dæmons through the flaſhes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms encloſe,
And caſt their ſhadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambuſh from their treacherous ſtand
Beheld the combat burning on the ſtrand:
They ſee the flaſh with ſudden lightnings flare,
And the blue ſmoke ſlow rolling on the air:
They ſee their warriors drop, and, ſtarting, hear
The lingering thunders burſting on their ear.

kind of cutlas, which the Spaniards call *Machete*. Though Camoens in this deſcription of it has given the victory to the Bull, it very ſeldom ſo happens, the young Caballeros being very expert at this valorous exerciſe, and ambitious to diſplay their dexterity, which is a ſure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the Ladies.

Amazed, appall'd, the treacherous ambuſh fled,
And raged [l], and curſt their birth, and quaked with dread.
The bands that vaunting ſhew'd their threaten'd might,
With ſlaughter gored, precipitate in flight;
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes that red with luſt of vengeance burn:
Aghaſt with fear and ſtern with deſperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints [m], clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild deſpair their hands ſupply:
And ſoon diſperſt, their bands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the ſhore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear:
Nor ſleeps the vengeance of the Victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his right arm on perjur'd vows ſhould wait,
He ſeized the time to awe the eaſtern world,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ſhips the ſudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old Ocean flaſh their dreadful rays:

[l] ——— *e maldizia*
O velho inerte, e a māy, que o filho cria.
Thus tranſlated by Fanſhaw,
——— *curſt their ill luck,*
Th' old Devil, and the Dam that gave them ſuck.

[m] *Flints, clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,*
As rage, &c.
Jamque faces et ſaxa volant, furor arma miniſtrat. VIRG. En. I.
The Spaniſh Commentator on this Place relates a very extraordinary inſtance of the *furor arma miniſtrans.* A Portugueſe Soldier at the ſiege of Diu in the Indies being ſurrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his muſket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it ſupplied the place of a bullet.

White

White clouds on clouds inroll'd the ſmoke aſcends,
The burſting tumult heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding ſhore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiſs along the ſky,
And whirring through the air the bullets fly;
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd ſound,
Groans to the direful ſtrife, and trembles round.

Now from the Mooriſh town the ſheets of fire,
Wide blaze ſucceeding blaze, to heaven aſpire.
Black riſe the clouds of ſmoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in ſtreams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And ſlowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landſcape ſpread.
Unnumber'd ſea-fowl riſing from the ſhore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar:
Where o'er the ſmoke the maſts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they ſcream, then dart with ſudden fear,
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with diſmal clang their native ſky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, haſtning to the ſhores,
Some truſt in boats their wealth and lives to ſave,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;

Some ſpread their arms to ſwim, and ſome beneath
The whelming billows, ſtruggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their noſtrils ſpout the brine;
While ſhowering ſtill from many a carabine
The leaden hail their ſails and veſſels tore,
Till ſtruggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring ſhore:
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd,
And GAMA's terrors to the Eaſt diſplay'd.

Imbrown'd with duſt a beaten pathway ſhews
Where 'midſt unbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now ſole maſters of the iſland's wealth,
With coſtly ſpoils and eaſtern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.

With hell's keen fires ſtill for revenge athirſt,
The Regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurſt,
To ſtrike a ſurer, yet a ſecret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promiſed Pilot to the fleet he ſends
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the Herald ſeems, and while he ſpeaks,
The winning tears ſteal down his hoary cheeks.
Brave GAMA, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the Pilot's hand receives:

A dreadful

A dreadful gift! inſtructed to decoy,
In gulphs to whelm them, or on rocks deſtroy.

The valiant Chief, impatient of delay,
For India now reſumes the watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the ſail,
Spread full the canvas to the riſing gale;
He ſpoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd veſſels ride;
While as they rode before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of ſea-born nymphs aroſe.
The while brave Vasco's unſuſpecting mind
Yet fear'd not ought the crafty Moor deſign'd:
Much of the coaſt he aſks, and much demands
Of Afric's ſhores and India's ſpicy lands.
The crafty Moor by vengeful Bacchus taught
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd, on Gama's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead.
Yet all the Chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor ought of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he ween'd to gain his eaſy faith,
And gain'd, betray to ſlavery or to death.
And now ſecurely truſting to deſtroy,
As erſt falſe Sinon ſnared the ſons of Troy,

Behold,

Behold, diſcloſing from the ſky, he cries,
Far to the north, yon cloud-like iſle ariſe:
From ancient times the natives of the ſhore
The blood-ſtain'd Image on the Croſs adore.
Swift at the word, the joyful GAMA cry'd,
For that fair iſland turn the helm aſide,
O bring my veſſels where the Chriſtians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude ſhall tell:
With ſullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that iſland turn'd the helm aſide.
For well Quiloa's ſwarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's offspring true;
Their ſtrength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd;
He knew what hate the Chriſtian name they bore,
And hoped that hate on VASCO's bands to pour.

Right to the land the faithleſs Pilot ſteers,
Right to the land the glad Armada bears;
But heavenly Love's fair Queen[n], whoſe watchful care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the ſnare.

[n] *But heavenly Love's fair Queen*—When GAMA arrived in the Eaſt, the Moors were the only people who engroſſed the trade of thoſe parts. Jealous of ſuch formidable rivals as the Portugueſe, they employed every artifice to accompliſh the deſtruction of GAMA's fleet, for they foreſaw the conſequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with theſe ſeas and ſpoke the Arabic language, GAMA was obliged to employ them both as Pilots and Interpreters. The circumſtance now mentioned by Camoens is an hiſtorical fact. The Mooriſh Pilot, ſays De Barros, intended to conduct the Portugueſe into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Chriſtians, but a ſudden ſtorm ariſing, drove the fleet from that ſhore, where death or

A ſudden ſtorm ſhe rais'd: Loud howl'd the blaſt,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning maſt
Bended beneath the weight. Deep ſunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppoſe;
In vain the Pilot would the ſpeed reſtrain,
The Captain ſhouts, the Sailors toil in vain;
Aſlope and gliding on the leeward ſide
The bounding veſſels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they paſt; and now the ſlacken'd ſail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Now many a league before the tempeſt toſt
The treacherous Pilot ſees his purpoſe croſt:
Yet vengeful ſtill, and ſtill intent on guile,
Behold, he cries, yon dim emerging iſle:
There live the votaries of Meſſiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendſhip with the Moor.
Yet all was falſe, for there Meſſiah's name,
Reviled and ſcorn'd, was only known by fame.
The groveling natives there, a brutal herd,
The ſenſual lore of Hagar's ſon preferr'd.

or ſlavery would have been the certain fate of GAMA and his companions. The villany of the Pilot was afterwards diſcovered. As GAMA was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ſhip ſtruck on a ſand bank, and finding their purpoſe of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Mooriſh Pilots leaped into the ſea and ſwam aſhore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgement of guilt, GAMA ordered two other Mooriſh Pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after ſome time, made a full confeſſion of their intended villany. This diſcovery greatly encouraged GAMA and his men, who now interpreted the ſudden ſtorm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interpoſition of the Divine Providence in their favour.

With

With joy brave Gama hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the ſail.
Yet watchful ſtill fair Love's celeſtial Queen
Prevents the danger with an hand unſeen;
Nor paſt the bar his ventrous veſſels guides,
And ſafe at anchor in the road he rides.

Between the iſle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverſe ſtrand;
Cloſe by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city roſe;
With fervid blaze the glowing Evening pours
Its purple ſplendors o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder luſtre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glaſſy ſtream.
Here reign'd an hoary King of ancient fame;
Mombaze the town, and fertile iſland's name.

As when the Pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely waſtes untrod by human race,
For many a day diſconſolate has ſtray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his ſhade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful ſeats of men
In grateful proſpect riſing on his ken:
So Gama joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vaſt, the loneſome watery way,

Had

Had ſeen new ſtars, unkown to Europe, riſe,
And brav'd the horrors of the polar ſkies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when proudly rear'd,
The ſplendid City o'er the wave appear'd,
Where heaven's own lore, he truſted, was obey'd,
And Holy Faith her ſacred rites diſplay'd.
And now ſwift crowding through the horned bay
The Mooriſh barges wing'd their foamy way,
To Gama's fleet with friendly ſmiles they bore
The choiceſt products of their cultured ſhore.
But there fell rancour veil'd its ſerpent-head,
Though feſtive roſes o'er the gifts were ſpread.
For Bacchus veil'd, in human ſhape, was here,
And pour'd his counſel in the Sovereign's ear.

O piteous lot of Man's uncertain ſtate!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would graſp its fond deſire,
The long-ſought tranſports in the graſp expire.
By ſea what treacherous calms, what ruſhing ſtorms,
And death attendant in a thouſand forms!
By land what ſtrife, what plots of ſecret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous ſmile!
O where ſhall Man eſcape his numerous foes,
And reſt his weary head in ſafe repoſe!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK II.

THE fervent luſtre of the evening ray
Behind the weſtern hills now died away,
And night, aſcending from the dim-brow'd eaſt,
The twilight gloom with deeper ſhades increaſt;
When GAMA heard the creaking of the oar,
And markt the white waves lengthening from the ſhore;
In many a ſkiff the eager natives came,
Their ſemblance friendſhip, but deceit their aim.
And now by GAMA's anchor'd ſhips they ride,
And, Hail illuſtrious chief, their leader cried,
Your fame already theſe our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown

Have braved the horrors of the ſouthern main,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs hold their endleſs reign,
Whoſe whelmy waves our weſtward prows have barr'd
From oldeſt times, and ne'er before were dared
By boldeſt Leader: Earneſt to behold
The wondrous hero of a toil ſo bold,
To you the Sovereign of theſe iſlands ſends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you friends.
If friendſhip you accept, whate'er kind heaven
In various bounty to theſe ſhores has given,
Whate'er your wants, your wants ſhall here ſupply,
And ſafe in port your gallant fleet ſhall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithleſs tide,
And ſudden burſting ſtorms, by you untry'd;
Yours every bounty of the fertile ſhore,
'Till balmy reſt your wearied crew reſtore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treaſures of the Indian ſtrand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the ſpicy grove;
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
Or give ſoft langour to the ſmarting wound;
Or if the ſplendor of the diamond's rays,
The ſapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your ſails to ſearch the Eaſtern world,
Here may theſe ſails in happy hour be furl'd:

For

For here the ſplendid treaſures of the mine,
And richeſt offſpring of the field combine
To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride deſires;
Then here, a potent King your generous friend,
Here let your per'lous toils and wandering ſearches [a] end.

He ſaid: brave GAMA ſmiles with heart ſincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: but now, he cries,
The black'ning evening veils the coaſt and ſkies,
And through theſe rocks unknown forbids to ſteer;
Yet when the ſtreaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eaſtern wave with ſilver hore
My ready prows ſhall gladly point to ſhore;
Aſſured of friendſhip, and a kind retreat,
Aſſured and proffer'd by a King ſo great.
Yet mindful ſtill of what his hopes had cheer'd,
That here his nation's holy ſhrines were rear'd,

[a] After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a ſudden ſtorm, the aſſurances of the Mozambic pilot that the city was chiefly inhabited by Chriſtians, ſtrongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze; "Nec ullum locum (ſays Oſorius) magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis poſſe reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama conſcenderant, variis morbis conſumpta fuerat, et qui evaſerant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus, et aquis dulcibus. Utitur præterea mira cælitemperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more noſtro ædificant.---Miſit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illius ſalutarent. . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam eſſe opulentiſſimam, earumque rerum omnium pleniſſimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeò eſſe in illos voluntate propenſum ut nihil eſſet tam difficile, quod non ſe eorum gratia facturum polliceretur." Oſorius Silvenſis Epiſc. de Rebus Emman. Regis Luſit. geſtis.

He

He aſks, if certain as the Pilot told,
Meſſiah's lore had flouriſhed there of old,
And flouriſhed ſtill? The Herald mark'd with joy
The pious wiſh, and watchful to decoy,
Meſſiah here, he cries, has altars more
Than all the various ſhrines of other lore.
O'erjoyed brave Vasco heard the pleaſing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-ſting might veil
Beneath the glitter of a ſhew ſo fair,
He half believes the tale, and arms againſt the ſnare.

[b] With Gama ſail'd a bold advent'rous band,
Whoſe headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:
Stern Juſtice for their crimes had aſk'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they ſtood;
But ſav'd by Gama from the ſhameful death,
The [b] bread of peace had ſeal'd their plighted faith,

[b] Erant enim in ea claſſe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita conceſſa, ut quibuſcunque in locis a Gama relicti fuiſſent, regiones luſtrarent, hominumque mores et inſtituta cogneſcerent. Oſor.

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predeceſſor John II. few criminals were executed in Portugal. Theſe great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the moſt dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were ſent upon the moſt hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the puniſhment they had merited: if ſucceſsful in what was requited, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of Gama, they rendered their country the greateſt atonement for their guilt which men in their circumſtances could poſſibly make. Where the ſubject thus obtrudes the occaſion, a ſhort digreſſion, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breaſt muſt be pleaſed with the wiſdom and humanity of the Portugueſe monarchs, indignation and regret muſt riſe on the view of the preſent ſtate of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner! That the Legiſlature *might* deviſe means to make the greateſt part of theſe lives uſeful to ſociety is a fact, which ſurely cannot be diſputed; though perhaps the remedy of an evil ſo ſhocking to humanity may be at ſome diſtance.

The

The deſolate coaſt, when ordered, to explore,
And dare each danger of the hoſtile ſhore:
From this bold band he choſe the ſubtleſt two,
The port, the city, and its ſtrength to view,
To mark if fraud its ſecret head betrayed,
Or if the rites of heaven were there diſplayed.
With coſtly gifts, as of their truth ſecure,
The pledge that GAMA deem'd their faith was pure.
Theſe two his Heralds to the King he ſends:
The faithleſs Moors depart as ſmiling friends.
Now thro' the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their chearful ſongs reſounding through the bay:
And now on ſhore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the ſtrangers from the fleet.
The prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Luſians gives;
Where'er they paſs, the joyful tumult bends,
And through the town the glad applauſe attends.
But he whoſe cheeks with youth immortal ſhone,
The God whoſe wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whoſe rage had ſtill the wandering fleet annoyed,
Now in the town his guileful rage employed.
A Chriſtian prieſt he ſeem'd; a ſumptuous [c] ſhrine
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:

[c] *On it, the picture of that ſhape he plac't.*
In which the Holy Spirit did alight,
The picture of the Dove, ſo white, ſo chaſte,
On the bleſt Virgin's head, ſo chaſte, ſo white.

In theſe lines, the beſt of all Fanſhaw, the happy repetition "ſo chaſte, ſo white," is a beauty which, though not contained in the original, the preſent tranſlator was unwilling to loſe.

O'er

O'er the fair altar waved the croſs on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the ſky;
Deſcending o'er the Virgin's ſacred head
So white, ſo pure, the Holy Spirit ſpread
The dove-like pictured wings, ſo pure, ſo white;
And, hovering o'er the choſen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallowed fire. Amazed, oppreſt,
With ſacred awe their troubled looks confeſt
The inſpiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where [d] thus the guileful Power his magic wrought
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of heaven in tranſport call,
While the feign'd Prieſt awakes the cenſer's fire,
And clouds of incenſe round the ſhrine aſpire.
With chearful welcome here, careſs'd, they ſtay
Till bright Aurora, meſſenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the ſun's reſplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Mooriſh oars again
Daſh the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,

[d] See the Preface.

The

The King's ſincerity, the people's care,
And treaſures of the coaſt the ſpies declare:
Nor paſt untold what moſt their joys inſpired,
What moſt to hear the valiant chief deſired,
That their glad eyes had ſeen the rites divine,
Their [d] country's worſhip, and the ſacred ſhrine.
The pleaſing tale the joyful GAMA hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous boſom fears:
As friends ſincere, himſelf ſincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moors receives.
And now, as conſcious of the deſtin'd prey,
The faithleſs race, with ſmiles and geſtures gay,
Their ſkiffs forſaking, GAMA's ſhips aſcend,
And deep to ſtrike the treacherous blow attend.

[d] When GAMA lay at anchor among the iſlands of *St. George*, near to Mozambic, "there came three Ethiopians on board, (ſays *Faria y Souſa*) who, ſeeing St. Gabriel painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Chriſtianity, which had been preached to them in the primitive times, though now corrupted." Barros, c. 4. and Caſtaneda, l. i. c. 9. report, that the Portugueſe found two or three Abyſſinian Chriſtians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their houſe. The following ſhort account of the Chriſtians of the Eaſt may perhaps be acceptable. In the ſouth parts of Malabar, about 200000 of the inhabitants profeſſed Chriſtianity before the arrival of the Portugueſe. They called themſelves the Chriſtians of Saint Thomas, by which apoſtle their anceſtors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the Patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their *Meterane* or archbiſhop. Dr. Geddes, in his Hiſtory of the Church of Malabar, relates, that *Franciſco Roz*, a jeſuit miſſionary, complained to Menezes, the Portugueſe archbiſhop of Goa, that when he ſhewed theſe people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthineſs, we are Chriſtians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Dom. Frey Aleixo de Menezes, archbiſhop of Goa, did "endeavour to thruſt upon the church of Malabar the whole maſs of popery, which they were before unacquainted with." To this purpoſe he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to aſſiſt him, "and had ſecured the major part of the prieſts preſent, in all one hundred and fifty three, whereof two-thirds were ordained by himſelf, and made them abjure their old religion, and ſubſcribe the creed of pope Pius IV." Millar's Hiſtory of the Propag. of Chriſtianity.

On ſhore the truthleſs monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient ſtands;
That ſoon as anchor'd in the port they rode
Brave Gama's decks might reek with Luſian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full ſurfeit to the Mooriſh hate;
And now their bowſprits bending to the bay
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,
Their ſhouts the while reſounding. To the gale
With eager hands they ſpread the fore-maſt ſail.
But Love's fair Queen the ſecret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,
From heaven ſhe darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the ſea-born nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus ſprung; the ready nymphs obey,
Proud [e] of her kindred birth, and own her ſway.

[e] *Proud of her kindred birth*—The French tranſlator has the following note on this place, "Cet endroit eſt l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'Auteur eſt habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration ſon allégorie demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en liſant ici, &c.——This is one of the places which diſcover our Author's intimate acquaintance with Mythology, and at the ſame time how much attention his allegory requires. Many readers, on finding that the protectreſs of the Luſians ſprung from the ſea, would be apt to exclaim, Behold, the birth of the terreſtrial Venus! How can a nativity ſo infamous be aſcribed to the celeſtial Venus, who repreſents Religion? I anſwer, that Camoens had not his eye on thoſe fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the diſhoneſt wound of Saturn; he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more noble. Nigidius relates, that two fiſhes one day conveyed an egg to the ſea ſhore: This egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than ſnow, and gave birth to the Aſſyrian Venus, which, in the Pagan theology, is the ſame with the celeſtial: She inſtructed mankind in Religion, gave them the leſſons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward of her labours, promiſed to grant her whatever ſhe deſired. She prayed him to give immortality to the two fiſhes, who had been inſtrumental in her birth, and the fiſhes were accordingly placed in the Zodiac. . . . . This fable agrees perfectly with Religion, as I could clearly ſhew; but I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleaſure of tracing the allegory." Thus the grave

She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows grey
Foam round: Fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave, and onward o'er the brine
The [f] lovely Nyse and Nerine spring
With all the vehemence and speed of wing.
The curving billows to their breasts divide
And give a yielding passage through the tide.

grave Castera.—Besides the above, Mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the sign Pisces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were saved by two fishes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fishes, in return, were placed in the Zodiac. Another fable says, that that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two Dolphins, who first brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in the Pagan Mythology is, at least, a proof that the allegory or a Poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconsistency.

[f] *Doto, Nyse, and Nerine*——Cloto, or Clotho, as Castera observes, has by some error crept into almost all the Portuguese editions of the Lusiad. Clotho was one of the Fates, and neither Hesiod, Homer, nor Virgil have given such a name to any of the Nereides; but in the ninth Eneid Doto is mentioned,

——— *Magnique jubebo*
Æquoris esse Deas, qualis Nereïa Doto
Et Galatea secat spumantem pectore pontum.

The Nereides, in the Lusiad, says Castera, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet;

——— *before the bounding prows*
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.

"And without doubt, says he, this allegory, in a lively manner, represents the condition of mankind. The virtues languish in repose; adversities animate and awake them. The fleet sailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are scattered about in the sea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, assembles them to its safety." Whatever the reader may think of the intention of Camoens, there is undoubtedly a prettiness in this explication. The following part is indeed highly pedantic. "Doto, continues Castera, is derived from the verb Διδωμι, *I give*. According to this etymology Doto is Charity. Nyse is Hope, and Nerine Faith. For the name Nyse comes from Νέω, *I swim*. For the action of Hope agrees with that of swimming, and is the symbol of it. Nerine is a term composed of νήσις, an old word, which signifies *the waters of the sea*, and of εἶνη, *a file*; as if one should say, *the file of the sea-waters*, a mysterious expression, applicable to Faith, which is the file of our soul, and which is rendered perfect by the water of baptism." Our French Translator wisely adds, that perhaps some persons may despise this etymology, but that for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory of his author.

With furious ſpeed the Goddeſs ruſh'd before,
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whoſe eager face with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which ſuch a taſk inſpired.
And now arriv'd, where to the whiſtling wind
The warlike Navy's bending maſts reclin'd,
As through the billows ruſh'd the ſpeedy prows,
The nymphs dividing, each her ſtation choſe.
Againſt the Leader's prow, her lovely breaſt
With more than mortal force the Goddeſs preſt;
The ſhip recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every ſide,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to ſave;
The ſhip bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And trembling, hovers o'er the watry grave.
As when alarm'd, to ſave the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd ſtore for Winter's dreary reign,
So toil, ſo tug, ſo pant, the labouring Emmet train.
So toil'd the Nymphs, and ſtrain'd their panting force
To turn [z] the Navy from its fatal courſe:
Back, back the ſhip recedes; in vain the crew
With ſhouts on ſhouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they ſtrain,
And the rough wind diſtends the ſail in vain:

[z] Imitated from Virgil.

Cymothoë ſimul, et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo.——Virg. En. I.

Enraged,

Enraged, the Sailors ſee their labours croſt;
From ſide to ſide the reeling helm is toſt;
High on the poop the ſkilful maſter ſtands;
Sudden he ſhrieks aloud, and ſpreads his hands.
A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays,
And right before the prow its ridge diſplays;
Loud ſhrieks of horror from the yard-arms riſe,
And a dire general yell invades the ſkies.
The Moors ſtart, fear-ſtruck, at the horrid ſound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horror of detected guilt betrays.
Pierc'd by the glance of GAMA's awful eyes
The conſcious Pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their ſafety to the waves conſign;
Daſh'd by their plunging falls on every ſide
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus [h] the hoarſe tenants of the ſylvan lake,
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake,

[h] Latona, ſays the fable, flying from the ſerpent Python, and faint with thirſt, came to a pond, where ſome Lycian peaſants were cutting the bulruſhes. In revenge of the inſults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, ſhe changed them into frogs. This fable, ſays Caſtera, like almoſt all the reſt, is drawn from hiſtory. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war againſt the Lycians, were aſſiſted by ſome troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their ſtandards. A detachment of theſe going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a croud of peaſants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter enſued; the peaſants fled to the lake for ſhelter, and were there ſlain. Some months afterwards their companions came in ſearch of their corpſes, and finding an unuſual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the ſuperſtition of their age, that the ſouls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphoſis.

Is it allowable in Epic Poetry to introduce a com-

At every ſound they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;
All ſudden plunging leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are ſeen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bar'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in inſtant fate the fleet to whelm,
When ready Vasco caught the ſtaggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice reſounds aloud
The ponderous anchors daſh the whitening flood,
And round his veſſel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ſhips, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
Theſe various ſcenes with hidden import fraught;

a compariſon taken from a low image? This is a queſtion which has exerciſed the abilities of Critics and Tranſlators, till criticiſm has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To ſome it may perhaps appear needleſs to vindicate Camoens, in a point wherein he is ſupported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the *ſang froid* of a Boſſu or a Perrault, an obſervation in defence of our Poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the fineſt effuſions of genius, we ſhall find, that the moſt genuine poetical feeling has often dictated thoſe ſimilies which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The Sacred Writers, and the greateſt Poets of every nation, have uſed them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticiſm which condemns them is a refinement not founded on Nature. But, allowing them admiſſible, it muſt be obſerved, that to render them pleaſing requires a peculiar happineſs and delicacy of management. When the Poet attains this indiſpenſible point, he gives a ſtriking proof of his elegance, and of his maſterſhip in his art. That the ſimilies of the Emmets and of the Frogs in Camoens are happily expreſſed and applied, is indiſputable. In that of the Frogs there is a peculiar propriety, both in the compariſon itſelf, and in the alluſion to the fable; as it was the intent of the Poet to repreſent not only the flight, but the baſeneſs of the Moors. The ſimilie he ſeems to have copied from Dante, Inf. Cant. 9.

Come le rane innanzi a la nemica
Biſcia per l'acqua ſi dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciaſcuna s'abbica.

And Cant. 22.

E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un foſſo
Stan' li ranocchi pur col muſo fuori
Si' che celano i piedi, e l'al.ro groſſo.

The

The boaſtful Pilot's ſelf-accuſing flight,
The former treaſon of the Mooriſh ſpight;
How to the fatal rock the furious wind,
The ruſhing current, and their art combin'd;
Yet though the groaning blaſt the canvas ſwell'd,
Some wondrous cauſe, unknown, their ſpeed witheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd, and ſparkling eyes,
A [1] miracle! the raptur'd Gama cries,
A miracle! O hail, thou ſacred ſign,
Thou pledge illuſtrious of the Care Divine.
Ah! fraudful Malice! how ſhall Wiſdom's care
Eſcape the poiſon of thy gilded ſnare!
The front of honeſty, the ſaintly ſhew,
The ſmile of friendſhip, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our eaſy faith to gain,
To whelm us, ſhipwreck'd, in the ruthleſs main;

[1] Oſorius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two Exiles whom Gama had ſent on ſhore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domeſticis ſuis, ut illis urbis ſitum et pulchritudinem demonſtrarent. Ubi vero reverſi ſunt, Rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari ſolent, illis oſtentat, et quantulum viſum eſt donat, ut Gamæ monſtrare poſſent, et admonere, quanto eſſet utilius apud Regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculoſæ navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in claſſem, Gama mirificè lætatus eſt, et poſtridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem conſtitui. Cùm verò illius navis æſtus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum eſſet, inveheretur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere confeſtim juſſit. . . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenſes gubernatores metu repentino perculſi, ſe præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quaſdam, quæ non procul aberat, nando confugiunt. . . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, inclamavit, ut ſibi ſuos gubernatores redderent: at illi clamores illius aſpernati, gubernatores in terram expoſuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea ſignis, perſpexiſſet è quanto periculo fuiſſet auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cœlum ſuſtulit. Barros and Caſtaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, ſay, that the fleet, juſt as they were entering the port of Mombaſſa were driven back, as it were, by an inviſible hand. By a ſubſequent note it will appear, that the ſafety of the Armada depended upon this circumſtance.

But

But where our prudence no deceit could ſpy,
There, heavenly Guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: ſtill, O ſtill prevent,
Where human foreſight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treaſon of the ſmiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthning woe,
Our weary wanderings end. If ſtill for thee,
To ſpread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's ſtrand thy ſacred ſhrines to rear,
Oh, let ſome friendly land of reſt appear:
If for thine honour we theſe toils have dar'd,
Theſe toils let India's long-ſought ſhore reward.

So ſpoke the Chief: the pious accents move
The gentle boſom of Celeſtial Love:
The beauteous Queen to heaven now darts away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her ſtay:
Behind her now, the morning ſtar ſhe leaves,
And the [k] ſixth heaven her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes ſuch living ſplendors caſt,
The ſparkling ſtars were brighten'd as ſhe paſt;
The frozen pole with ſudden ſtreamlets flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervor glow'd.

[k] As the planet of Jupiter is in the ſixth heaven, the Author has with propriety there placed the throne of that God. C.

And

And now confeſt before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the queen of Love:
Fluſh'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of æther and the realms of light,
Bright as the bluſhes of the roſeate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;
And all that pride of beauteous grace ſhe wore,
As [l] when in Ida's bower ſhe ſtood of yore,
When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! [m] had that hunter, whoſe unhappy fate
The human viſage loſt by Dian's hate,

[l] *J'entends les cenſeurs*, ſays Caſtera, *ſe récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient nullement à la Venus celeſte.*——I am aware of the objection, that this paſſage is by no means applicable to the celeſtial Venus. I anſwer once for all, that the names and adventures of the Pagan Divinities are ſo blended and uncertain in Mythology, that a Poet is at great liberty to adapt them to his allegory as he pleaſes. Even the fables, which, to thoſe who penetrate no deeper than the Rhind, may appear as profane, even theſe contain hiſtorical, phyſical, and moral truths, which fully atone for the ſeeming licenciouſneſs of the letter. I could prove this in many inſtances, but let the preſent ſuffice. Paris, ſon of Priam, king of Troy, ſpent his firſt years as a ſhepherd in the country. At this time Juno, Minerva, and Venus diſputed for the apple of gold, which was deſtined to be given to the moſt beautiful goddeſs. They conſented that Paris ſhould be their judge. His equity claimed this honour. He ſaw them all naked. Juno promiſed him riches, Minerva the ſciences, but he decided in favour of Venus, who promiſed him the poſſeſſion of the moſt beauful woman. What a ray of light is contained in this philoſophical fable! Paris repreſents a ſtudious man, who, in the ſilence of ſolitude, ſeeks the ſupreme good. Juno is the emblem of riches and dignities, Minerva, that of the ſciences purely human, Venus is that of Religion, which contains the ſciences both human and divine; the charming female, which ſhe promiſes to the Trojan ſhepherd, is that Divine Wiſdom which gives tranquillity of heart. A Judge ſo philoſophical as Paris would not heſitate a moment to whom to give the apple of gold. Thus Caſtera. The above may likewiſe ſerve as a comment on the paſſage in the firſt book. See pag. 16, l. 5.

[m] "The allegory of Camoens is here obvious. If Acteon, and the ſlaves of their violent paſſions could diſcover the beauties of true religion, they would be aſtoniſhed and reclaimed; according to the expreſſion of Seneca, "Si virtus cerni poſſet oculis corporeis, omnes ad amorem ſuum pelliceret." *Caſtera.*

Had he beheld this fairer goddeſs move
Not hounds had ſlain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin ſnow,
Of ſofteſt hue the golden treſſes flow;
Her heaving breaſts of purer, ſofter white,
Than ſnow hills gliſtening in the moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the ſaſh, were bare,
And [n] Love, unſeen, ſmil'd ſoft, and panted there:
Nor leſs the zone the god's fond zeal employs,
The zone awakes the flames of ſecret joys.
As ivy tendrils round her limbs divine
Their ſpreading arms the young deſires entwine;
Below her waiſt, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinneſt texture, flows the ſilken veil:

[n] "That is Divine Love, which always accompanies Religion. Behold how our Author inſinuates the excellence of his moral!" *Caſtera.*

As the French Tranſlator has acknowledged, there is no doubt but ſeveral Readers will be apt to decry this allegorical interpretation of the machinery of Camoens. Indeed there is nothing more eaſy for a fancyful genius, than to diſcover a ſyſtem of allegory in the ſimpleſt narrative. The reign of Henry VIII. is as ſuſceptible of it as any fable in the heathen Mythology. Nay, perhaps, more ſo. Under the names of Henry, More, Wolſey, Cromwell, Pole, Cranmer, &c. all the war of the paſſions, with their different cataſtrophes, might be delineated. But though it may be eaſy to find a metaphorical meaning, which was never intended by the Author, in what manner the Poets of the two laſt centuries adopted the uſe of allegory, is the queſtion at preſent to be conſidered. Though it may be difficult to determine how far, yet one may venture to affirm, that Homer and Virgil ſometimes allegoriſed. The poets, however, who wrote on the revival of letters, have left us in no doubt; we have their own authority for it, that their machinery is allegorical. Not only the Pagan Deities, but the more modern adventures of enchantment were uſed by them to delineate the affections; and the trials and rewards of the virtues and vices. Taſſo publiſhed a treatiſe to prove that his *Gieruſalemme Liberata* is no other than the Chriſtian ſpiritual warfare. And Camoens, as obſerved in the preface, has twice aſſerted, that his machinery is allegorical. The Poet's aſſertion, and the taſte of the age in which he wrote, ſufficiently vindicate the *Endeavour* to unravel and explain the allegory of the Luſiad.

(Ah!

(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly ſhows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of modeſty the foldings threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view;
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the ſoft ſmile faultering plays.
All heaven was mov'd---as when ſome damſel coy,
Hurt by the rudeneſs of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and ſmiles; with angry mien
Thus mixt with ſmiles, advanc'd the plaintive queen;
And * thus: O Thunderer! O potent Sire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cheriſh ſtill the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindeſt ſmiles await.
Ah heaven! and muſt that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I ſpeak, though frowning on thine awful face,
I mark the tenor of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath conſigns my ſons and me.
Yes! let ſtern Bacchus bleſs thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine deſpair.
The bold advent'rous ſons of Tajo's clime
I loved---alas! that love is now their crime:

* The following ſpeech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter, are a fine imitation from the firſt Eneid, and do great honour to the Claſſical taſte of the Portugueſe Poet.

O happy they, and proſp'rous gales their fate,
Had I purſued them with relentleſs hate!
Yes! let my woeful ſighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them periſh on ſome barb'rous ſhore,
For I have loved them---Here, the ſwelling ſigh
And pearly tear-drop ruſhing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the roſe,
Though fond to ſpeak, her further ſpeech oppoſe---
Her lips, then moving, as the pauſe of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow;
When kindled by thoſe charms, whoſe woes might move,
And melt the prowling Tyger's rage to love,
The thundering God her weeping ſorrows ey'd,
And ſudden threw his awful ſtate aſide:
With [p] that mild look which ſtills the driving ſtorm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;
With that mild viſage and benignant mien
Which to the ſky reſtores the blue ſerene,
Her ſnowy neck and glowing cheek he preſt,
And wip'd her tears, and claſp'd her to his breaſt;
Yet ſhe, ſtill ſighing, dropt the trickling tear,
As the chid nurſling, mov'd with pride and fear,

[p] Imitated from Virg. En I.

Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum,
Vultu, quo cœlum tempeſtateſque ſerenat,
Oſcula libavit natæ.——

Still

Still ſighs and moans, though fondled and careſt;
Till thus great Jove the Fates' decrees confeſt:
O thou, my daughter, ſtill belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond ſmile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the eaſtern ſhores ſhalt thou behold
Thy flags far ſtreaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
Where nobler triumphs ſhall thy nation crown,
Than thoſe of Roman or of Greek renown.

If by mine aid the ſapient Greek could brave
Th' Ogycian ſeas, nor [q] ſink a deathleſs ſlave;
If through th' Illyrian ſhelves Antenor bore,
Till ſafe he landed on Timavus' ſhore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charibdis' [r] barking whirlpools ſped:
Shall thy bold Heroes, by my care diſclaim'd,
Be left to periſh, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, purſue their dauntleſs way?
No---ſoon ſhalt thou with raviſh'd eyes ſurvey,
From ſtream to ſtream their lofty cities ſpread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:

[q] i. e. The ſlave of Calypſo, who offered Ulyſſes immortality on condition he would live with her

[r] ——————*ſub antro*
Scyllam, et cæruleis canibus reſonantia ſaxa.
Virg. En. III.

The

The ſtern-brow'd Turk ſhall bend the ſuppliant knee,
And Indian Monarchs, now ſecure and free,
Beneath thy potent Monarch's yoke ſhall bend,
And thy juſt Laws, wide o'er the Eaſt, extend.
Thy Chief, who now in Error's circling maze,
For India's ſhore through ſhelves and tempeſts ſtrays;
Thy chief ſhalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing [a] gale
Shall curl the billows, or diſtend the ſail,
The waves ſhall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terror o'er their empire ſpread.
That barb'rous coaſt, with various ſtreams ſupplied,
Which, to his wants, the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coaſt ſhalt thou behold his Port ſupply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in reſt ſhall lie.
Each ſhore which weav'd for him the ſnares of death,
To him theſe ſhores ſhall pledge their offerr'd faith;
To him their haughty Lords ſhall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.

[a] After the Portugueſe had made great conqueſts in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed Viceroy. In 1524, when ſailing thither to take poſſeſſion of his government, his fleet was ſo becalmed on the coaſt Cambaya, that the ſhips ſtood motionleſs on the water, when in an inſtant, without the leaſt change of the weather, the waves were ſhaken with a violent agitation, like trembling. The ſhips were toſſed about, The ſailors were terrified, and in the utmoſt confuſion, thinking themſelves loſt. When Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroiſm and prudence, exclaimed, "*Of what are you afraid? Do you not ſee how the Ocean trembles under its Sovereigns!*" Barros, L. 9. C. 1. and Faria, C. 9. who ſays, that ſuch as lay ſick of fevers were cured by the fright.

The

The Red-ſea wave ſhall darken in the ſhade
Of thy broad ſails in frequent pomp diſplay'd;
Thine eyes ſhall ſee the golden Ormuz' ſhore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amazed, ſhall view his arrows backward [1] driven,
Showered on his legions by the hand of heaven.
Though twice aſſailed by many a vengeful band,
Unconquered ſtill ſhall Dio's ramparts ſtand,
Such proweſs there ſhall raiſe the Luſian name
That Mars ſhall tremble for his blighted fame;
There ſhall the Moors blaſpheming ſink in death,
And curſe their prophet with their parting breath.

Where Goa's warlike ramparts frown on high,
Pleas'd ſhalt thou ſee thy Luſian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains ſhall crowd her gate,
While ſhe ſublime ſhall tower in royal ſtate,
The fatal ſcourge, the dread of all who dare
Againſt thy ſons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Conanour ſuſtain,
The foe, though numerous, ſhall aſſault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hoſts renown'd,
By Liſbon's ſons aſſail'd ſhall ſtrew the ground:

[1] Both Barros and Caſtaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Perſians and Moors, by the violence of a ſudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themſelves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

By

By Cochin's walls, againſt whole troops of foes,
Shall one brave Luſian his proud breaſt oppoſe:
Ne'er did the lyre reſound a hero's name
More brave, more worthy of immortal fame.
When [t] blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide
Auguſtus' fleets the ſlave of love defy'd,
When that fallen Hero to the combat led
The braveſt troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Aſian legions, and, his ſhameful bane,
The Egyptian Queen attendant in the train;
Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the ſtorm the boiling ſurges roar'd,
Yet ſhall thine eyes more dreadful ſcenes behold,
On burning ſurges burning ſurges roll'd,
The ſheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy ſons reſign.
Thus many a ſea ſhall blaze, and many a ſhore
Reſound the horror of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the iſles unſung

[t] *Hinc ope barbarica variiſque Antonius armis*
Victor, ab Auroræ populis & litore rubro
Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, & ultima ſecum
Bactra vehit: ſequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
Unà omnes ruere, ac totum ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis roſtriſque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulſas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus inſtant.
Stupea flamma manu, teliſque volatile ferrum
Spargitur: arva novâ Neptunia cæde rubeſcunt,
——*ſævit medio in certamine Mavors.*
Virg. Æn. viii.

By

By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till Ocean's utmoſt ſhore thy bondage own.

Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian ſtrand,
From the moſt northern wave to ſouthmoſt land;
That land which firſt, the Luſian ſhame and [t] pride,
The brave neglected Magalhaens deſcryed,
From all that Vaſt, though crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd:
From all that Vaſt no equal heroes ſhine
To match in arms, O lovely daughter, thine.

So ſpake the awful Ruler of the ſkies,
And Maia's ſon ſwift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treaſon and Mombaſſa's king
The weary fleet to friendly port to bring,
And while in ſleep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the ſhore of reſt diſplay.
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light, the nimble air divides.
The myſtic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he [v] bore;

[t] *The Luſian ſhame and pride.*---Magalhaens, a moſt celebrated navigator. Neglected by Emmanuel king of Portugal, he offered his ſervice to the king of Spain, under whom he made moſt important diſcoveries round the Straits, which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmoſt value to the Spaniſh Empire. Of this hero ſee further, X. Luſiad, in the notes.

[v] *Tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco*
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit,
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat. Virg. Æn. IV.

That rod, of power to wake the ſilent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care ſoft ſlumbers ſhed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And ſoon loud Rumour ecchoed through the town,
How from the weſtern world, from waves unknown,
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop ſhore,
Through ſeas and dangers never dared before:
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inſpires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.

'Twas now the ſolemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The ſtarry hoſt, by gloomy ſilence led,
O'er earth and ſea a glimmering paleneſs ſhed;
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The ſilver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in ſoft oblivion ſteep'd,
The Watch alone accuſtom'd vigils kept;
E'en GAMA, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclined in ſlumber's arms.
Scarce had he cloſed his careful eyes in reſt,
When Maia's ſon in viſion ſtood confeſt:
And fly, he cried, O Luſitanian, fly;
Here guile and treaſon every nerve apply:

An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thouſand ſnares:
Oh fly theſe ſhores, unfurl the gather'd ſail,
Lo, heaven, thy guide, commands the riſing gale.
Hark, loud it ruſtles, ſee, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here ſuch dire welcome is for thee prepared
As [x] Diomed's unhappy ſtrangers ſhared;
His hapleſs gueſts at ſilent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his ſnorting courſers fed.
Oh fly, or here with ſtrangers' blood imbrew'd
Buſiris' altars thou ſhalt find renew'd:
Amidſt his ſlaughter'd gueſts his altars ſtood
Obſcene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, beloved of heaven, my counſel hear;
Right by the coaſt thine onward journey ſteer,
Till where the ſun of noon no ſhade begets,
But day with night in equal tenor ſets.
A Sovereign there, of generous faith unſtain'd,
With ancient bounty, and with joy unfeign'd
Your glad arrival on his ſhore ſhall greet,
And ſoothe with every care your weary fleet.

[x] Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horſes with human fleſh; a thing, ſays the grave Caſtera, *preſque incroyable*, almoſt incredible. Buſiris, was a king of Egypt, who ſacrificed ſtrangers.

Quis—illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras?
Virg. Geor. iii.

Hercules vanquiſhed both theſe tyrants, and put them to the ſame puniſhments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Iſocrates compoſed an oration in honour of Buſiris; a maſterly example of Attic raillery and ſatire. To this Caſtera wiſely appeals, to prove the truth of the hiſtory of that tyrant.

And when again for India's golden ſtrand
Before the proſperous gale your ſails expand,
A ſkilful Pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart ſincere, ſhall prove your faithful guide.

Thus Hermes ſpoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he ſtood, when through the night
With ſudden ray appear'd the burſting light;
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage ſigh'd,
Spread, ſpread the ſail, the raptured Vasco cried;
Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of heaven,
By heaven our guide, th' auſpicious ſign is given;
Mine eyes beheld the meſſenger divine,
O fly, he cried, and gave the favouring ſign,
Here treaſon lurks.——Swift as the Captain ſpake
The mariners ſpring bounding to the deck,
And now with ſhouts far-ecchoing o'er the ſea,
Proud of their ſtrength the ponderous anchors weigh.
When [y] heaven again its guardian care diſplay'd;
Above the wave roſe many a Mooriſh head,
Conceal'd by night they gently ſwam along,
And with their weapons ſawed the cables ſtrong,

[y] Having mentioned the eſcape of the Mooriſh pilots, Oſorius proceeds: Rex deinde homines magno cum ſilentio ſcaphis & lintribus ſubmittebat, qui ſecuribus anchoralia nocte præciderent. Quod niſi fuiſſet à noſtris ſingulari Gamæ induſtria vigilatum, et inſidiis ſcelerati illius regis occurſum, noſtri in ſummum vitæ diſcrimen incidiſſent.

That

That by the ſwelling currents whirl'd and toſt,
The navy's wrecks might ſtrew the rocky coaſt.
But now diſcover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and ſwift as frighten'd vermin fly.

Now through the ſilver waves that curling roſe,
And gently murmur'd round the ſloping prows,
The gallant fleet before the ſteady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracts behind;
While as they ſail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous ſafety from impending fate;
And every boſom feels how ſweet the joy
When dangers paſt the grateful tongue employ.

The ſun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another courſe begun,
When ſmoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two ſloops afar the watchful maſter ſpied;
Their Mooriſh make the ſeaman's art diſplay'd;
Here Gama weens to force the Pilot's aid:
One, baſe with fear, to certain ſhipwreck flew;
The keel daſh'd on the ſhore, eſcap'd the crew.
The other bravely truſts the generous foe,
And yields, ere Slaughter ſtruck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The Captain's prudence and his wiſh were vain;

No

No Pilot here his wandering courſe to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;
The voyage calm, or perilous, or afar,
Beneath what heaven, or which the guiding ſtar:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whoſe pious ſway
For truth and nobleſt bounty far renown'd,
Still with the Stranger's grateful praiſe was crown'd.
O'erjoyed brave Gama heard the tale, which ſeal'd
The ſacred truth that Maia's ſon reveal'd;
And bids the Pilot, warn'd by heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aſide.

'Twas now the jovial ſeaſon, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the roſe-crown'd Flora pours,
And ſcatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their courſe the fleet purſued,
And the glad dawn that ſacred day renewed,
When with the ſpoils of vanquiſh'd death adorn'd
To heaven the Victor of the tomb return'd.
And ſoon Melinda's ſhore the ſailors ſpy;
From every maſt the purple ſtreamers fly;
Rich-figured tap'ſtry now ſupplies the ſail,
The gold and ſcarlet tremble in the gale;
The ſtandard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays;

Shrill

Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet ſounds,
And the rough drum the rouſing march rebounds.
As thus regardful of the ſacred day
The feſtive navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's ſons the ſhore in thouſands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome ſhout aloud:
And truth the voice inſpired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himſelf ſincere,
Into the port the generous GAMA rides;
His ſtately veſſels range their pitchy ſides
Around their chief; the bowſprits nod the head,
And the barb'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Strait to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant GAMA ſends.
The Luſian fame the king already knew,
What gulphs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,
What ſhelves, what tempeſts dared: His liberal mind
Exults the Captain's manly truſt to find;
With that ennobling worth, whoſe fond employ
Befriends the brave, the Monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the Leader and his weary band
To taſte the dews of ſweet repoſe on land,
And all the riches of his cultured fields
Obedient to the nod of GAMA yields.
His care meanwhile their preſent want attends,
And various fowl, and various fruits he ſends;

The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural ſounds are ecchoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant Chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendſhip, gives.
Here the proud ſcarlet darts its ardent rays,
And there the purple and the orange blaze;
O'er theſe profuſe the branching coral ſpread,
The [z] coral wondrous in its watery bed;
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown,
In air it hardens to a precious ſtone.
With theſe an Herald, on whoſe melting tongue
The [a] copious rhet'ric of Arabia hung,
He ſends, his wants and purpoſe to reveal,
And holy vows of laſting peace to ſeal.
The Monarch ſits amidſt his ſplendid bands,
Before the regal throne the Herald ſtands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inſpired,
O King, he cries, for ſacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by heaven to bend the ſtubborn knees
Of haughtieſt nations to thy juſt decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet ſent by heaven to prove
That Empire's ſtrength reſults from Public love:

[z] *Vimen erat dum ſtagna ſubit, proceſſerat undis*
Gemma fuit. CLAUD.
Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit auras,
Tempore dureſcit, mollis fuit herba ſub undis. OVID.

[a] There were on board Gama's fleet ſeveral perſons ſkilled in the Oriental languages. OSOR.

To

To thee, O King, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawleſs Robbers o'er the ſeas we roam:
No luſt of gold could e'er our breaſts inflame
To ſcatter fire and ſlaughter where we came;
Nor ſword, nor ſpear our harmleſs hands employ
To ſeize the careleſs, or the weak deſtroy.
At our moſt potent Monarch's dread command
We ſpread the ſail from lordly Europe's ſtrand;
Through ſeas unknown, through gulphs untry'd before,
We force our journey to the Indian ſhore.

Alas, what rancour fires the human breaſt!
By what ſtern tribes are Afric's ſhores poſſeſt!
How many a wile they try'd, how many a ſnare!
Not wiſdom ſav'd us, 'twas the heaven's own care:
Not harbours only, e'en the barren ſands
A place of reſt deny'd our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us ſo few, their numerous friends ſo near!
While thus from ſhore to cruel ſhore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from heaven,
We come, O Monarch, of thy truth aſſured,
Of hoſpitable rites by heaven ſecured;
Such [a] rites as old Alcinous' palace graced,
When lorn Ulyſſes ſat his favour'd gueſt.

[a] See the Eighth Odyſſey, &c.

Nor deem, O King, that cold ſuſpicion taints
Our valiant Leader, or his wiſh prevents;
Great is our Monarch, and his dread command
To our brave Captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth he tread: What nobler cauſe
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applauſe,
O thou, who knowſt the ever-preſſing weight
Of kingly [b] office, and the cares of ſtate!
And hear, ye conſcious heavens, if GAMA's heart
Forget thy kindneſs, or from truth depart,
The ſacred light ſhall periſh from the Sun,
And Rivers to the ſea ſhall ceaſe to [c] run.

[b] Caſtera's note on this place is ſo characteriſtical of a Frenchman, that the Reader will perhaps be pleaſed to ſee it tranſcribed. In his text he ſays, "*Toi qui occupes ſi dignement le rang ſuprême—Le Poete dit*, ſays he, in the note, *Tens de Rey o officio, Toi qui fais le metier de Roi*—The Poet ſays, *thou who holdeſt the buſineſs of a king*. I confeſs, he adds, I found a ſtrong inclination to tranſlate this ſentence literally. I find much nobleneſs in it. However, I ſubmitted to the opinion of ſome friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be ſhocked at the word *buſineſs* applied to a King. It is true, nevertheleſs, that Royalty is a *buſineſs*. Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may diſcern from one of his letters. *Hallo*, ſays he, *me muy embaraçado*, &c. *I am ſo entangled and incumbered with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I have not a moment to myſelf. In truth, we kings hold a laborious office*; (or trade) *t'ere is little reaſon to envy us.*" May the politeneſs of England never be diſguſted with the word *buſineſs* applied to a king!

[c] The propriety and artfulneſs of Homer's ſpeeches have been often and juſtly admired. Camoens is peculiarly happy in the ſame department of the Epopœa. The ſpeech of Gama's herald to the King of Melinda is a ſtriking inſtance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterward to be aſked. The aſſurances of the innocence, the purpoſe of the Voyagers, and the greatneſs of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "Not wiſdom ſaved us, but heaven's own care," are maſterly inſinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compaſſion: Alas! what could they fear, &c. is reaſoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the King of Melinda by heaven, and were by heaven aſſured of his truth, is a moſt delicate compliment, and in the true ſpirit of the Epic Poem. The alluſion to Alcinous is well timed. The apology for Gama's refuſal to come on ſhore, is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatneſs of the Portugueſe Sovereign, and affords a compliment to Loyalty, which could not fail to be acceptable to a Monarch. In ſhort, the whole of the ſpeech ſupplicates warmly, but at the ſame time in the moſt manly manner; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and ſincerity. Euſtathius would have written a whole chapter on ſuch a ſpeech in the Iliad or Odyſſey.

He

He ſpoke; a murmur of applauſe ſucceeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whoſe flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath ſo many a ſky, ſo many an Ocean brav'd.
Nor leſs the King their loyal faith reveres,
And Liſbon's Lord in awful ſtate appears,
Whoſe leaſt command on fartheſt ſhores obey'd,
His ſovereign grandeur to the world diſplay'd.
Elate with joy, uproſe the royal Moor,
And ſmiling thus,— O welcome to my ſhore!
If yet in you the fear of treaſon dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expel:
Still with the brave, the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendſhip bind.
But thoſe who ſpurn'd you, men alone in ſhew,
Rude as the beſtial herd, no worth they know;
Such dwell not here: and ſince your laws require
Obedience ſtrict, I yield my fond deſire.
Though much I wiſh'd your Chief to grace my board,
Fair be his duty to his ſovereign Lord:
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge ſhall waft me to the warlike fleet;
There ſhall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.
What from the bluſtering winds and lengthening tide
Your ſhips have ſuffer'd, ſhall be here ſupply'd.

Arms and proviſions I myſelf will ſend,
And, great of ſkill, a Pilot ſhall attend.

So ſpoke the King: and now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the ſhining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening ſhades to ſpread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald ſped:
To find ſuch friends each breaſt with rapture glows,
The feaſt is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling Comet's imitated rays
Bound to the ſkies, and trail a ſparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their ſleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to heaven aſpire:
The Bombadeers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the ſky.
The trump and fyfe's ſhrill clarion far around
The glorious muſic of the fight reſound;
Nor leſs the joy Melinda's ſons diſplay,
The ſulphur burſts in many an ardent ray,
And to the heaven aſcends in whizzing gyres,
And Ocean flames with artificial fires.
In feſtive war the ſea and land engage,
And echoing ſhouts confeſs the joyful rage.
So paſt the night: and now with ſilvery ray
The Star of morning uſher'd in the day.

The

The ſhadows fly before the roſeate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers.
The pruning hook or humble ſpade to wield,
The chearful labourer haſtens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a ſounding oar
The Monarch ſails; the natives croud the ſhore;
Their various robes in one bright ſplendor join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-ſtripes ſhine;
Nor as ſtern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's ſons advance;
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the Brave:
Fair was the ſhow the royal Barge diſplay'd,
With many a flag of gliſtning ſilk array'd,
Whoſe various hues, as nodding thro' the bay,
Return'd the luſtre of the riſing day:
And onward as they came, in ſovereign ſtate
The mighty King amid his Princes ſate:
His robes the pomp of eaſtern ſplendor ſhew,
A proud Tiara decks his lordly brow:
The various tiſſue ſhines in every fold,
The ſilken luſtre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boaſts the dye of Tyre,
And in the ſun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the ſkilful Artiſt's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his ſide

The dagger's hilt of ſtar-bright diamond ſhone,
The girding baldric burns with precious ſtone;
And precious ſtone in ſtuds of gold enchaſed,
The ſhaggy velvet of his buſkins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various ſilks inlaid,
A fair umbrella caſt a grateful ſhade.
A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn-wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous diſcord of rejoicing ſounds.
With equal pomp the Captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's Monarch on the tide to meet:
His barge nods on amidſt a ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in [d] all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery ſhone his armed breaſt,
For poliſh'd ſteel ſupply'd the warrior's veſt;
His ſleeves, beneath, were ſilk of paly blue,
Above, more looſe, the purple's brighteſt hue
Hung as a ſcarf in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with loops of gold:
Bright in the Sun the poliſh'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eyeball from the luſtre turns.

[d] Camoens ſeems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus deſcribed by *Faria y Souſa*. "He is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with velvet, all ſlaſhed, through which appears the crimſon lining, the doublet of crimſon ſattin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold."

Of

Of crimſon ſattin, dazzling to behold
His caſſoc ſwell'd in many a curving fold,
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confeſt the labour of Venetia's loom;
Gold was his ſword, and warlike trowſers laced
With thongs of gold his manly legs embraced.
With graceful mien his cap aſlant was turn'd,
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aſpect, and the purple's ray,
Amidſt his train the gallant Chief bewray.
The various veſtments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleaſed beholders wondering eye,
And with the ſplendor of the rainbow vie.
Now GAMA's bands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Mooriſh flags the curling waters ſweep,
The Luſian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar heaven's concave tears,
The Moors aſtoniſhed ſtop their wounded ears;
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of ſmoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The Captain's barge the generous King aſcends,
His arms the Chief enfold, the Captain bends,
A reverence to the ſcepter'd grandeur due:
In ſilent awe the Monarch's wondering view

Is fixt [e] on Vasco's noble mien; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the Hero's toil.
Eſteem and friendſhip with his wonder riſe,
And free to Gama all his kingdom lies.
Though never ſon of Luſus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's ſhore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Luſian fame;
How through the vaſt of Afric's wildeſt bound
Their deathleſs feats in gallant arms reſound;
When that fair land where Heſper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Luſian youth obtain'd.
Much ſtill he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had ecchoed. Pleaſed his warmth to view,
Convinced his promiſe and his heart were true,
The illuſtrious Gama thus his ſoul expreſt
And own'd the joy that laboured in his breaſt:
Oh thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whoſe piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wiſh'd ſupply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coaſt,
On many a tempeſt-harrowed ocean toſt,

[e] The admiration and friendſhip of the king of Melinda, ſo much inſiſted on by Camoens, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both caſes ſuch preparation was neceſſary to introduce the long epiſodes which follow.

At

At laſt with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous King, may He whoſe mandate rolls
The circling heavens, and human pride controuls,
May the Great Spirit to thy breaſt return
That needful aid, beſtowed on us forlorn!
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,
And while the ſtars in midnight azure ſhine,
Where'er my ſails are ſtretch'd the world around,
Thy praiſe ſhall brighten, and thy name reſound.

He ſpoke; the painted barges ſwept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchored navy rode;
Earneſt the King the lordly fleet ſurveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raiſe
Their martial ſounds Melinda's ſons to greet,
Melinda's ſons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the ſulphury tempeſt roars,
The boatmen leaning on the reſted oars
Breathe ſhort; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The King, while ſilence liſten'd round, implored
The glories of the Luſian wars to hear,
Whoſe fainteſt ecchoes long had pleaſed his ear:
Their various triumphs on the Afric ſhore
O'er thoſe who hold the ſon of Hagar's lore

Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the weſtern main:
Again, ere readieſt anſwer found a place,
He aſks the ſtory of the Luſian race;
What God was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what ſhores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the ſinking day
Gives the laſt glimpſe of twilight's ſilvery ray.
But moſt, O Chief, the zealous monarch cries,
What raging ſeas you braved, what louring ſkies;
What tribes, what rites you ſaw; what ſavage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapleſs fate:
Oh tell, for lo, the chilly dawning ſtar
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the ſun's bold courſers raiſe
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;
Soft on the glaſſy wave the zephyrs ſleep,
And the ſtill billows holy ſilence keep.
Nor leſs are we, undaunted Chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;
Nor think, tho' ſcorch'd beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praiſe to pay;
Melinda's ſons the teſt of greatneſs know,
And on the Luſian race the palm beſtow.

If Titan's [q] giant brood with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theſeus and Perithous dared invade
The diſmal horrors of the Stygian ſhade,
Nor leſs your glory, nor your boldneſs leſs
That thus exploring Neptune's laſt receſs
Contemns his waves and tempeſts. If the thirſt
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurſt,
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Dian's temple to the waſting flame:
If ſuch the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the luſtre of the hero's crown,
Whoſe deeds of fair empriſe his honours raiſe,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathleſs bays!

[q] For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, ſee the Preface.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK III.

OH now, Calliope, thy potent aid!
What to the King th' illuſtrious GAMA ſaid
Cloath in immortal verſe. With ſacred fire
My breaſt, if e'er it loved thy lore, inſpire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The blooming God, to thee incline his heart;
From thee, the Mother of his darling [a]Son,
May never wandering thought to Daphne run:

[a] *Calliope*—the Muſe of Epic Poeſy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphoſed into the Sun-flower, and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her Father for yielding to the ſolicitations of Apollo, was by her Lover changed into an Incenſe tree. The phyſical meaning of theſe fables is obvious.

May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide.
Then aid, O faireſt Nymph, my fond deſire,
And give my verſe the Luſian warlike fire:
Fired by the Song, the liſtening world ſhall know
That Aganippe's ſtreams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus ſhine
On thy fair breaſt, or round thy temples twine:
On Tago's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful God my boſom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuſe,
And bathe my ſpirit in Aonian dews!

Now ſilence wooe'd th' illuſtrious Chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When ſlowly turning with a modeſt grace,
The noble VASCO raiſed his manly face;
O mighty king, he cries, at thy [b] command
The martial ſtory of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiſeful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of ſtrangers on the tale attend:

[b] The preface to the ſpeech of Gama, and the deſcription of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoens deſcribes countries, or muſters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity: By adding ſome characteriſtical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleaſing, pictureſque, and poetical.

Yet

Yet though reluctance faulter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative ſo long,
Yet well aſſured no fiction's glare can raiſe,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praiſe;
Though leſs, far leſs, whate'er my lips can ſay,
Than truth muſt give it, I thy will obey.

Between that zone, where endleſs winter reigns,
And that, where flaming heat conſumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent ſkies,
The queen of arts and arms fair Europe lies.
Around her northern and her weſtern ſhores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland ſea, where tide ne'er ſwell'd the waves,
Her richeſt lawns, the ſouthern border, laves.
Againſt the riſing morn, the northmoſt bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Aſian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Mæotis' lake: Her eaſtern line
More to the ſouth, the Phrygian waves confine;
Thoſe waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan ſhore;
Where now the ſeaman rapt in mournful joy
Explores in vain the ſad remains of Troy.

Wide to the north beneath the pole ſhe ſpreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in endleſs tempeſts rowl,
The valleys ſigh, the lengthening ecchoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with froſty ſpangles grey,
Weak as the twilight gleams the ſolar ray;
Each mountain's breaſt with ſnows eternal ſhines,
The ſtreams and ſeas eternal froſt confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
Whoſe pride maintain'd that theirs the ſacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which firſt gave man his birth.
Here diſmal Lapland ſpreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's waſtes where harveſt never ſmil'd,
Whoſe groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempeſt groan.
Here Scandia's clime her rugged ſhores extends,
And far projected, through the Ocean bends;
Whoſe ſons' dread footſteps yet Auſonia [c] wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

[c] In the year 409 the city of Rome was ſacked, and Italy laid deſolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumſtance Camoens has not fallen into the common error of little Poets, who on every occaſion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the Arts and Sciences. A complaint founded on ignorance. The Southern nations of Europe were ſunk into the moſt contemptible degeneracy. The Sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almoſt unknown. For near two centuries no Poet of note had adorned the Roman Empire. Thoſe arts only, the abuſe of which have a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of Muſic and Cookery, were paſſionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuſe. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroiſm and patriotiſm was incompatible with their effeminacy.

On

When ſummer burſts ſtern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Pruſſian, and the Dane
Hoiſt the white ſail and plough the foamy way,
Chear'd by whole months of one continual day:
Between theſe ſhores and Tanais' ruſhing tide
Livonia's ſons and Ruſſia's hords reſide.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whoſe fires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where, famed of old, th' Hircinian foreſt lour'd,
Oft ſeen in arms the Poliſh troops are pour'd
Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dextrous in the wild-boar chace,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave
The Elbe, Amaſis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty Lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lucid tide
Where hapleſs Helle left her name, and died:

On theſe deſpicable Sybarites [a] the North poured her brave and hardy ſons, who, though ignorant of polite literature, were poſſeſſed of all the manly virtues of the Scythians in a high degree. Under their conqueſts Europe wore a new face, which however rude, was infinitely preferable to that which it had lately worn. And however Ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her conſtitution, which, as Monteſquieu obſerves, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The ſpirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair ſex, which diſtinguiſhed the Northern Heroes, will make their manners admired, while, conſidered in the ſame point, the poliſhed ages of Greece and Rome excite our horror and deteſtation. To add no more, it is to the irruption of theſe brave barbarians that modern Europe owes thoſe remains of the ſpirit of Liberty, and ſome other of the greateſt advantages, which ſhe may at preſent poſſeſs.

[a] *Sybaris*, a city in Grecia Magna, whoſe inhabitants were ſo effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be diſturbed by their early crowing.

The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, poſſeſs the hills of Thrace.
Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the ſervile head.
Here ſpread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here thoſe happy lands where genius ſhone
In all the arts, in all the Muſes' charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the heavens reſounded Grecia's name,
And left in every age a deathleſs fame.
The ſtern Dalmatians till the neighbouring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the ſound
Proud Venice as a queen majeſtic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the ſword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord,
Here Italy her beauteous landſcapes ſhews;
Around her ſides his arms old Ocean throws;
The daſhing waves the ramparts force ſupply;
The hoary Alps high towering to the ſky,
From ſhore to ſhore a rugged barrier ſpread,
And lour deſtruction on the hoſtile tread.
But now no more her hoſtile ſpirit burns,
There now the ſaint in humble veſpers mourns;

To

To heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the Victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide ſpread her harveſts o'er the ſcenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly ſtrode with laurel crown'd.
Here Seyn, how fair when gliſtening to the moon!
Rolls his white wave, and here the cold Garoon;
Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves,
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
Here the gruff mountains, faithleſs to the vows
Of loſt Pyrene [d] rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted ſilver pour'd.
And now, as head of all the lordly train
Of Europe's realms, appears illuſtrious Spain.
Alas, what various fortunes has ſhe known!
Yet ever did her ſons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And ſtill with fairer bloom her honours roſe.
Againſt one coaſt the Punic ſtrand extends,
Each ſhore to cloſe the midland ocean bends,

[d] *Faithleſs to the vows of loſt Pyrene*, &c. —She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having wandered one day from her lover ſhe was deſtroyed by wild beaſts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyrenians from πῦρ, *fire*. To ſupport which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of ſome ſhepherds the antient foreſts on theſe mountains were ſet on fire, and burned with ſuch vehemence, that the melted metals ſpouted out and ran down from the ſides of the hills. The alluſion to this old tradition is in the true ſpirit of Homer and Virgil. C.

Where lock'd with land the ſtruggling currents boil,
Famed for the godlike Theban's lateſt toil [c],
Around her ſhores two various oceans ſwell,
And various nations in her boſom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
That each the lordly right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her ſtandard rear'd
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent ſons; the fierce Navar,
And he far dreaded in the Mooriſh war,
The bold Aſturian; nor Sevilia's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the ſecond place.
Here too the heroes who command the plain
By Betis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Caſtilian pauſes o'er his ſword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the reſt, with ſplendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Luſitania ſmiles, the weſtern bound,
Whoſe verdant breaſt the rolling waves ſurround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The laſt pale gleaming of departing day;

[c] Hercules, ſays the fable, to crown his labours, ſeparated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce; on which the ocean ruſhed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxin ſeas.

This,

This, this, O mighty King, the ſacred earth,
This the loved parent-ſoil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous heaven my prayer regard,
And fair ſucceſs my perilous toils reward,
May that dear land my lateſt breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave.

Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in heaven's regard her heroes ſtand;
By heaven's decree 'twas theirs the firſt to quell
The Mooriſh tyrants, and from Spain expel;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confeſt the Luſian might.
From Luſus famed, whoſe honour'd name we bear,
(The ſon of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Luſitania roſe,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant ſhepherd led,
And foul with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome atchiev'd the treacherous blow,
That own'd her terror of the matchleſs foe [f].
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken ſons by ruthleſs tyrants ſpurn'd,
Her vineyards languiſh'd, and her paſtures mourn'd;

[f] The aſſaſſination of Viriatus. See the note on Book I. p. 13.

Till

Till time revolving raiſed her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conqueſts ſpread.
Thus roſe her power: the lands of lordly Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Saracen's proud creſt
And ſhatter'd mail his awful force confeſt.
From Calpe's ſummits to the Caſpian ſhore
Loud-tongued Renown his godlike actions bore.
And many a chief from diſtant regions [z] came
To ſhare the laurels of Alonzo's fame;
Yet more for holy faith's unſpotted cauſe
Their ſpears they wielded, than for Fame's applauſe.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms diſplay'd,
And ſtill their foremoſt ſwords the battle ſway'd.

[z] Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehenſive of the ſuperior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded aſſiſtance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military ſpirit of the nobility of that age, no ſooner was his deſire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his ſtandard. Theſe, in the courſe of a few years, having ſhewn ſignal proofs of their courage, the king diſtinguiſhed the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger ſon of the duke of Burgundy he gave his daughter Tereſa in marriage, with the ſovereignty of the countries to the ſouth of Galicia, commiſſioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulſion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of Count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of *Entro Minho e Douro*, and *Fra los Montes*, were ſubdued, with that part of *Beira* which was held by the Mooriſh king of *Lamego*, whom he conſtrained to pay tribute. Many thouſands of Chriſtians, who had either lived in miſerable ſubjection to the Moors, or in deſolate independency in the mountains, took ſhelter under the protection of Count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors alſo choſe rather to ſubmit and remain in their native country under a mild government, than be expoſed to the ſeverities and the continual feuds and ſeditions of their own governors. Theſe advantages, added to the great fertility of the ſoil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the firſt ſovereigns of Portugal.

And

And now to honour with diſtinguiſh'd meed
Each hero's worth the generous king decreed.
The firſt and braveſt of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger ſon brave Henry [h] ſtands.
To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad King his daughter's hand beſtows;
The fair Tereſa ſhines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
With her, beſides, the ſire confirms in dower
Whate'er his ſword might reſcue from the Moor;
And ſoon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—ſoon the vanquiſh'd Moors
To him far round the neighbouring lands reſign,
And heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, heaven's gift, a gallant ſon,
The glorious founder of the Luſian throne.

[h] Camoens, in making the founder of the Portugueſe monarchy a younger ſon of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologiſt *Galvan*. The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtorians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant ſtranger. Some bring him from Conſtantinople, and others from the houſe of Lorrain. But the cleareſt and moſt probable account of him is in the chronicle of *Fleury*, wherein is preſerved a fragment of French hiſtory, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of Count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger ſon of Henry the only ſon of Robert the firſt duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanſhaw having an eye to this hiſtory, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author.

Amongſt theſe Henry, ſaith the hiſtory,
A younger ſon of France, and a brave prince,
Had Portugal in lot.———
And the ſame king did his own daughter tie
To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love.

Nor are hiſtorians agreed on the birth of Donna Tereſa, the ſpouſe of Count Henry. Brandam, and other Portugueſe hiſtorians, are at great pains to prove ſhe was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful *Ximena de Guzman*. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of Fleury, that *Ximena* was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the hiſtorians, that Donna *Urraca*, the heireſs of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-ſiſter, the wife of Count Henry.

Nor

Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds atteſt,
Delivered Judah Henry's might [i] confeſt.
On Jordan's bank the victor-hero ſtrode,
Whoſe hallowed waters bathed the Saviour-God;
And Salem's gate her open folds diſplay'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields oppoſed,
By Tagus' ſtream his honoured age he cloſed;
Yet ſtill his dauntleſs worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the ſon ſurvived.
And ſoon his worth was proved, the parent dame
Avow'd a ſecond hymeneal flame [k].
The low-born ſpouſe aſſumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonſo, like his ſires of yore,
(His grandſire's virtues as his name he bore)

[i] *Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confeſt.*--His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by ſome monkiſh writers, but from the other parts of his hiſtory it is highly improbable. Camoens however ſhews his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumſtance that might give an air of ſolemnity to his poem.

[k] Don Alonzo Enriquez, ſon of Count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother aſſumed the reins of government, and appointed Don *Fernando Perez de Traba* to be her miniſter. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, ſome of the nobility, who either envied the power of Don *Perez*, or were really offended with the reports that were ſpread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, eaſily perſuaded the young Count to take arms, and aſſume the ſovereignty. A battle enſued, in which the prince was victorious. Tereſa it is ſaid, retired into the caſtle of *Legonſo*, where ſhe was taken priſoner by her ſon, who condemned her to perpetual impriſonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That Don Alonzo made war againſt his mother, vanquiſhed her party, and that ſhe died in priſon about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cauſe of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry Don *Perez*, and that ſhe was put in chains, are uncertain.

Arms for the fight, his raviſh'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet graſps his beardleſs chin.
Her fierceſt firebrands Civil Diſcord waved,
Before her troops the luſtful mother raved;
Loſt to maternal love, and loſt to ſhame,
Unawed ſhe ſaw heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's ſword the brother's boſom tore,
And ſad Guimaria's meadows bluſh'd with gore;
With Luſian gore the Peaſant's cot was ſtain'd,
And kindred blood the ſacred ſhrine profaned.

Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jaſon's wife,
Yet reeking with your childrens' purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithleſs ſires,
But here ambition with foul luſt conſpires.
'Twas rage of love, O Scylla, urged the knife[s]
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here groſſer rage the mother's breaſt inflames,
And at her guiltleſs ſon the vengeance aims.
But aims in vain; her ſlaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides Victor o'er the field.

[s] The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Niſus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war againſt him, for whom Scylla conceived ſo violent a paſſion, that ſhe cut off the fatal lock while her father ſlept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in deſpair flung herſelf from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

No more his ſubjects lift the thirſty ſword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful Lord.
But ah, how wild the nobleſt tempers run!
His filial duty now forſakes the ſon;
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parents aged limbs conſtrains.
Heaven frown'd—Dark vengeance lowring on his brows,
And ſheath'd in braſs the proud Caſtilian roſe,
Reſolved the rigour to his daughter ſhewn,
The battle ſhould avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous hoſt againſt the prince he ſped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the ſhock; the whizzing javelins ſung,
The Hauberks rattled, and the bucklers rung.
Yet though around the Stripling's ſacred head
By angel hands etherial ſhields were ſpread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour ſmiled,
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of ſhame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That ſaw his triumph, ſaw the hero fall;
Within the town immured, diſtreſt he lay,
To ſtern Caſtilia's ſword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;

To

To proud Caſteel the ſuppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Caſteel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace ſucceeds the dreadful ſcenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-ſoul'd Prince to man would never ſue:
Would never ſtoop to brook the ſervile ſtain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aſpect roſe the day,
Decreed the plighted ſervile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's diſgrace
Devotes himſelf, his ſpouſe, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as ſentenced felons clad,
When to the ſtake the ſons of guilt are led,
With feet unſhod they ſlowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
And now, O King, the kneeling Egas cries,
Behold my perjured honour's ſacrifice:
If ſuch mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myſelf expire.
If generous boſoms ſuch revenge can take,
Here let them periſh for the father's ſake:
The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are theſe,
Nor let a common death thy wrath appeaſe;
For us let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my Prince, thy ſon, in friendſhip turn.

He ſpoke, and bow'd his proſtrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted ſabre's blow;
When o'er the block his languid arms are ſpread,
And death, foretaſted, whelms the heart with dread:
So great a Leader thus in humbled ſtate,
So firm his loyalty, his zeal ſo great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire ſubdued,
And loſt in ſilent joy the Monarch ſtood;
Then gave the hand, and ſheath'd the hoſtile ſword,
And to ſuch honour honour'd peace [m] reſtored.

Oh Luſian faith! oh zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Perſian dare,
Whoſe prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's [n] o'erthrow.
And now the youthful hero ſhines in arms,
The banks of Tagus eccho war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his enſigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared with one, each hundred ſpears engage,

[m] The Univerſal Hiſtorians having related this ſtory of Egas, add, "All this is very pleaſant and entertaining, but we ſee no ſufficient reaſon to affirm that there is one ſyllable of it true"

[n] When Darius laid ſeige to Babylon, one of his Lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his noſe and ears, perſuaded the enemy that he had received theſe indignities from the cruelty of his maſter. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Juſtin.

In

In heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And heaven his friend ſuperior force ſupplies.
Five Mooriſh Kings againſt him march along,
Iſmar the nobleſt of the armed throng;
Yet each brave Monarch claim'd the Soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming [o] years,
Beſide each King a warrior Nymph appears;
Each with her ſword her valiant Lover guards,
With ſmiles inſpires him, and with ſmiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous [p] Maid,
Whoſe warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd.
Such in the field the virgin warriors ſhone,
Who drank the limpid wave of [q] Thermodon.

'Twas morn's ſtill hour, before the dawning grey
The ſtars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, reſplendent in the heaven ſerene,
High o'er the Prince the ſacred Croſs was ſeen;
The godlike Prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
Oh, not to me, my bounteous God, exclaim'd!

[o] The Spaniſh and Portugueſe hiſtories afford ſeveral inſtances of the Mooriſh Chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their miſtreſſes, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of theſe ladies.

[p] Pentheſilea, Queen of the Amazons, who, after having ſignalized her valour at the ſeige of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[q] Thermodon, a river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

Quales Threïciæ cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulſant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, ſeu cum ſe Martia curru
Penthesilea refert: magnoque ululante tumultu
Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Virg. En. IX.

Oh,

Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders ſhew.

The Luſian hoſt, enraptured, mark'd the ſign
That witneſs'd to their Chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they ſhake the beamy lance,
And with firm ſtrides, and heaving breaſts, advance;
Then burſt the ſilence, Hail, O King, they cry;
Our King, our King, the ecchoing dales reply:
Fired at the ſound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made Monarch; on the wareleſs foes
Ruſhing, he ſpeeds his ardent bands along:
So when the chace excites the ruſtic throng,
Rouſed to fierce madneſs by their mingled cries
On the wild bull the red-eyed maſtiff flies.
The ſtern-brow'd tyrant truſts his potent horns,
Around and round the nimble maſtiff turns;
Now by the neck, now by the gory ſides
He hangs, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his noſtrils clouds of ſmoke reſpire,
His gorge torn out, down falls the furious prize
With ° hollow thundering ſound, and raging dies:

° It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the Reader, to ſee the deſcription of a Bull-fight, as managed by Homer.

As when a lion, ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes;
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:

Some

Thus on the Moors the hero ruſh'd along,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Moors in wild confuſion throng;
They ſnatch their arms, the haſty trumpet ſounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whiſtling winds inſpire,
Fierce through the braky thicket pours the fire:
Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze
From ſleep the ſhepherds ſtart in wild amaze;
They ſnatch their cloaths with many a woeful cry,
And ſcatter'd devious to the mountains fly:
Such ſudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
And thus confuſed they ſnatch the neareſt arms;
Yet flight they ſcorn, and eager to engage
They ſpur their foamy ſteeds, and truſt their furious rage:
Amidſt the horror of the headlong ſhock,
With foot unſhaken as the living rock
The Luſian hero ſtands; the purple wounds
Guſh horrible, deep groaning rage reſounds;
Reeking behind the Mooriſh backs appear
The ſhining point of many a Luſian ſpear;

Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out, arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew;
Mycenian Periphas.——— Pope. Il. XV.

The

The mailcoats, hauberks, and the harneſs ſteel'd,
Bruis'd, hackt, and torn, lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Luſian ſweepy force o'erthrown,
Cruſh'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirſt they draw their panting breath,
And curſe their Prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms ſever'd from the trunks ſtill graſp the [r] ſteel,
Heads gaſping rowl; the fighting ſquadrons reel;
Fainty and weak with languid arms they cloſe,
And ſtaggering grapple with the ſtaggering foes.
So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
The troubled waters ſlowly ſettling ſhake:

[r] There is a paſſage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoens had his eye. Επεὶ δὲ ἐληξεν ἡ μάχη, ϖαρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵμαλι ϖεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over one might behold, through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies ſtretched over each other, the ſhields pierced, the ſpears broken, and the drawn ſwords, ſome ſcattered on the earth, ſome plunged in the boſoms of the ſlain, and ſome yet graſped in the hands of the dead ſoldiers."

As it was neceſſary in the preface to give a character of the French tranſlation of the Luſiad, ſome ſupport of that character is neceſſary in the notes. To point out every inſtance of the unpoetical taſte of Caſtera, were to give his paraphraſe of every fine paſſage in Camoens. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner, it is therefore tranſcribed. "*Le Portugais heurte impetueſement les ſoldats d'Iſmar, les renverſe et leur ouvre le ſein à coups de lance; on ſe rencontre, on ſe choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le ſommet de montagnes. La terre tremble ſous les pas des courſiers fougueux; l'impitoyable Erinnys voit des bleſſures enormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Luſus briſent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plaſtrons, armures, boucliers, cuiraſſes et turbans; la Parque étend ſes ailes affreuſes ſur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la pouſſiere, l'autre implore le ſecours de ſon prophete; têtes jambes et bras volent et bondiſſent de toutes parts, l'œil n'apperçoit que viſages couverts d'une paleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes.*" Had Caſtera ſeriouſly intended to burleſque his Author he could ſcarcely have better ſucceeded. As tranſlation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted. *The attack was with ſuch fury that it ſhook the tops of the mountains:* This bombaſt, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. Had he added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his Author, the increaſe of the richneſs of the tiſſue would have rendered his work more pleaſing. It was therefore his intereſt to do ſo. But it was not in the feelings of Caſtera to tranſlate the Luſiad with the ſpirit of Camoens.

So

So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And ſettling ſtaggers o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Again the Luſian fury wakes its fires,
The terror of the Moors new ſtrength inſpires:
The ſcatter'd few in wild confuſion fly,
And total rout reſounds the yelling cry.
Defiled with one wide ſheet of reeking gore,
The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
In bubbling ſtreams the lazy currents run,
And ſhoot red flames beneath the evening ſun.
With ſpoils enrich'd, with glorious trophies [s] crown'd
The heaven-made Sovereign on the battle ground

[s] This memorable battle was fought in the plains of *Ourique*, in 1139. The engagement laſted ſix hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible ſlaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portugueſe writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Mooriſh army amounted to 380,000, others, 480,000, and others ſwell it to 600,000, whereas Don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles muſt alſo be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, ſat down to comfort his mind by the peruſal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the ſtory of *Gideon*, he ſunk into a deep ſleep, in which he ſaw a very old man in a remarkable dreſs come into his tent, and aſſure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to ſpeak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no ſooner ſaw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had ſeen in his dream. This venerable perſon acquainted him, that he was a fiſherman, and had led a life of penance for ſixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the Count marched his army the next morning, as ſoon as he heard a certain bell ring, he ſhould receive the ſtrongeſt aſſurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the Count put his army in motion, and ſuddenly beheld in the eaſtern ſky, the figure of the Croſs, and Chriſt upon it, who promiſed him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of King, if it was offered him by the army. The ſame writers add, that as a ſtanding memorial of this miraculous event, Don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a croſs azure in a field argent, for five eſcutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the wounds of Chriſt. Others aſſert, that he gave in a field argent five eſcutcheons azure, in the form of a Croſs, each charged with five bezants argent, placed ſalterwiſe, with a point ſable, in memory of five wounds he himſelf received, and of five Mooriſh kings ſlain in the battle. There is an old record, ſaid to be written by Don Alonzo, in which the ſtory of the viſion is related upon his Majeſty's oath. The Spaniſh Critics, however, have diſcovered many inconſiſtencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phraſes not then in uſe: it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that æra had not been introduced

Three days encampt, to reſt his weary train,
Whoſe dauntleſs valour drove the Moors from Spain.
And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud Monarchs fell his vanquiſh'd prey,
On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Placed as a Croſs, five azure ſhields he [t] wore,

troduced into Spain; and John, Biſhop of Coimbra, ſigns as a witneſs before John, Metrapolitan of Braja, which is contrary to eccleſiaſtical rule. Theſe circumſtances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falſehood of the viſion, but to vindicate the character of Don Alonzo from any ſhare in the oath which paſſes under his name. The truth is, the Portugueſe were always unwilling to pay any homage to the King of Caſtile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their Monarchy, with miracle, and the new Sovereignty with a command from heaven, circumſtances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the ſuperſtition of theſe times. The regal dignity and conſtitution of the Monarchy, however, were not ſettled till about ſix years after the battle of *Ourique*. For mankind, ſay the Univerſal Hiſtorians, were not then ſo ignorant and barbarous, as to ſuffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony, than a tumultuous huzza. An account of the coronation of the firſt king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of Don Alonzo having been attended with glorious ſucccſs, in 1145 he called an aſſembly of the Prelates, Nobility, and Commons, at *Lamego*. When the aſſembly opened, he appeared, ſeated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. *Laurence de Viegas* then demanded of the aſſembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at *Ourique*, and the briefs of Pope Eugenius III. they choſe to have Don *Alonzo Enriquez* for their king? To this they anſwered they were willing. He then demanded, if they deſired the Monarchy ſhould be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown ſhould deſcend to the heirs male of *Alonzo*. *Laurence de Viegas* then aſked, "Is it your pleaſure that he be inveſted with the enſigns of Royalty? He was anſwered in the affirmative, and the Archbiſhop of *Braga* placed the crown upon his head, the king having his ſword drawn in his hand. As ſoon as crowned Alonzo thus addreſſed the aſſembly; "Bleſſed be God, who has always aſſiſted me, and has enabled me, with this ſword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I ſhall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but juſt that you ſhould ſhare with me in taking care of the ſtate. I am your king, and as ſuch let us make laws to ſecure the happineſs of this kingdom." Eighteen ſhort ſtatutes were then framed and aſſented to by the people. *Laurence de Viegas* at length propoſed the great queſtion, Whether it was their pleaſure that the king ſhould go to *Leon*, do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. Upon which, every man drawing his ſword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king ſhall at any time ſubmit to ſuch an act, he deſerves death, and ſhall not reign either over us, or among us." The king riſing up, approved this declaration, and declared, that if any of his deſcendents conſented to ſuch a ſubmiſſion, he was unworthy to ſucceed, and ſhould be reputed incapable of wearing the crown.

[t] Fanſhaw's tranſlation of this is curious. He is literal in the circumſtances, but the debaſements marked in italic are his own:

In theſe five ſhields he paints the *recompence*
(Os trinta Dinheiros; the thirty Denarii, ſays Camoens.)

For

In grateful memory of the heavenly ſign,
The pledge of conqueſt by the aid divine.

Nor long his faulchion in the ſcabbard ſlept,
His warlike arm increaſing laurels reapt:
From Leyra's walls the baffled Iſmar flies,
And ſtrong Arroncha falls his conquer'd prize;
That honour'd town, through whoſe Elyſian groves
Thy ſmooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
Th' illuſtrious Santarene confeſt his power,
And vanquiſh'd Mafra yields her proudeſt tower.
The Lunar mountains ſaw his troops diſplay
Their marching banners and their brave array:
To him ſubmits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The ſoothing refuge of the Nayad train.
When Love's ſweet ſnares the pining Nymphs would ſhun:
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run:
The cooling ſhades awake the young deſires,
And the cold fountains cheriſh love's ſoft fires.
And thou, famed Liſbon, whoſe embattled wall
Roſe by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's [u] fall;

For which the Lord was ſold, in various *ink*
Writing his hiſtory, who did diſpenſe
Such favour to him, *more then heart could think.*

(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. *Camoens.*)

In every of the five he paints five-*pence*
So ſums the thirty *by a cinque-fold cinque*
Accounting that which is the center, twice,
Of the five cinques, which he doth place croſs-wiſe.

[u] The tradition, that Liſbon was built by Ulyſſes, and thence called *Olyſſipolis*, is as common as, and of equal authority with that, which ſays, that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the iſland.

Thou queen of Cities, whom the ſeas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the Hero's ſway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's miſty [w] ſhore;
To reſcue Salem's long-polluted ſhrine
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulyſſes' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy ſides.
Five times the Moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence ſhone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of duſt, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the ſmoaking breach yawns wide.
As when th' impriſon'd waters burſt the mounds,
And roar, wide ſweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withſtand their furious courſe;
So headlong ruſh'd along the Hero's force.
The thirſt of vengeance the aſſailants fires,
The madneſs of deſpair the Moors inſpires;

[w] The conqueſt of Liſbon was of the utmoſt importance to the infant Monarchy. It is one of the fineſt ports in the world, and ere the invention of cannon, was of great ſtrength. The old Mooriſh wall was flanked by ſeventy-ſeven towers, was about ſix miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When beſeiged by Don Alonzo, according to ſome, it was garriſoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to ſay impoſſible, is highly incredible. However, that it was ſtrong and well garriſoned is certain, as alſo that Alonzo owed the conqueſt of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greateſt part of which were Engliſh. One *Udal op Rhys*, in his tour through Portugal, ſays, that Alonzo gave them *Almada*, on the ſide of the Tagus oppoſite to Liſbon, and that *Villa Franca* was peopled by them, which they called *Cornualla*, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immenſe herds of cattle are kept, as in the Engliſh Cornwall.

Each

Each lane, each ſtreet reſounds the conflict's roar,
And every threſhold reeks with tepid gore.

Thus fell the City, whoſe unconquer'd [x] towers
Defy'd of old the banded Gothic powers;
Whoſe harden'd nerves in rigorous climates train'd
The ſavage courage of their ſouls ſuſtain'd:
Before whoſe ſword the ſons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his oozy bed;
Aw'd by whoſe arms the lawns of Betis ſhore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.

When Liſbon's towers before the Luſian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Eſtremadura's region owns him Lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his ſword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whoſe murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles ſtray.
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage and Alcazar's vales
Not for himſelf the Mooriſh peaſant ſows;
For Luſian hands the yellow harveſt glows:

[x] *Unconquer'd towers*—This aſſertion of Camoens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got poſſeſſion of Liſbon.

And

And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tagus' wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo ſave;
Soon ſhall his thundering might your wealth reclaim,
And your glad valleys hail their monarch's name.

Nor ſleep his captains while the ſovereign wars;
The brave Giraldo's ſword in conqueſt ſhares,
Evora's frowning walls, the caſtled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
Sertorius dread, whoſe labours ſtill [z] remain;
Two hundred arches, ſtretch'd in length, ſuſtain
The marble duct, where, gliſtening to the ſun,
Of ſilver hue the ſhining waters run.
Evora's frowning walls now ſhake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's ſpear.
Nor reſts the monarch while his ſervants toil,
Around him ſtill increaſing trophies ſmile,
And deathleſs fame repays the hapleſs fate
That gives to human life ſo ſhort a date.
Proud Beja's caſtled walls his fury ſtorms,
And one red ſlaughter every lane deforms.
The ghoſts, whoſe mangled limbs, yet ſcarcely cold,
Heapt ſad Trancoſo's ſtreets in carnage roll'd,
Appeaſed, the vengeance of their ſlaughter ſee,
And hail th' indignant king's ſevere decree.

[z] The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandeſt remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A. D. 1540.

Palmela

Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And ſea-laved Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor theſe alone confeſt his happy ſtar,
Their fated doom produced a noble war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns beſieged, and haſted to the field.
Four thouſand courſers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd ſpears his infantry diſplay'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In ſilver belts they ſhone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's ſide ſecure they trod,
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whoſe luſtful veins betray
The mad'ning tumult of inſpiring May;
If, when his rage with fierceſt ardour glows,
When in the ſhade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careleſs traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies,
The wretch defenceleſs torn and trampled dies.
So ruſh'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled ſlain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight,
The mountain ecchoes with the wild affright
Of flying ſquadrons, down their arms they throw,
And daſh from rock to rock to ſhun the foe.

The

The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But ſixty horſemen waged the conquering [a] war.
The warlike monarch ſtill his toil renews,
New conqueſt ſtill each victory purſues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enraged proud Leon's king beheld
Thoſe walls ſubdued which ſaw his troops expell'd;
Enraged he ſaw them own the victor's ſway,
And hems them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He ruſhes, glorying in his wonted force,
And ſpurs with headlong rage his furious horſe;
The combat burns, the ſnorting courſer bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gaſping foes and ſounding bucklers trod
The raging ſteed, and headlong as he rode
Daſh'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar——
Low groveling in the duſt, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal ſtate.
" Let iron daſh his limbs," his mother cried,
" And ſteel revenge my chains:" ſhe ſpoke, and died;

[a] The hiſtory of this battle wants authenticity.

And

And heaven aſſented — Now the hour was come,
And the dire curſe was fallen Alonzo's [b] doom.

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with ſorrow view thy glory's ſtain;
Though thy tall ſtandards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phaſis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the ſun's fierce ray
Begets no ſhadow, own'd thy conquering ſway;
Though from the tribes that ſhiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery gliſtening team;
To thoſe who parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant ſhades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrors of thy name;
Though rich Arabia and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whoſe ſacred rites implored
The One true God, and, as he taught, adored;

[b] As already obſerved, there is no authentic proof that Don Alonzo uſed ſuch ſeverity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan ſays it was reported that Don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor *Egas Nunio*. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deduceable from it, that from his birth there was ſomething amiſs about his legs. When he was priſoner to his ſon in law Don *Fernando* king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was reſtored, on condition that as ſoon as he was able to mount on horſeback, he ſhould come to *Leon*, and in perſon do homage for his dominions. This condition, ſo contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He ever after affected to drive in a calaſh, and would never mount on horſeback more. This his natural and afterwards political infirmity, the ſuperſtitious of thoſe days aſcribed to the curſes of his mother.

Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate ſway'd,
And baſe Sophenia's ſons thy nod obey'd;
Though vext Cicilia's pirates wore thy bands,
And thoſe who cultured fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the ſacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the Pilgrim ſhew;
Though from the vaſt Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempeſts howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vaſt and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguiſh of regret
Bewail the horrors of Pharſalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whoſe ſuperior name
Unequal'd victories conſign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the duſt,
His crime atoned, confeſt that heaven was juſt,
Again in ſplendor he the throne aſcends:
Again his bow the Mooriſh chieftain bends.
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their ſhining ſpears and banner'd moons are ſeen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The Martyr's bones on Vincent's Cape interr'd,

(His

(His ſainted name the Cape ſhall ever [c] bear)
To Liſbon's walls he brought with votive care.
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Reſigns the faulchion to his valiant ſon.
O'er Tagus' waves the youthful hero paſt,
And bleeding hoſts before him ſhrunk aghaſt.
Choak'd with the ſlain, with Mooriſh carnage dy'd,
Sevilia's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtleſs reſt or joy.
Nor long his wiſh unſatisfied remains:
With the beſiegers' gore he dies the plains
That circle Beja's wall: yet ſtill untamed,
With all the fierceneſs of deſpair inflamed,
The raging Moor collects his diſtant might;
Wide from the ſhores of Atlas' ſtarry height,
From Amphelufia's cape, and Tingia's bay,
Where ſtern Antæus held his brutal ſway,
The Mauritanian trumpet ſounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarſe alarms;
The ſwarthy tribes in burniſh'd armour ſhine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's ſhepherds join.
The great Miramolin on Tagus' ſhores
Far o'er the coaſt his banner'd thouſands pours;

[c] *Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, Æneïa nutrix,*
Æternam moriens famam, Caïeta dediſti.
VIRG. EN. VII.

Twelve kings and one beneath his enſigns ſtand,
And wield their ſabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haſte,
The mournful region lies a naked waſte.
And now encloſed in Santareen's high towers
The brave Don Sanco ſhuns th' unequal powers;
A thouſand arts the furious Moor purſues,
And ceaſeleſs ſtill the fierce aſſault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In ſmouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen rams the lofty turrets ſhake,
And mined beneath the deep foundations quake;
But brave Alonzo's ſon, as danger grows,
His pride inflamed, with riſing courage glows;
Each coming ſtorm of miſſile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each port he guards.

In that fair city, round whoſe verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego ſpreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years
The king repoſed, when Sanco's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble ſteps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring Veterans, long to conqueſt train'd,
He leads—the ground with Mooriſh blood is ſtain'd;

Turbans

Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And ſhiver'd ſpears in ſtreaming carnage float.
In harneſs gay lies many a weltering ſteed,
And low in duſt the groaning maſters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horror [d] fled,
Don Sanco's javelin ſtretch'd him with the dead.
In wild diſmay, and torn with guſhing wounds
The rout wide ſcatter'd fly the Luſian bounds.
Their hands to heaven the joyful victors raiſe,
And every voice reſounds the ſong of praiſe;
" Nor was it ſtumbling chance, nor human might,
" 'Twas guardian heaven," they ſung, " that ruled the fight."

This bliſsful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
And pale diſeaſe ſoon gave the ſecret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining languor through his vitals ſpreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb deſcends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding ſhore for thee, Alonzo,[e] mourns,
Alonzo's name each woful bay returns;

[d] *Miramolin*, not the name of a perſon, but a title, *quaſi*, *Soldan*. The Arabs call it Emir-Almoumini, *the Emperor of the Faithful.*

[e] In this poetical exclamation, expreſſive of the ſorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoens has happily imitated ſome paſſages of Virgil.

——*Ipſæ te, Tityre, pinus,*
Ipſi te fontes, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocabant.
Ecl. I.

—— *Eurydicen vox ipſa et frigida lingua,*
Ah miſeram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.
G. IV.

——*littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret.*
Ecl. VI.

For

For thee the rivers ſigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs wailing, roll along;
Their ſwelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;
With floating heads, for thee, the yellow grain,
For thee the willow bowers and copſes weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
Adown the ſtreams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landſcape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories ſpread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While ſtill, at eve, each dale Alonzo ſighs,
And, oh, Alonzo! every hill replies;
And ſtill the mountain ecchoes trill the lay,
Till bluſhing morn brings on the noiſeful day.

The youthful Sanco to the throne ſucceeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis' tinged with blood his proweſs tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boaſtful Afric fell.
Nor leſs when king his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops encloſe!
Fair Sylves' lawns the Mooriſh peaſant plough'd,
Her vineyards cultured, and her valleys ſow'd;
But Liſbon's monarch reapt. The winds of [f] heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempeſt driven,

[f] The Portugueſe, in their wars with the Moors, were ſeveral times aſſiſted by the Engliſh and German cruſades. In the preſent inſtance the fleet was moſtly Engliſh, the

In Tagus' breaſt a gallant navy ſought
The ſheltering port, and glad aſſiſtance brought.
The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To reſcue Judah's proſtrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirſt ſubdued,
To Saladine the foe for mercy ſued.
Their vows were holy, and the cauſe the ſame,
To blot from Europe's ſhores the Mooriſh name.
In Sanco's cauſe the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force reſigns.
Thus ſent by heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Liſbon's ramparts to the Sire's command.

Nor Mooriſh trophies did alone adorn
The Hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenced with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle-ſign, yet foul diſgrace
To Leon's haughty ſons his ſword atchieved;
Proud Tui's neck his ſervile yoke received;
And far around falls many a wealthy town,
O valiant Sanco, humbled to thy frown.

While thus his laurels flouriſh'd wide and fair
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-loved heir.

the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves. *Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.*

Alcazar

Alcazar lately conquer'd from the Moor,
Reconquer'd, ſtreams with the defenders' gore.

Alonzo dead, another Sanco reigns:
Alas, with many a ſigh the land complains!
Unlike his Sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His ſervants now a jarring ſway enjoy.
As his the power, his were the crimes of thoſe
Whom to diſpenſe that ſacred power he choſe.
By various counſels waver'd and confuſed,
By ſeeming friends, by various arts abuſed;
Long undetermined, blindly raſh at laſt,
Enraged, unmann'd, untutor'd by the paſt.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjuſt,
The ſlave capricious of unnatural luſt.
Nor had he ſmiled had flames conſumed his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy;
Nor did his woes from female manners ſpring,
Unlike the [g] Syrian, or Sicilia's king.
No hundred cooks his coſtly meal prepared,
As heapt the board when Rome's proud tyrant [h] fared.
Nor dared the artiſt hope his ear to [i] gain,
By new-form'd arts to point the ſtings of pain.

[g] *Unlike the Syrian*——Sardinapalus.
[h] ——*When Rome's proud tyrant far'd.*--> Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.
[i] Alluding to the hiſtory of Phalaris.

But

But proud and high the Luſian ſpirit ſoar'd,
And aſk'd a godlike hero for their Lord.
To none accuſtom'd but an hero's ſway,
Great muſt he be whom that bold race obey.

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills,
Complaint, loud murmur'd, vibrates through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike Earl [1] awakes,
And from his liſtleſs brother's minions takes
The awful ſceptre.—Soon was joy reſtored,
And ſoon, by juſt ſucceſſion, Liſbon's Lord,
Beloved, Alonzo named the bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his Sire's domains

[1] Camoens, who was quite an enthuſiaſt for the honour of his country, has in this inſtance diſguiſed the truth of hiſtory. Don Sancho was by no means the weak Prince here repreſented, nor did the miſeries of his reign proceed from himſelf. The clergy were the ſole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman See was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the moſt tyrannical manner. The eccleſiaſtical courts had long claimed the ſole right to try an eccleſiaſtic, and to prohibit a Prieſt to ſay maſs for a twelvemonth, was by the brethren his judges, eſteemed a ſufficient puniſhment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of Don Sancho, attempted to eſtabliſh the authority of the King's courts of juſtice over the offending Clergy. For this the Archbiſhop of *Braga* excommunicated *Gonzalo Mendez*, the Chancellor, and Honorius the Pope excommnnicated the King, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of Religion were ſuſpended, the vulgar fell into the utmoſt diſſoluteneſs of manners; Mahommediſm made great advances, and public confuſion every where prevailed. By this policy the Holy Church conſtrained the nobility to urge the King to a full ſubmiſſion to the Papal chair. While a negotiation for this purpoſe was on foot Alonzo died, and left his ſon to ſtruggle with an enraged and powerful Clergy. Don Sancho was juſt, affable, brave, and an enamoured huſband. On this laſt virtue faction firſt fixed its envenomed fangs. The Queen was accuſed of arbitrary influence over her huſband, and, according to the ſuperſtition of that age, ſhe was believed to have diſturbed his ſenſes by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the King's favour were ſtigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the Queen. The confuſions which enſued were fomented by Alonzo, Earl of Bologne, the King's brother, by whom the King was accuſed as the author of them. In ſhort, by the aſſiſtance of the Clergy and Pope *Innocent* IV. Sancho was depoſed, and ſoon after he died at Toledo. The beautiful Queen, Donna *Mencia*, was ſeized upon, and conveyed away by one *Raymond Portocarrero*, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of Faction!

Confine his mounting ſpirit. When he led
His ſmiling Conſort to the bridal bed,
Algarbia's realm, he ſaid, ſhall prove thy dower,
And ſoon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquiſh'd Moor with total rout expell'd,
All Luſus' ſhores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Diniz reigns, whoſe noble fire
Beſpoke the genuine lineage of his Sire.
Now heavenly peace wide waved her olive bough,
Each vale diſplay'd the labours of the plough
And ſmiled with joy: the rocks on every ſhore
Reſound the daſhing of the merchant-oar.
Wiſe laws are form'd, and conſtitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted baſe of Empire laid.
Not Ammon's ſon with larger heart beſtow'd,
Not ſuch the grace to him the Muſes owed.
From Helicon the Muſes wing their way,
Mondego's flowery banks invite their ſtay.
Now Coimbra ſhines Minerva's proud abode;
And fired with joy, Parnaſſus' bloomy God
Beholds another dear-loved Athens riſe,
And ſpread her laurels in indulgent ſkies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Baccaris [k] adjoins.

[k] The *Baccaris*, or Lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient Poets aſcribed magical virtues.

——————*Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
VIRG. Ecl. VII.

Here

Here caſtle walls in warlike grandeur lour,
Here cities ſwell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies.
His ſon, alas, remiſs in filial deeds,
But wiſe in peace and bold in fight, ſucceeds,
The fourth Alonzo: Ever arm'd for war
He views the ſtern Caſteel with watchful care.
Yet when the Lybian nations croſt the main,
And ſpread their thouſands o'er the fields of Spain,
The brave Alonzo drew his awful ſteel
And ſprung to battel for the proud Caſteel.

When Babel's haughty Empreſs bared the ſword,
And o'er Hydaſpes' lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila, to whom was [1] given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry heaven,
The fields of trembling Italy o'erran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not ſuch unnumber'd banners then were ſeen,
As now in fair Tarteſia's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's ſpear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;

[1] Attila, a king of the Huns, ſurnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greateſt conquerors.

Granada's mongrels join their numerous hoſt,
To thoſe who dared the ſeas from Lybia's coaſt.
Awed by the fury of ſuch ponderous force
The proud Caſtilian tries each hoped reſource;
Yet not by terror for himſelf inſpired,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fired.
His much-loved bride his meſſenger he [m] ſends,
And to the hoſtile Luſian lowly bends.
The much-loved daughter of the King implored,
Now ſues her father for her wedded Lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great Sire was throned in regal ſtate:
On her fair face deep-ſettled grief appears,
And her mild eyes were bathed in gliſtening tears;
Her careleſs ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her ſhoulders and her breaſts of ſnow:
A ſecret tranſport through the father ran,
While thus, in ſighs, the royal bride began:

And know'ſt thou not, O warlike King, ſhe cry'd,
That furious Afric pours her peopled tide;
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's Lord commands the dreadful train.

[m] *His much-loved bride*——The Princeſs Mary. She was a Lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill uſed by her huſband, who was violently attached to his miſtreſſes, though he owed his crown to the aſſiſtance of his father-in-law, the king of Portugal.

Ne'er

Ne'er ſince the ſurges bathed the circling coaſt,
Beneath one ſtandard march'd ſo dread an hoſt:
Such the dire fierceneſs of their brutal rage,
Pale are our braveſt youth as palſied age.
By night our father's ſhades confeſs their [n] fear,
Their ſhrieks of terror from the tombs we hear:
To ſtem the rage of theſe unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O Sire, my gallant huſband ſtands;
His little hoſt alone their breaſts oppoſe
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes:
Then haſte, O Monarch, thou whoſe conquering ſpear
Has chill'd Malucca's ſultry waves with fear;
Haſte to the reſcue of diſtreſs'd Caſteel,
(Oh! be that ſmile thy dear affection's ſeal!)
And ſpeed, my father, ere my huſband's fate
Be fixt, and I, deprived of regal ſtate,
Be left in captive ſolitude forlorn,
My ſpouſe, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn.

In tears, and trembling, ſpoke the filial queen.
So loſt in grief was lovely Venus [o] ſeen,

[n] *By night our fathers' ſhades confeſs their fear,*
Their ſhrieks of terror from the tombs we hear.
Camoens ſays, "A mortos faz eſpanto," to give this elegance in Engliſh required a paraphraſe. There is ſomething wildly great, and agreeable to the ſuperſtition of that age, to ſuppoſe that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of ſo terrible an army. The French tranſlator, contrary to the original, aſcribes this terror to the ghoſt of only one Prince, by which this ſtroke of Camoens, in the ſpirit of Shakeſpeare, is reduced to a piece of unmeaning frippery.

[o] See the firſt Æneid.

When

When Jove, her Sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering ſon the promiſed aid.
Great Jove was moved to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all ſhe aſk'd, and grieved ſhe aſk'd no more.
So grieved Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in ſteel his awful brow;
The glittering ſquadrons march in proud array,
On burniſh'd ſhields the trembling ſun-beams play:
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inſpires,
And wakes from ſlothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And ſprightly neighings eccho far around;
Far on each ſide the clouds of duſt ariſe,
The drum's rough rattling rowls along the ſkies;
The trumpet's ſhrilly clangor ſounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal enſigns pour'd,
High o'er the reſt the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the reſt was his bold front admired,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inſpired.
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzoes join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pauſe — the mountain and the wide-ſpread lawn
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe:
Awed with the horrors of the lifted blow

Pale

Pale look'd our braveſt heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide,
And lordly o'er the field the promiſed victors ſtride.
So ſtrode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; ſo with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The large-limb'd foe the ſhepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the ſtring,
And round his head he whirls the ſounding ſling;
The monſter ſtaggers with the forceful wound,
And his huge bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious ſcorn the Moor's proud boſom ſwell'd,
When our thin ſquadrons took the battle-field;
Unconſcious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whoſe nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Caſtilian bared
The ſhining blade, and proud Morocco dared;
His conquering brand the Luſian hero drew,
And on Granada's ſons reſiſtleſs flew;
The lances rattle and the ſplinters ſing,
And the broad faulchions on the bucklers ring:
With piercing ſhrieks the Moors their Prophet's name,
And ours their guardian Saint aloud acclaim.
Wounds guſh on wounds, and blows reſound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;

The

The wounded gaſping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the ſword but half ſupplied.
Though [q] wove and quilted by their Ladies' hands,
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.
With ſuch dread force the Luſian ruſh'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boaſtful throng.
Yet now diſdainful of ſo light a prize,
Sheer o'er the field the thundering hero flies;
And his bold arm the brave Caſtilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Mooriſh lines.

The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Veſper ſhot his ſilvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and cloſed the glorious day,
When low in duſt the ſtrength of Afric lay.
Such dreadful ſlaughter of the boaſtful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before;
Not he whoſe childhood vow'd eternal hate
And deſperate war againſt the Roman ſtate:
Though three ſtrong Courſers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman Knight,

[q] *Though wove*—It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

——— Uſus
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma loquendi.

and Dryden, Pope, &c. often uſe *wove* as a participle in place of the harſh ſounding *woven*, a word almoſt incompatible with the elegance of verſification. The more harmonious word ought therefore to to be uſed; and uſe will aſcertain its definition in grammar.

Erewhile,

Erewhile, the badge of rank diſtinguiſh'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's ſlaughter torn;
Not his dread ſword beſpread the reeking plain
With ſuch wide ſtreams of gore, and hills of ſlain;
Nor thine, O Titus, to the Stygian coaſt,
From blood-ſtain'd Salem ſent ſo many a ghoſt;
Though ages ere ſhe fell, the Prophets old
The dreadful ſcene of Salem's fall foretold,
In words that breathe wild horror: Nor the ſhore,
When carnage choak'd the ſtream, ſo ſmoak'd with gore,
When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian [q] blood;
Not ſuch the heaps as now the plains of Tarif ſtrew'd.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Liſbon's ſhores the happy Chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deſerved repoſe,
His courſe of fame, and honoured age to cloſe.
When now, O king, a Damſel's fate [r] ſevere,
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,

[q] When the ſoldiers of Marius complained of thirſt, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones; there, ſays he, you may drink, but it muſt be purchaſed with blood. Lead us on, they replied, that we may have ſomething liquid, though it be blood. The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the ſlain. Vid. Plut.

[r] This unfortunate lady, Donna *Inez de Caſtro*, was the daughter of a *Caſtilian* gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accompliſhments attracted the regard of Don Pedro, the king's eldeſt ſon, a prince of a brave and noble diſpoſition. *La Neufville*, *Le Clede*, and other hiſtorians, aſſert, that ſhe was privately married to the prince ere ſhe had any ſhare in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity leſs remarkable than the ardour of his paſſion. Afraid, however, of his father's reſentment, the ſeverity of whoſe temper he knew, his intercourſe with Donna Inez paſſed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the acceſſion of Don *Pedro the Cruel* to the throne of *Caſtile*, many of the diſguſted nobility were kindly received by Don Pedro, thro' the intereſt of his beloved Inez. The favour ſhewn to theſe Caſtilians gave great uneaſineſs to the politicians. A thou-

Diſgraced his honours——On the Nymph's lorn head
Relentleſs rage its bittereſt rancour ſhed:
Yet ſuch the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathleſs corſe the crown of Liſbon wore.
'Twas thou, O Love, whoſe dreaded ſhafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's ſoul;
Thou ruthleſs power, with bloodſhed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary deſtroyed.
Thy thirſt ſtill burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breaſt that feels thy pureſt flames divine,
With ſpouting gore muſt bathe thy cruel ſhrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender ſcenes by love-ſick fancy wrought,
By fear oft ſhifted as by fancy brought,
In ſweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languiſh'd away the ſlow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conſcious ſtream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each eccho ſigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor leſs could abſence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his diſtant love:

ſand evils were foreſeen from the Prince's attachment to his Caſtilian miſtreſs: even the murder of his children by his deceaſed ſpouſe, the princeſs *Conſtantia*, was ſurmiſed; and the enemies of Donna Inez, finding the king willing to liſten, omitted no opportunity to increaſe his reſentment againſt the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

Thy

Thy looks, thy ſmiles, ſtill meet his raviſh'd eyes,
And all thy beauteous charms before him riſe:
By night his ſlumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts ſtill wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though faireſt princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his conſtant faith could move:
For thee alone his conſtant paſſion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he ſcorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliſs too high—the princely dames
Refuſed, dread rage the father's breaſt inflames;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, ſurveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The peoples' murmurs of his ſon's delay
To bleſs the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was paſt unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the Fair One's blood the vengeful fire
Reſolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread ſword, oft ſtain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the proſtrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breaſt,
Unarm'd, by ſoftneſs and by love poſſeſt!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez ſtands;

Her tears of artleſs innocence, her air
So mild, ſo lovely, and her face ſo fair,
Moved the ſtern Monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce Deſtroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the Tyrant's ſoul poſſeſt,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confeſt;
O'er her fair face a ſudden paleneſs ſpread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguiſh bled,
Anguiſh to view her lover's hopeleſs woes,
And all the mother in her boſom roſe.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven ſhe lifted, for her hands were [1] bound;
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconſcious of their grandſire's rage;
To whom, as burſting ſorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-ſprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus: — O Monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tygers, or the the wolf's wild brood,
Inſpired by nature with the luſt of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to ſpare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurſe's care,

[1] *Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,*
Lumina nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
VIRG. ÆN. 2.

As

As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'ſt the ſacred ſtamp of heaven,
The human form divine, ſhalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beaſts ſupply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, ſuperfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'ſt not then a helpleſs damſel ſlay,
Whoſe ſole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who firſt his love confeſt,
Who firſt to love allured her virgin breaſt.
In theſe my babes ſhalt thou thine image ſee,
And ſtill tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their ſakes, if yet thou wilt not ſpare,
Oh, let theſe infants prove thy pious [k] care!

[k] It has been obſerved by ſome critics, that Milton on every occaſion is fond of expreſſing his admiration of muſic, particularly of the ſong of the Nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the ſame manner we are to judge of the favourite taſte of Homer, we ſhall find it of a leſs delicate kind. He is continually deſcribing the feaſt, the huge chine, the ſavoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling paſſion of Camoens is alſo ſtrongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length that abounds with ſo many impaſſioned encomiums on the fair ſex as the Luſiad. The genius of Camoens ſeems never ſo pleaſed as when he is painting the variety of female charms, he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his deſcriptions of the happineſs and miſeries attendant on the paſſion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, theſe parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Taſſo and Spenſer have copied from his Iſland of Bliſs, and three tragedies have been formed from this Epiſode of the unhappy Inez. One in Engliſh, by Mr. Mallet — but of this we need ſay nothing: it is one of the many neglected unſufferable loads of unanimated dulneſs, which, though honoured with the approbation of Mr. Garrick, have diſgraced the Engliſh theatre, and rendered *Modern Tragedy* a name of contempt. The other two are by *M. de la Motte*, and *Luis Velez de Guevara*, a Spaniard. How theſe different writers have handled the ſame ſubject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Mallet's Elvira is copied, is highly characteriſtic of the French drama. In the Luſiad the beautiful victim expreſſes the ſtrong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother riſes in her breaſt. ſhe implores pity for her children; ſhe feels the horrors of death, and

Yet Pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breaſt where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquiſh'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguiſh ſwell;
Ah, let my woes, unconſcious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to ſome barbarous clime:

and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only ſolace would be the remembrance of her faithful paſſion. This however, it appears, would not ſuit the taſte of a Paris audience. On the French ſtage the ſtern Roman heroes muſt be polite *Petit-Maitres*, and the tender Inez a bluſtering amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wiſhes to die herſelf, but deſires that her children and her huſband Don Pedro may alſo be put to death.

Hé bien, ſeigneur, ſuivez vos barbares maximes,
On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes,
Immolez ſans remords, et pour nous punir mieux,
Ces gages d'un Hymen ſi coupable à vos yieux.
Ils ignorent le ſang, dont le ciel les a fit naitre,
Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaitre,
Conſommez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups
Rejoignent les enfans, et la femme, et l'epoux.

The Spaniard however has followed nature and Camoens, and in point of poetical merit his play is infinitely ſuperior to that of the Frenchman. Don Pedro talks in the abſence of his miſtreſs with the beautiful ſimplicity of an Arcadian lover, and Inez implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderneſs of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spaniſh tongue will thank me for the following extract.

Ines. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey Don Alonſo, ſenor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, ſenor mirad,
Que el coraçon a pedaços
Dividido me arancais
Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.
Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais ſin vueſtra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que aſſi me dexais
En el mayor deſconſuelo
En manos de la crueldad.
Nino Alſon. Conſuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te puedas quedar,
Que vamos con nueſtro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernas mal.
Ines. Poſſible es, ſenor, Rey mio,
Padre, que anſi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?

* * * *

Aora, ſenor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de monſtrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vueſtra real Mageſtad.

* * * *

Como, ſenor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonſo, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vueſtra madre:
Pedro mio, donde eſtas
Que anſi te olvidas de mi?
Poſſible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu viſta, eſpoſo?
Quien te pudiera aviſar
Del peligro en que afligida
Dona Ines tu eſpoſa eſta.

The drama, from which theſe extracts are taken, is entitled, *Reynar deſpues de morir.*

Give

Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Libya's deſarts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's ſnow-clad rocks and frozen ſhore,
There let me, hopeleſs of return, deplore:
Where ghaſtly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where ſhrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, conſign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by Me implored from human kind:
There in ſome dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of ſepulchral gloom,
For him whoſe love I mourn, my love ſhall glow,
The ſigh ſhall murmur, and the tear ſhall flow:
All my fond wiſh, and all my hope, to rear
Theſe infant pledges of a love ſo dear,
Amidſt my griefs a ſoothing glad employ,
Amidſt my fears a woful, hopeleſs joy.

In tears ſhe utter'd — as the frozen ſnow
Touch'd by the ſpring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So juſt began to melt his ſtubborn ſoul
As mild-ray'd Pity o'er the Tyrant ſtole;
But deſtiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,

Her

Her fierce accuſers urged her ſpeedy doom;
Again dark rage diffuſed its horrid gloom
O'er ſtern Alonzo's brow: ſwift at the ſign,
Their ſwords unſheathed around her brandiſh'd ſhine.
O foul diſgrace, of knighthood laſting ſtain,
By men of arms an helpleſs lady [1] ſlain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious ſire;
Diſdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her laſt fond care,
He ruſh'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And daſh'd the daughter on the ſacred floor;
While mildly ſhe her raving mother eyed,
Reſign'd her boſom to the ſword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Reſigns her boſom to the murdering ſteel:

[1] To give the character of Alphonſo IV. will throw light on this inhuman tranſaction. He was an undutiful ſon, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a *Machavilian* politician. That good might be attained by villainous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had perſuaded him that her death was neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate, he took a journey to *Coimbra*, that he might ſee the lady, when the prince his ſon was abſent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herſelf at his feet. The king was moved with the diſtreſs of the beautiful ſuppliant, when his three counſellors, *Alvaro Gonſalez*, *Diego Lopez Pacheco*, and *Pedro Coello*, reproaching him for his diſregard to the ſtate, he relapſed to his former reſolution. She was dragged from his preſence. and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counſellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princeſs his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, ſays *La Neufville*, avowed the horrid aſſaſſination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be aſhamed.

That

That ſnowy neck, whoſe matchleſs form ſuſtain'd
The lovelieſt face where all the Graces reign'd,
Whoſe charms ſo long the gallant Prince inflamed,
That her pale corſe was Liſbon's queen proclamed,
That ſnowy neck was ſtain'd with ſpouting gore,
Another ſword her lovely boſom tore.
The flowers that gliſten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now ſhrunk and languiſh'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a roſe, ere while of bloom ſo gay,
Thrown from the careleſs virgin's breaſt away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The ſnowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roſes dy'd away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful ſmiles, and crimſon'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the ſtern murderers ſtood,
Unmindful of the ſure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her Lover's power.

O Sun, couldſt thou ſo foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkneſs, as of old
A ſudden night unwonted horror caſt
O'er that dire banquet, where the ſire's repaſt
The ſon's torn limbs ſupplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye diſtant foreſts, and ye flowery dales!

When pale and ſinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting ſound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, ſigh'd around.
Nor leſs the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapleſs loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs ſtill.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And ſtill through violet beds the fountain pours
Its [w] plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cry'd in vain:
Her gallant Lord begins his awful reign,
In vain her murderers for refuge fly,
Spain's wildeſt hills no place of reſt ſupply.
The injur'd Lover's and the Monarch's ire,
And ſtern-brow'd Juſtice in their doom conſpire:
In hiſſing flames they die, and yield their ſouls in [x] fire.

[w] At an old royal caſtle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that Don Pedro reſided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camoens, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the ſpirit of Homer.

[x] When the Prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was tranſported into the moſt violent fury. He took arms againſt his father. The country between the rivers *Minho* and *Doura* was laid deſolate: but by the interpoſition of the Queen and the Archbiſhop of *Braga* the Prince relented, and the further horrors of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his ſon, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and inſult he had received. The Prince, however, ſtill continued to diſcover the ſtrongeſt marks of affection and grief. When he ſucceeded to the crown, one of his firſt acts was a treaty with the King of Caſtile, whereby each Monarch engaged to give up ſuch malecontents, as ſhould take refuge in each other's

Nor this alone his ſtedfaſt ſoul diſplay'd:
Wide o'er the land he waved the awful blade
Of red-arm'd Juſtice. From the ſhades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he, who ſpilt the blood of murder, bled.

other's dominions. In conſequence of this, *Pedro Coello* and *Alvaro Gonſalez*, who, on the death of *Alonzo*, had fled to Caſtile, were ſent priſoners to Don Pedro. *Diego Pecheco*, the third murderer, made his eſcape. The other two were put to death with the moſt exquiſite tortures, and moſt juſtly merited, if exquiſite torture is in any inſtance to be allowed. After this the King, Don Pedro, ſummoned an aſſembly of the ſtates at *Cantanedes*. Here, in the preſence of the Pope's nuncio, he ſolemnly ſwore on the holy Goſpels, that having obtained a diſpenſation from *Rome*, he had ſecretly, at *Braganza*, eſpouſed the Lady *Inez de Caſtro*, in the preſence of the Biſhop of *Guarda*, and of his maſter of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The Pope's Bull, containing the diſpenſation, was publiſhed; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, was placed on a magnificent throne, and with the proper Regalia, crowned Queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her ſkeleton, and kiſſed the bones of her hand. The corps was then intered at the royal monaſtery of *Alcobaça*, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a Queen. Her monument is ſtill extant, where her ſtatue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her ſervice, conſoled him in ſome degree, and rendered him more converſable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulneſs of his temper, was never totally diſperſed.——A circumſtance ſtrongly characteriſtic of the rage of his reſentment muſt not be omitted. When the murderers were brought before him, he was ſo tranſported with indignation, that he ſtruck *Pedro Coello* ſeveral blows on the face with the ſhaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the Magiſtrate and the Hero; thoſe who will, may add, of the Philoſopher too: Something greater however belongs to Don Pedro: A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every boſom, capable of genuine love, inſpire a tender ſympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the preſence of the inhuman murderers preſented to his mind the horrid ſcene of the butchery of his beloved ſpouſe.

The impreſſion left on the philoſophical mind by theſe hiſtorical facts, will naturally ſuggeſt ſome reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more ſo than thoſe who have the leaſt title to the name of Lover; thoſe whom the French call *Les hommes de Galanterie*, whoſe only happineſs is in variety, and to whom the greateſt beauty and mental accompliſhments loſe every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their ſatiety they ſcruple not to confeſs, but are not aware, that in doing ſo, they alſo confeſs, that the principle which inſpired their paſſion was groſs, and ſelfiſh. To conſtitute a genuine Love, like that of Don Pedro, requires a nobleneſs and goodneſs of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inſpire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection ſo unchangeable and ſincere as that of the Prince of Portugal, can only ſpring from a boſom poſſeſſed of the fineſt feelings and of every virtue.

Unmoved he heard the proudeſt Noble plead,
Where Juſtice aim'd her ſword, with ſtubborn ſpeed
Fell the dire ſtroke. Nor cruelty inſpired,
Nobleſt humanity his boſom fired.
The Caitiff, ſtarting at his thoughts, repreſt
The ſeeds of murder ſpringing in his breaſt.
His outſtretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fixt as fate he knew his doom was ſeal'd.
Safe in his Monarch's care the Ploughman toil'd,
And force and violence was far exiled.
Pedro [y] the juſt the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field reſounds her Monarch's name.

[y] *Pedro the juſt*——Hiſtory cannot afford an inſtance of any Prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of juſt than Pedro I. His diligence to correct every abuſe was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved his juſtice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good, for he reſpected no perſons, and his inflexible ſeverity never digreſſed from the line of ſtrict juſtice. An anecdote or two will throw ſome light on his character. A Prieſt having killed a Maſon, the king diſſembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the iſſue to the Eccleſiaſtical Court, where the Prieſt was puniſhed by one year's ſuſpenſion from ſaying maſs. The king on this privately ordered the Maſon's ſon to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his ſentence was to be confirmed by the king, Pedro enquired, what was the young man's trade. He was anſwered, that he followed his father's. Well then, ſaid the king, I ſhall commute his puniſhment, and interdict him from meddling with ſtone or mortar for a twelvemonth. After this he fully eſtabliſhed the authority of the king's courts over the Clergy, whom he puniſhed with death when their crimes were capital. When ſolicited to refer the cauſes of ſuch criminals to a higher tribunal, he would anſwer very calmly, That is what I intend to do: I will ſend them to the higheſt of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine. Againſt Adulterers he was particularly ſevere, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the ſource of the greateſt evils, and that therefore to reſtrain it was the intereſt and duty of the Sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and ſoured his temper, he was ſo far from being naturally ſullen or paſſionate, that he was rather of a gay and ſprightly diſpoſition, affable and eaſy of acceſs; delighted in muſic and dancing; a lover of learning, was himſelf a man of letters, and an elegant Poet. Vide *Le Clede*, *Mariana*, *Faria*.

Of

Of this brave Prince the ſoft degenerate ſon,
Fernando the remiſs, aſcends the throne.
With arm unnerved the liſtleſs ſoldier lay
And own'd the influence of a nerveleſs ſway;
The ſtern Caſtilian drew the vengeful brand,
And ſtrode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How terrible the hour, when heaven, in rage,
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly ſloth the King, the nation ſtain'd;
And lewdneſs foſter'd by the Monarch reign'd:
The Monarch own'd that firſt of crimes unjuſt,
The wanton revels of adulterous luſt:
Such was his rage for beauteous [z] Leonore,
Her from her huſband's widow'd arms he tore:
Then with unbleſt, unhallow'd nuptials ſtain'd
The ſacred altar, and its rites profaned.
Alas! the ſplendor of a crown, how vain,
From heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmeſt ſtain!

[z] This lady, named *Leonora de Tellez*, was the wife of Don *Juan Lorenzo Acugna*, a nobleman of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families in Portugal. After a ſham proceſs this marriage was diſſolved, and the king privately eſpouſed to her, though at this time he was publicly married by proxy to Donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous inſurrection, headed by one *Velaſquez*, a taylor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Liſbon. Soon after he cauſed his marriage to be publickly celebrated in the province between the *Douro* and *Minho*. Henry king of Caſtile, being informed of the general diſcontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to ſome of his ſubjects, whoſe ſhips had been unjuſtly ſeized at Liſbon. The deſolation hinted at by Camoens enſued. After the ſubjects of both kingdoms had ſeverely ſuffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual ſatisfaction, by an intermarriage of their baſtard children.

To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape aroſe!
Let Appius own, let baniſh'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female raviſh'd Gibeah's ſtreets [a] beheld,
O'er Gibeah's ſtreets the blood of thouſands ſwell'd
In vengeance of the crime; and ſtreams of blood
The guilt of Zion's ſacred bard [b] purſued.

Yet Love full oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his baſeſt fires in nobleſt minds;
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the diſtaff [c] bore.
For Cleopatra's ſmiles the world was loſt:
The Roman terror, and the Punic boaſt,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's ſmile,
Reſign'd the harveſt of his glorious toil.
And who can boaſt he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young deſires,
When he beheld the breathing roſes glow,
And the ſoft heavings of the living ſnow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the Fair!

[a] Judges, chap. xix. and xx.
[b] 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The ſword ſhall never depart from thine houſe."
[c] *Alcidem lanas nere coëgit amor.* Ovid.

Oh!

Oh! what defence, if fixt on him, he ſpy
The languid ſweetneſs of the ſtedfaſt eye!
Ye who have felt the dear luxurious ſmart,
When angel charms oppreſs the powerleſs heart,
In pity here relent the brow ſevere,
And o'er Fernando's weakneſs drop the tear.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unneceſſary to obſerve, that Camoens, in this Epiſode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the Epopea. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requiſite in the Epic Poem, as it is to preſerve the unity of the character of an Individual. That gallantry of bravery and romantic caſt of the military adventures, which characteriſed the Spaniards and Portugueſe during the Mooriſh wars, is happily ſupported by Camoens in its moſt juſt and ſtriking colours. In hiſtory we find ſurpriſing victories obtained over the Infidels: In the Luſiad we find the heroes breathing that enthuſiaſm which led them to conqueſt, that enthuſiaſm of military honours ſo ſtrongly expreſſed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the ſeige of *Arzila*. In ſtorming the citadel, the Count de Marialva, a brave old officer, loſt his life. The King leading his only ſon, the Prince Don Juan, to the body of the Count, while the blood yet ſtreamed from his wounds; "Behold, he cried, that great man! May God grant you, my ſon, to imitate his virtues. May your honour, like his, be complete!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IV.

AS the toſt veſſel on the ocean rowls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempeſt howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forbodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all ſilent and ſerene,
With ſoft-paced ray diſpels the ſhades obſcene,
With grateful tranſport ſparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of ſafety ſpy;
Such darkling tempeſts and portended fate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the ſtate;
Such when he dy'd, the peaceful morning roſe,
The dawn of joy, and ſooth'd the public woes.

As blazing glorious o'er the ſhades of night,
Bright in his eaſt breaks forth the Lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the duſt his drooping nation rears.
Though ſprung from youthful Paſſion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's ſon in noble ſoul he proves;
And heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous [a] ſign.
Her tongue had never liſp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic ſound her lips could frame,
When heaven the miracle of ſpeech inſpired;
She raiſed her little hands, with rapture fired,
Let Portugal, ſhe cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domeſtic rage
Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age;

[a] *A cradled infant gave the wondrous ſign*—— No circumſtance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretenſions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expoſtulating with him one day on the abſurdity of ſuch claim, he replied, "I know "the truth of what you ſay, but theſe," (pointing to a croud of Perſians) "theſe "know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a ſon of Jupiter ſpread terror through the Eaſt, and greatly facilitated the operations of the Conqueror. The miraculous ſpeech of the infant, atteſted by a few monks, was adapted to the ſuperſtition of the age of John I. and as he was a baſtard, was of infinite ſervice to his cauſe. The pretended fact however is differently related. By ſome thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to aſſiſt at an aſſembly of the ſtates, at a little diſtance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon ſticks, who no ſooner ſaw him than they cried out, "Bleſſed be Don John king of "Portugal; the king is coming, Don "John ſhall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the aſſembly the regent was elected king.

Through

Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And firſt red ſlaughter in the court began.
Of ſpouſal vows and widow'd bed defiled,
Loud fame the beauteous Leanore reviled.
The adulterous noble in her preſence bled,
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead.
No more thoſe ghaſtly deathful nights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;
More horrid deeds Ulyſſes' towers beheld:
Each cruel breaſt where rankling envy ſwell'd,
Accuſed his foe as minion of the queen;
Accuſed, and murder cloſed the dreary ſcene.
All holy ties the frantic tranſport braved,
Nor ſacred prieſthood nor the altar ſaved.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's ſon of yore,
The mitred [b] head was daſh'd with brains and gore.
Ghaſtly with ſcenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement ſwims.

With all the fierceneſs of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breaſt conſpire,

[b] *The mitred head.*——Don *Martin*, biſhop of Liſbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Caſtilian, which was eſteemed a ſufficient reaſon to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

The queen beheld her power, her honours [c] loſt,
And ever when ſhe ſlept th' adulterer's ghoſt,
All pale, and pointing at his bloody ſhroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to ſcream aloud.

Caſteel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led.
To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,

[c] *The queen beheld her power, her honours loſt*—Poſſeſſed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a diſgrace to her ſex, and a curſe to the age and country which gave her birth. Her ſiſter, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemiſhed virtue, had been ſecretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was paſſionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to diſſuade her ſiſter from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora perſuaded Don Juan that her ſiſter was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged huſband haſted to his wife, and without enquiry or expoſtulation, ſays *Mariana*, diſpatched her with two ſtrokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence. Having ſacrificed her honour and her firſt huſband to a king, ſays *Faria*, Leonora ſoon ſacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Caſtilian nobleman, named Don *Juan Fernandez de Andeyro*. An unjuſt war with *Caſtile*, wherein the the Portugueſe were defeated by ſea and land, was the firſt fruits of the policy of the new favourite. *Andeyro* one day being in a great ſweat by ſome military exerciſe, the queen tore her veil, and publicly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand maſter of *Avis*, the king's baſtard brother, afterwards John I. and ſome others, expoſtulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She diſſembled her reſentment, but ſoon after they were ſeized and committed to the caſtle of *Evora*, where a forged order for their execution was ſent; but the governor ſuſpecting ſome fraud, ſhewed it to the king. Yet ſuch was her aſcendency over Fernando, that though convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiſs the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the aſſaſſination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was ſtabbed in the palace by the grand maſter of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expreſſed all the tranſport of grief and rage, and declared ſhe would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this ſhe never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, ſhe was more punctual. Don Juan king of Caſtile, who had married her only daughter and heireſs, at her earneſt entreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand maſter of *Avis*, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A deſperate war enſued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and ſon-in-law, reſolved on the murder of the latter, but the plot was diſcovered, and ſhe was ſent priſoner to Caſtile. The regent was beſieged in Liſbon, and the city reduced to the utmoſt extremities, when an epidemical diſtemper broke out in the Caſtilian army, and made ſuch devaſtation that the king ſuddenly

The Luſian ſceptre, his by ſpouſal right;
The proud Caſtilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his ſtandard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Thoſe who poſſeſs the lands by Rodrick [d] given,
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful ſmile at war's alarms,
And ſcorn each danger that attends on arms;

denly raiſed the ſiege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants aſcribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and return thanks to God, to whoſe interpoſition he ſolely aſcribed their ſafety. This behaviour increaſed the admiration of the people, the nobility of the firſt rank joined the regent's party, and many garriſons in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile opened their gates to him. An aſſembly of the ſtates met at Coimbra, where it was propoſed to inveſt the regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, ſon of Pedro the Juſt, and the beautiful Inez de Caſtro, was by the people eſteemed their lawful ſovereign, but was, and had been long detained a priſoner by the king of Caſtile. If the ſtates would declare the infant Don John their king, the regent profeſſed his willingneſs to ſwear allegiance to him, that he would continue to expoſe himſelf to every danger, and act as regent, till providence reſtored to Portugal her lawful ſovereign. The ſtates however ſaw the neceſſity that the nation ſhould have an head. The regent was unanimouſly elected king, and ſome articles in favour of liberty were added to thoſe agreed upon at the coronation of Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs, was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt, by Donna *Tereſa Lorenza*, a Galician lady, and born ſome years after the death of Inez. At ſeven years of age he was made grand maſter of *Avis*, where he received an excellent education, which joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never forfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the confidence of the wiſe, his ſteadineſs and gratitude the friendſhip of the brave; his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when regent. A Caſtilian officer having ſix Portugueſe gentlemen priſoners, cut off their noſes and hands, and ſent them to Don John. Highly incenſed, the protector commanded ſix Caſtilian gentlemen to be treated in the ſame manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented. "I have given enough to "reſentment, ſaid he, in giving ſuch a "command. It were infamous to put it "in execution. See that the Caſtilian pri-"ſoners receive no harm."

[d] — *by Rodrick given* — The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

Whoſe

Whoſe crooked ploughſhares Leon's uplands tear,
Now caſed in ſteel in glittering arms appear,
Thoſe arms erewhile ſo dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' ſtream:
Nor ſtaid the Tyrian iſlanders behind,
On whoſe proud enſigns floating on the [d] wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd: Nor wonted fear
Withheld the baſe Galician's ſordid ſpear;
Though ſtill his crimſon ſeamy ſcars reveal
The ſure-aim'd vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain ſide
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor leſs the furious luſt of war inſpires
The Biſcayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapleſs ſtranger give the fancy'd wrong.
Nor bold Aſturia, nor Guiſpuſcoa's ſhore,
Famed for their ſteely wealth, and iron ore,
Delay'd their vaunting ſquadrons; o'er the dales
Caſed in their native ſteel, and belted mails,

[d] Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Blue

Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a ſpear the warlike throng.
And thus, wide ſweeping o'er the trembling coaſt,
The proud Caſtilian leads his numerous hoſt;
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himſelf collected greatly dares:
For ſuch high valour in his boſom glow'd,
As Samſon's locks by miracle beſtow'd:
Safe in himſelf reſolved the hero ſtands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:
The council ſummon'd, ſome with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice their terrors ſcreen.
By ſloth debaſed, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inſpire;
And each pale lip ſeem'd opening to declare
For tame ſubmiſſion, and to ſhun the war;
When glorious Nunio, ſtarting from his ſeat,
Claim'd every eye, and cloſed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the daſtard train,
His rowling looks, that flaſh'd with ſtern diſdain,
On them he fixt, then ſnatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold ſpeech bewray'd the ſoldier's fire,
Bold and unpoliſh'd; while his burning [g] eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and ſkies.

[g] This ſpeech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the Tranſlator has endeavoured to ſupport the character of the Speaker.

Heavens!

Heavens! ſhall the Luſian nobles tamely yield!
Oh ſhame! and yield untry'd the martial field!
That land whoſe genius, as the God of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her ſons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country ſinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are you the genuine line
Of thoſe illuſtrious ſhades, whoſe rage divine,
Beneath great Henry's ſtandards awed the foe,
For whom you tremble and would ſtoop ſo low!
That foe, who, boaſtful now, then baſely fled,
When your undaunted ſires the hero led,
When ſeven bold Earls in chains the ſpoil adorn'd,
And proud Caſteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Caſteel, your awful dread — yet, conſcious, ſay,
When Diniz reign'd, when his bold ſon bore ſway,
By whom were trodden down the braveſt bands
That ever march'd from proud Caſtilia's lands?
'Twas your brave ſires — and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted ſouls ſo deep a ſtain,
That now degenerate from your noble ſires,
The laſt dim ſpark of Luſian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unſkill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field.
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatnings of the vaunting foe.

Not

Not proud Caſteel, oft by your fires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntleſs rage ſhould own.
Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my ſword I ſwear,
Myſelf alone the dreadful war ſhall wage,
Mine be the fight — and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn diſplay'd
The awful terror of his ſhining blade ——
I and my vaſſals dare the dreadful ſhock;
My ſhoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my Sovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land unconquer'd ſhall remain,
And all my Monarch's foes ſhall heap the plain.

The hero pauſed — 'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'ſcaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with ſlaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Aſſembled ſtood, and bow'd their necks to yield;
When nobly riſing with a like diſdain
The young Cornelius raged, nor raged in [h] vain:

[h] This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, ſomewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a conſiderable body of Romans fled to Canuſium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that ſome of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking meaſures to tranſport themſelves out of Italy. He went immediately to their aſſembly; and drawing his ſword, ſaid, *I ſwear that I will not deſert the Commonwealth of Rome, nor ſuffer any other citizen to do it. The ſame oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all preſent; whoever refuſes, let him know that this ſword is drawn againſt him.* The Hiſtorian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all ſwore, and ſubmitted themſelves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

On his dread ſword his daunted peers he ſwore,
(The reeking blade yet black with Punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inſpired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
To horſe, to horſe, the gallant Luſians cry'd;
Rattled the belted mails on every ſide,
The ſpear-ſtaff trembled; round their heads they waved
Their ſhining faulchions, and in tranſport raved,
The King our guardian—loud their ſhouts rebound,
And the fierce commons ecchoe back the ſound.
The mails that long in ruſting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarſely rung:
Some ſoft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And ſome the breaſt-plate's ſcaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles ſome, and ſcarfs prepare,
Where various lightſome colours gaily flare;
And golden tiſſue, with the warp enwove,
Diſplays the emblems of their youthful love.

The valiant John, begirt with warlike ſtate,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;
Whoſe lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his ſpring he rolls his cooly waves.

The

The daring van in Nunio's care could boaſt
A general worthy of th' unnumber'd hoſt,
Whoſe gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,
When boaſtful Xerxes laſh'd the Seſtian tide:
Nunio, to proud Caſteel as dread a name,
As erſt to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Attila's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a Chieftain train'd in fight:
Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly waving o'er the center nod
The royal enſigns, glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inſpires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the ſtubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the ſun of Auguſt ſhone;
When from the gate the ſquadrons march along:
Crowds preſt on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:
Here the ſad mother rends her hoary hair,
While hope's fond whiſpers ſtruggle with deſpair:
The weeping ſpouſe to heaven extends her hands:
And cold with dread the modeſt virgin ſtands,
Her earneſt eyes, ſuffuſed with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth purſue:

And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of heaven aſſail.

Now each ſtern hoſt full front to front appears,
And one joint ſhout heaven's airy concave tears:
A dreadful pauſe enſues, while conſcious pride
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide.
Now wild and pale the boldeſt face is ſeen;
With mouth half open and diſordered mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakneſs trembles in the knees.
And now the clangor of the trumpet ſounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds:
The fife's ſhrill whiſtling cuts the gale, on high
The flouriſh'd enſigns ſhine with many a dye
Of blazing ſplendor: o'er the ground they wheel
And chuſe their footing, when the proud Caſteel
Bids ſound the horrid charge; loud burſts the ſound,
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every ſide,
And trembling ſinks Guidana's rapid tide;
The ſlow-paced Durius ruſhes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus haſtens to the main:
Such was the tempeſt of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurſes' arms

Shriek'd

Shriek'd at the ſound; with ſudden cold impreſt,
The mothers ſtrain'd their infants to the breaſt,
And ſhook with horror — now, far round, begin
The bow ſtrings whizzing, and the brazen [k] din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man oppoſed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inſpires,
And one the raging luſt of conqueſt fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm ſtrains ſwifteſt to impell the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only paſſion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior God,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he ſows
With their ſpilt blood, and with their corſes ſtrews;
Their forceful volleys now the croſs bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy ſhower;
The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The ſnorting courſers rage and paw the plain;

[k] Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the laſt efforts of their genius were laviſhed in deſcribing the ſuperior proweſs of the Hero in the deciſive engagement. Camoens, in like manner, has beſtowed his utmoſt attention on this his principal battle. The circumſtances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and ſolemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is ſupported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not heſitate to affirm, would do honour to an ancient claſſic.

Beat

Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As diſtant thunder through the mountains ſounds:
The ponderous ſpears craſh, ſplintering far around;
The horſe and horſemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the ſudden weight oppreſt,
And many a buckler rings on many a creſt.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's ſword
With furious ſway the braveſt ſquadrons gored,
The raging foes in cloſer ranks advance,
And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile [1] lance.
Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withſtood;

[1] *And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile lance*—The juſt indignation with which Camoens treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French Tranſlator. "*Dans le fond*, ſays he, *les Pereyras ne meritoient aucune fletriſſure*, &c.—The Pereyras deſerve no ſtain on their memory for joining the king of Caſtile, whoſe title to the crown of Portugal was infinitely more juſt and ſolid than that of Don John." Caſtera, however, is groſsly miſtaken. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the conſtitution of the kingdom was ſettled in eighteen ſhort ſtatutes, wherein it is expreſsly provided, that none but a Portugueſe can be king of Portugal; that if an Infanta marry a foreign Prince, he ſhall not, in her right, become king of Portugal, and a new election of a king, in caſe of the failure of the male line, is by theſe ſtatutes ſuppoſed legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Caſtile and Donna *Beatrix*, the heireſs of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children ſhould ſucceed to the Portugueſe crown; and that, in caſe the throne became vacant ere ſuch children were born, the queen-dowager *Leonora* ſhould govern with the title of Regent. Thus, neither by the original conſtitution, nor the treaty of marriage, could the king of Caſtile ſucceed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage contract was already forfeited; for he cauſed himſelf and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portugueſe money with his buſt, depoſed the queen Regent, and afterwards ſent her priſoner to Caſtile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the ſon of Inez de Caſtro, was kept in priſon by his rival the king of Caſtile; and as before obſerved, a new election was, by the original ſtatutes, ſuppoſed legal in caſes of emergency. Theſe facts, added to the conſideration of the tyranny of the king of Caſtile, and the great ſervices Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its exiſtence, as a kingdom, depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoens againſt the traiterous Pereyras.

With

With proud diſdain his honeſt eyes behold
Who e'er the traytor, who his king has ſold.
Nor want there others in the hoſtile band
Who draw their ſwords againſt their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurſt,
In rank were foremoſt, and in fight the firſt.
So ſons and fathers, by each other ſlain,
With horrid ſlaughter dyed Pharſalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghoſts, who now for treaſons foul,
Amidſt the gloom of Stygian darkneſs howl;
Thou Cataline, and, ſtern Sertorius, tell
Your brother ſhades, and ſoothe the pains of hell;
With triumph tell them, ſome of Luſian race
Like you have earn'd the Traytor's foul diſgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes encreaſing weight
Bears down our foremoſt ranks and ſhakes the fight;
Yet firm and undiſmay'd great Nunio ſtands,
And braves the tumult of ſurrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains ſtray'd,
The ranging Lion braves the ſhepherd's ſhade;
The ſhepherds haſtening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With ſhouts ſurround him, and with ſpears reſtrain:
He ſtops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pauſe;

His threatening eyeballs burn with ſparkling fire,
And his ſtern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidſt the thickneſs of the ſpears he flings,
So midſt his foes the furious Nunio ſprings:
The Luſian graſs with foreign gore diſtain'd,
Diſplays the carnage of the hero's hand.

" An ample ſhield the brave Giraldo bore,
" Which from the vanquiſh'd Perez' arm he tore;
" Pierced through that ſhield, cold death invades his eye,
" And dying Perez ſaw his Victor die.
" Edward and Pedro emulous of fame,
" The ſame their friendſhip, and their youth the ſame,
" Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody [m] way,
" Till in a cold embrace the ſtriplings lay.
" Lopez and Vincent ruſh'd on glorious death,
" And midſt their ſlaughtered foes reſign'd their breath.
" Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
" Spur'd his fierce courſer through the ſtaggering fight:
" Shower'd from the daſhing hoofs the ſpatter'd gore
" Flies round; but ſoon the Rider vaunts no more:
" Five Spaniſh ſwords the murmuring ghoſts atone,
" Of five Caſtilians by his arm o'erthrown.

[m] *Through the fierce Brigians*——The Caſtilians, ſo called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the Monkiſh fabuliſts call the grandſon of Noah.

Transfix'd

" Transfixt with three Iberian ſpears, the gay,
" The knightly lover young Hilario lay:
" Though, like a roſe, cut off in opening bloom,
" The Hero weeps not for his early doom;
" Yet trembling in his ſwimming eye appears
" The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears,
" To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
" The name half utter'd, down he ſinks, and [n] dies."

Now through his ſhatter'd ranks the Monarch ſtrode,
And now before his rally'd ſquadrons rode:
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he ſpies,
And inſtant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The Lioneſs her emptied den beholds,
Enraged ſhe ſtands, and liſtening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living ſparkles flaſhing from her eyes,
To the Maſſylian ſhepherd-tents ſhe [o] flies;
She groans, ſhe roars, and ecchoing far around
The ſeven twin-mountains tremble at the ſound:

[n] Theſe lines marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camoens. They conſiſt of three ſtanzas in the Portugueſe, and are ſaid to have been left out by the author himſelf in his ſecond edition. The tranſlator, however, as they breathe the true ſpirit of Virgil, was willing to preſerve them with this acknowledgement; in this he he has followed the example of Caſtera.

[o] Maſſylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infeſted with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os ſete montes irmaõs*, the ſeven brother mountains.

So raged the king, and with a choſen train
He pours reſiſtleſs o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,
Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;
Behold your friend, your Monarch leads the way,
And dares the thickeſt of the iron fray.
Say, ſhall the Luſian race forſake their king,
Where ſpears environ, and where javelins ſing!

He ſpoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous ſpear, and midſt the foremoſt hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon paſt,
And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his [p] laſt.

[p] *And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his laſt*——This, which is almoſt literal from

Muitos lançaraõ o ultimo ſuſpiro——

and the preceding circumſtance of Don John's brandiſhing his lance four times

E ſopeſando a lança quatro vezes——

are poetical, and in the ſpirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Caſtera, who ſubſtitutes the following in their place, "*Il dit, et d'un bras*, &c. — He ſaid, and with an arm whoſe blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin againſt the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horſe tumbled over him." Beſides Maldonat, Caſtera has, in this battle, introduced ſeveral other names which have no place in Camoens. Carrillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: And, "Velaſques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, ſurnamed the Soldier without Fear, Montanches, Oropeſa, and Mondonedo, all ſix of proved valour, fell by the hand of young Antony, *qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adreſſe ou plus de bonheur qu'eux*, who brought to the fight either more addreſs or better fortune than theſe." Not a word of this is in the Portugueſe.

The fate of another hero ſhall conclude the ſpecimens of the manner of Caſtera. The following is literally tranſlated: "Guevar, a vain man, nouriſhed in indolence, ſtained his arms and face with the blood of the dead whom he found ſtretched on the duſt. Under the cover of this frivolous impoſture, he pretended to paſs himſelf for a formidable warrior. He publiſhed, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had thrown to the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his ſabre: Guevar loſt his life; his head, full of the fumes of a ridiculous pride, bounded far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own blood; a juſt and terrible puniſhment for the lies he had told." It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

With

With noble ſhame inſpired, and mounting rage,
His bands ruſh on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick burſting ſparkles from the blows aſpire;
Such flaſhes blaze, their ſwords ſeem dipt in [q] fire;
The belts of ſteel and plates of braſs are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The firſt in honour of Saint Jago's [r] band,
A naked ghoſt now ſought the gloomy ſtrand;
And he, of Calatrave the ſovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had ſlain in fight,
Deſcended murmuring to the ſhades of night.
Blaſpheming heaven, and gaſh'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curſt their fate, and dy'd. Ten thouſands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameleſs nobles who, promiſcuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.
Now low the proud Caſtilian ſtandard lies
Beneath the Luſian flag, a vanquiſh'd prize.

[q] *Their ſwords ſeem dipt in fire*——This is as literal as the idiom of the two languages would allow. Dryden has a thought like that of this couplet, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
DRYD. VIRG. EN. XII.

[r] Grand Maſter of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valverda*, which immediately followed. The Reader may perhaps be ſurpriſed to find, that every ſoldier mentioned in theſe notes is a Don, a *Lord*. The following piece of hiſtory will account for the number of the Portugueſe nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, Count of Portugal, was ſaluted king by his army at the battle of *Ourique*; in return, his Majeſty dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th of the Stat. of *Lamego*.

With furious madneſs fired, and ſtern diſdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Ruſh headlong; groans and yellings of [r] deſpair
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirſt burns, and every breaſt
Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppreſt
Slow now obeys the will's ſtern ire, and ſlow
From every ſword deſcends the feeble blow;
Till rage grew languid, and tired ſlaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breaſt to wound.
Now from the field Caſteel's proud monarch [s] flies,
In wild diſmay he rowls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight, who, wing'd with fear,
As drifted ſmoke at diſtance diſappear,

[r] The laſt efforts of rage and deſpair are thus deſcribed in Pope's tranſlation of the fifth battle at the ſhips. Il. XV.

Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair.
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain;
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

[s] This tyrant, whoſe unjuſt pretenſions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the deciſive battle of *Aljubarata*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don *Laurence*, archbiſhop of *Braga*, in a letter written in old Portugueſe to Don *John*, abbot of *Alcobaza*, gives this account of his behaviour. "*O condeſtrabre* "*à me far ſaber ca o rey de Caſtella ſe viera* "*à Santaren como homen treſvaliado, quem* "*maldezia ſeu viver, è puxava polas barbas; è à bo fè, hom amigo, melhor e que* "*o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homen,* "*quem ſuas barbas arrepela mao lavor faria das alheas.* i. e. The conſtable has "informed me that he ſaw the king of "Caſtile at Santaren, who behaved as a "madman, curſing his exiſtence, and "tearing the hairs of his beard. And in "good faith, my good friend, it is better "that he ſhould do ſo to himſelf than to "us; the man who thus plucks his own "beard, would be much better pleaſed to "do ſo to others." The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of *Aljubarota*, where he received on the face a large wound from a ſabre. Caſtera relates this anecdote of him. The flattery of a ſculptor had omitted the deep ſcar: when the archbiſhop ſaw the ſtatue, he laid hold of an attendant's ſword, with which he diſfigured the face. I have now, ſaid he, ſupplied what it wanted.

Blaſpheming

Blaſpheming fate, and curſing him who firſt
Forged horrid arms, and led to wars accurſt.

The feſtive days by heroes old [t] ordain'd
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.
The funeral rites and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the reſtleſs Nunio ſtaid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's ſtandard on his ſpear he bore,
And Andaluſia's enſigns ſteept in gore.
Low in the duſt diſtreſt Caſtilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary ſire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate: from England's happy ſhore
The peaceful ſeas two lovely ſiſters [u] bore.

[t] *The feſtive days by heroes old ordain'd.* ——As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of theſe ages, that the victor ſhould encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which ought to have been purſued were frequently loſt. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, ſent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

[u] Caſtera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John "duke of Lancaſter, ſon of Edward IV. of "England, both of great beauty: the eldeſt, "named Catharine, was married to the "king of Caſtile, the youngeſt, Iſabel, "to the king of Portugal." This is all a miſtake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippa*, eldeſt daughter of *John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, ſon of Edward III. who aſſiſted the king, his ſon-in-law, in an irruption into Caſtile, and at the end of the campaign promiſed to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngeſt daughter *Catalina* with Don *Henry*, eldeſt ſon of the king of Caſtile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Caſtile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horſe, and leaving no iſſue by his queen *Beatrix*, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretenſions on that crown ceaſed. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not ſtrictly kept, yet at laſt the influence of the Engliſh queen *Catalina* prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, enſued.

The

The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,
And holy peace aſſum'd her bliſsful reign,
Again the peaſant joy'd, the landſcape ſmiled again.

But John's brave breaſt to warlike cares innured,
With conſcious ſhame the ſloth of eaſe endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant Hero braved the foamy main;
The firſt, nor meaneſt, of our kings who bore
The Luſian thunders to the Afric ſhore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their ſilver wings a thouſand eagles ſhew'd;
And proudly ſwelling to the whiſtling gales
The ſeas were whiten'd with a thouſand ſails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior paſt.
The ſhrines of Hagar's race, the ſhrines of luſt,
And moon-crown'd moſques lay ſmoaking in the duſt.
O'er Abyla's high ſteep his lance he raiſed,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his ſtandard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train,
His vaſſal now, enſures the peace of Spain.

But ah, how ſoon the blaze of glory [w] dies!
Illuſtrious John aſcends his native ſkies.

[w] The character of this great prince claims a place in theſe notes, as it affords a comment on the enthuſiaſm of Camoens, who has made him the hero of his epiſode. His

His gallant offspring prove their genuine ſtrain,
And added lands increaſe the Luſian reign.

Yet not the firſt of heroes Edward ſhone;
His happieſt days long hours of evil own.
He ſaw, ſecluded from the chearful day,
His ſainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious youth in captive chains, to thee
What ſuiting honours can thy land [x] decree!

His birth, excellent education, and maſterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The ſame juſtice, prudence, and heroiſm always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the moſt winning affability with all the manly dignity of the ſovereign. To thoſe who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made viſits to them, and introduced among them the taſte for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmoſt care of that of his children. He had many ſons, and he himſelf often inſtructed them in ſolid and uſeful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities. One of his ſons, Don *Henry*, duke of *Viſeo*, was that great prince whoſe ardent paſſion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had diſturbed almoſt every other reign, were ſo convinced of the wiſdom of his, that they confeſſed he ought to be ſupported out of the treaſures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the Pope ordered a rigorous enquiry to be made into his having brought eccleſiaſtics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the ſingular honeſty to deſert what was ſtiled the church immunities, and to own that juſtice had been impartially adminiſtered. He died in the ſeventy-ſixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the Engliſh, whoſe friendſhip he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently aſſiſted.

[x] Camoens, in this inſtance, has raiſed the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of the old romance. The ſiege of Tangier was propoſed. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, tho' a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid ſiege to Tangier, and were ſurrounded by a numerous army of Moors, ſome writers ſay ſix hundred thouſand. On condition that the Portugueſe army ſhould be allowed to return home, the infants promiſed to deliver Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hoſtage. Fernand offered himſelf, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court conſidered the value of Ceuta, and would not conſent. The Pope alſo interpoſed his authority, that Ceuta ſhould be kept as a check on the infidels, and propoſed to raiſe a Cruſade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. Theſe were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, of whoſe vaſt importance they were no ſtrangers. When negotiation failed, king Edward aſſembled a large army to effect his brother's releaſe, but juſt as he was ſetting out, he was ſeized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen.

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hoſtage nobly ſpurns the thought
Of freedom and of life ſo dearly bought:
The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary priſon death. Let noiſy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boaſt no more,
Nor thoſe the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The ſplendor of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's moſt awful frown
To diſtant times through every land ſhall blaze
The ſelf-devoted Luſian's nobler praiſe.

Now to the tomb the hapleſs king deſcends,
His ſon Alonzo brighter fate attends.

queen to deliver up Ceuta for the releaſe of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their eſteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Caſtera follows, make his ſufferings little inferior to thoſe, without proof likewiſe, aſcribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day eſteemed as a ſaint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the moſt eloquent man in his dominions, ſpoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of ſeveral books, one on horſemanſhip, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in buſineſs, and rendered his country infinite ſervice by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the Garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his couſin Henry V. of England. In one inſtance he gave great offence to the ſuperſtitious populace. He deſpiſed the advice of a Jew aſtrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, becauſe the ſtars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of Tangier was aſcribed, and the people were always on the alarm, as if ſome terrible diſaſter were impending over them.

Alonzo!

Alonzo! dear to Luſus' race the name;
Nor his the meaneſt in the rolls of fame.
His might reſiſtleſs proſtrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritinians groan'd,
And ſtill they groan beneath the Luſian ſway.
'Twas his in victor-pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Heſperia's ſhore,
Which but the ſon of Jove had ſnatch'd before.
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Diſplay'd his triumphs on the Mooriſh ground.
When proud Arzilla's ſtrength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingia, boaſtful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meaneſt ſword that fought
Beneath the Luſian flag ſuch wonders wrought
As from the Muſe might challenge endleſs fame,
Though low their ſtation, and without a name.

Now ſtung with wild Ambition's madning fires,
To proud Caſtilia's throne the king [y] aſpires.
The Lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,
And hoar Pyrene's ſides his legions calls;

[y] When Henry IV. of Caſtile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heireſs, in preference to his ſiſter, Donna *Iſabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, ſon to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Caſtile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a diſpenſation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna *Joanna*. After a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

The numerous legions to his ſtandards throng,
And war, with horrid ſtrides, now ſtalks along.
With emulation fired, the * prince beheld
His warlike ſire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of eaſe, to aid his arms he ſped,
Nor ſped in vain: The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Diſmay
Spread her cold wings, and ſhook his firm array,
To flight ſhe hurried; while with brow ſerene
The martial boy beheld the deathful ſcene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' oppoſing troops his wheeling ſquadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening ſun beheld
His tents encampt aſſert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghoſt of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeaſed with Roman gore,
Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endleſs night had ſeal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's ſpirit ſought the ſkies,
The ſecond of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now aſcends the throne.
To ſeize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, deſign'd;

* The Prince of Portugal.

That

That glorious labour which I now purſue,
Through ſeas unfail'd to find the ſhores that view
The day-ſtar, riſing from his watery bed,
The firſt grey beams of infant morning ſhed.
Selected meſſengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way.
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair Parthenope an honour'd [z] grave;
That ſhore which oft has felt the ſervile chain,
But now ſmiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave advent'rers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian ſhore;
Now reach the ſtrand where noble Pompey [a] bled;
And now, repair'd with reſt, to Memphis ſped;
And now, aſcending by the vales of Nile,
Whoſe waves pour fatneſs o'er the grateful ſoil,
Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they ſtray'd,
Where their glad eyes Meſſiah's rites [b] ſurvey'd:
And now they paſs the famed Arabian flood,
Whoſe waves of old in wondrous ridges ſtood,
While Iſrael's favour'd race the ſable bottom trode:
Behind them gliſtening to the morning ſkies,
The mountains named from Izmael's offspring [c] riſe;

[z] Parthenope was one of the Syrens. Enraged becauſe ſhe could not allure Ulyſſes, ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea. Her corps was thrown aſhore, and buried where Naples now ſtands.

[a] The coaſt of Alexandria.

[b] Among the Chriſtians of *Preſter John*, or Abyſſynia.

[c] The Nabathean mountains; ſo named from Nabaoth, the ſon of Iſhmael.

Now round their ſteps the bleſt Arabia ſpreads
Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,
And every breaſt, inſpired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales:
Now paſt the Perſian gulph their rout aſcends
Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illuſtrious ſtreams, where ſtill the native ſhews
Where Babel's haughty tower unfiniſh'd roſe:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring courſe
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they [c] force;
Carmanian hords, and Indian tribes they ſaw,
And many a barbarous rite, and many a [d] law
Their ſearch explored; but to their native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fate's decree,
Kind heaven reſerved, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy [e] ſires,
To thee deſcending, waked thy latent fires,
And to command the ſea from pole to pole,
With reſtleſs wiſh inflamed thy mighty ſoul.

Now from the ſky the ſacred light withdrawn,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſhone the ſtars of dawn,

[c] *Beyond where Trajan*—The Emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman Empire in the Eaſt, far beyond any of his predeceſſors. His conqueſts reached to the river Tigris, near which ſtood the city of Cteſiphon, which he ſubdued. The Roman Hiſtorians boaſted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Fœlix. Vid. Dion. Caſſ. Euſeb. Chron. p. 206.

[d] *Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.*—— Hor.

[e] Emmanuel was couſin to the late king John II. and grandſon to king Edward, ſon of John I.

Deep

Deep Silence ſpread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in ſleep profound.
The monarch ſlumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares poſſeſt his thoughtful head;
His generous ſoul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When ſent by heaven a ſacred dream inſpired
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired:
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and ſtrange appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The foreſt-boughs with yellow ſplendor glow'd;
High from the ſteep two copious glaſſy ſtreams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams;
Here various monſters of the wild were ſeen,
And birds of plumage, azure, ſcarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the foreſt's horrid gloom,
Whoſe ſhaggy brakes, by human ſtep untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the ſtreams ariſe;
Their aſpect ruſtic, yet a reverend grace
Appeared majeſtic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and ſweepy long,
Adown their knees in ſhaggy ringlets hung;

From

From every lock the chryſtal drops diſtill,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameleſs in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows,
Bent o'er his ſtaff, more ſilver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the One appears;
Who now ſlow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they ſtand;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden ſhores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, ſhall bend to thee.
Wide thro' the world reſounds our wealthy fame;
Haſte, ſpeed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradiſe my hallowed waters ſpring;
The ſacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illuſtrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil ſhall languiſh, and the fight ſhall flame;
Our faireſt lawns with ſtreaming gore ſhall ſmoke,
Ere yet our ſhoulders bend beneath thy yoke;
But thou ſhalt conquer: all thine eyes ſurvey,
With all our various tribes ſhall own thy ſway.

He ſpoke; and melting in a ſilvery ſtream
Both diſappear'd; when waking from his dream,

The

The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the ſacred ſign.

Now morning burſting from the eaſtern ſky
Spreads o'er the clouds the bluſhing roſe's dye,
The nations wake, and at the ſovereign's call
The Luſian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The viſion of his ſleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breaſt with joyful wonder ſwells:
Fulfil, they cry, the ſacred ſign obey,
And ſpread the canvas for the Indian ſea.
Inſtant My looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on Me his eyes the monarch turn'd:
What he beheld I know not, but I know,
Big ſwell'd my boſom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aſpired:
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,
My looks the omen of ſucceſs diſplayed.
When with that ſweetneſs in his mien expreſt,
Which unreſiſted wins the generous breaſt,
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.
If in the glorious ſtrife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his ſoul appall;

And but to dare ſo great a toil, ſhall raiſe
Each age's wonder, and immortal praiſe.
For this dread toil new oceans to explore,
To ſpread the ſail where ſail ne'er flow'd before,
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I chuſe, O Vasco, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the taſk ſhall be
To you my Gama, as perform'd for Me.——
My heart could bear no more——Let ſkies on fire,
Let frozen ſeas, let horrid war conſpire,
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can reſign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghaſtly realms of death could man invade
For you my ſteps ſhould trace the ghaſtly ſhade.

While thus with loyal zeal my boſom ſwell'd,
That panting zeal my Prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I ſtood, but honour'd more
By that eſteem my joyful Sovereign bore.
That generous praiſe which fires the ſoul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,
That praiſe even now my heaving boſom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wiſh inſpires.

Moved

Moved by affection, and allured by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the deareſt name,
Paulus my brother, boldly ſued to ſhare
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war;
And brave Coëllo urged the Hero's claim
To dare each hardſhip, and to join our fame:
For glory both with reſtleſs ardour burn'd,
And ſilken eaſe for horrid danger ſpurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The ſnare to baffle, or the ſword to wield.
Through Liſbon's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meaneſt of the venturous band
With gifts ſtood honour'd by the Sovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury ſwell'd each warrior's breaſt,
When each, in turn, the ſmiling King addreſt!
Fired by his words the direſt toils they ſcorn'd,
And with the horrid luſt of danger fiercely burn'd.

With ſuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the firſt keel the Euxine ſurges plow'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Orac'lous Argo ſail'd from wondering [f] Greece.

[f] *Orac'lous Argo* — According to fable, the veſſel of the Argonauts ſpoke and prophecied. The ancients, I ſuppoſe, by this meant to inſinuate, that thoſe who truſt their lives to the caprices of the waves have need of a penetrating foreſight, that they may not be ſurpriſed by ſudden tempeſts. *Caſtera.*

Where Tago's yellow ſtream the harbour laves,
And ſlowly mingles with the ocean's waves,
In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my ſoldiers ſtrode.
Sailors and land-men marſhall'd o'er the ſtrand,
In garbs of various hue around me ſtand;
Each earneſt firſt to plight the ſacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plow:
Then turning to the ſhips their ſparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds ariſe;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping ſail,
And purple ſtandards floating on the gale:
While each preſaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet ſhould give ſome ſtarry band a name.

Where foaming on the ſhore the tide appears,
A ſacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the ſea the evening ſhades deſcend,
And at the holy ſhrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earneſt vows to heaven we raiſe.
" Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
" Still to the Sailor's eye diſplays his grave;
" Through howling tempeſts, and through gulphs untry'd,
" O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."

While

While kneeling thus before the ſacred ſhrine,
In Holy Faith's moſt ſolemn rite we join;
Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every boſom warms:
Sudden the lights extinguiſh'd, all around
Dread ſilence reigns, and midnight gloom profound:
A ſacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breaſt devotes itſelf to death,
An offer'd ſacrifice, ſworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way;
Now proſtrate round the hallow'd ſhrine we [g] lie,
Till roſy morn beſpreads the eaſtern ſky;
Then, breathing fixt reſolves, my daring mates
March to the ſhips, while pour'd from Liſbon's gates,
Thouſands on thouſands crowding, preſs along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thouſand white-robed prieſts our ſteps attend,
And prayers, and holy vows to heaven aſcend;
A ſcene ſo ſolemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, conſtrained my tears to flow.

[g] This fact is according to hiſtory: Aberat Olyſippone prope littus quatuor paſſuum millia templum ſanè religioſum et ſanctum ab Henrico in honorem ſanctiſſimæ virginis edificatum. . . . . In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conſcenſurus, ſe recepit, ut noctem cum religioſis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis conſumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantùm gratia, ſed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, conveniſſent, fuit ab omnibus in ſcaphis deductus. Neque ſolùm homines religioſi, ſed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè & proſperè illa tam periculoſa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & univerſi re benè geſta incolumes in patriam redirent.

To weigh our anchors from our native ſhore——
To dare new oceans never dared before——
Perhaps to ſee my native coaſt no more——
Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no boſom of obdurate ſteel.
(The godlike hero here ſuppreſt the ſigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;
Then thus reſuming—) All the peopled ſhore
An awful, ſilent look of anguiſh wore;
Affection, friendſhip, all the kindred ties
Of ſpouſe and parent languiſh'd in their eyes:
As men they never ſhould again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to deſtruction ſold,
On us they fixt the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my ſon, my ſon,
An hoary Sire exclaims, oh! whither run,
My heart's ſole joy, my trembling age's ſtay,
To yield thy limbs the dread ſea-monſter's prey!
To ſeek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerleſs ſinking to the grave!
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!—His voice is heard no more,
The female ſhriek reſounds along the ſhore:

With hair diſhevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride ſprings on, and ſcreams aloud;
Oh! where, my huſband, where to ſeas unknown,
Where would'ſt thou fly me, and my love diſown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep conſign
That valued life, the joy, the ſoul of mine:
And muſt our loves, and all our kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear tranſports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inſpired each raptured face!
Muſt all, alas! be ſcatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou beſtow one lingering look behind!

Such the lorn parents' and the ſpouſes' woes,
Such o'er the ſtrand the voice of wailing roſe;
From breaſt to breaſt the ſoft contagion crept,
Moved by the woeful ſound the children wept;
The mountain ecchoes catch the big-ſwoln ſighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow ſands with tears are ſilver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aſide
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What ſoft affection and what love could do.

The laſt embrace the braveſt worſt can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we ſhun, unable to ſuſtain
The melting paſſion of ſuch tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we ſtand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the ſtrand,
A reverend [h] figure fixt each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice his hoary curls he ſternly ſhook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;

[h] By this old man is perſonified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to diſcover the Eaſt-Indies by the Southern ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any meaſure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were almoſt unanimous againſt the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could ariſe from ſo perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foreſight peculiar to Politicians, were alarmed, leſt the Egyptian Sultan, who was powerful in the Eaſt, ſhould ſignify his diſpleaſure; and others foreſaw, that ſucceſs would combine all the Princes of Chriſtendom in a league for the deſtruction of Portugal. In ſhort, if glory, intereſt, or the propagation of the goſpel, were deſired, Africa and Ethiopia, they ſaid, afforded, both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expreſſions of the thouſands who crouded the ſhore when Gama gave his ſails to the wind, are thus expreſſed by Oſorius, from whom the above facts are ſelected.—A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miſeros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius ſupplicium hominibus iſtis conſtitui, ſi in ſe ſceleſtum aliquod facinus admiſiſſent? Eſt enim illis immenſi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione ſuperandi, vitæ diſcrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis abſumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus ſepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc ſententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò triſtiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.——The tender emotion and fixt reſolution of Gama, and the earneſt paſſion of the multitudes on the ſhore, are thus added by the ſame venerable hiſtorian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas ſuorum deſiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem fauſtis ominibus conſcendit. . . . . Qui in littore conſiſtebant, non prius abſcedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento ſecundo pleniſſimis velis ab omnium conſpectu remotæ ſunt.

Then

Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet theſe awful words were heard:

O frantic thirſt of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What ſtings, what plagues, what ſecret ſcourges curſt,
Torment thoſe boſoms where thy pride is nurſt!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths deſtroy
The hapleſs youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire Tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind:
Kingdoms and Empires in confuſion hurl'd,
What ſtreams of gore have drench'd the hapleſs world!
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new-dread horror doſt thou now prepare!
High ſounds thy voice of India's pearly ſhore,
Of endleſs triumphs and of countleſs ſtore:
Of other worlds ſo tower'd thy ſwelling boaſt,
Thy golden dreams when Paradiſe was loſt,
When thy big promiſe ſteep'd the world in gore,
And ſimple innocence was known no more.
And ſay, has fame ſo dear, ſo dazzling charms?
Muſt brutal fierceneſs and the trade of arms,
Conqueſt, and laurels dipt in blood, be prized,
While life is ſcorn'd, and all its joys deſpiſed.
And ſay, does zeal for holy faith inſpire
To ſpread its mandates, thy avow'd deſire?

Behold

Behold the Hagarene in armour ſtands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thouſand cities own his lordly ſway,
A thouſand various ſhores his nod obey.
Through all theſe regions, all theſe cities, ſcorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars ſprun'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his ſhining ſpear diſplays,
Whilſt thou wouldſt fondly dare the watery maze,
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On ſhores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madneſs of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers ſo fruitleſs, ſo remote a war!
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, Lord of Perſia, thee, of India Lord,
O'er Ethiopia's vaſt, and Araby adored!

Curſt be the man who firſt on floating wood,
Forſook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!
Oh! never, never may the ſacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallow'd wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times reſound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound!

Curſt

Curſt be the wretch, the fire of heaven who ſtole,
And with ambition firſt debauch'd the ſoul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread ſlaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud Ambition's pleaſing gales upborne,
One boaſts to guide the chariot of the morn;
And one on treacherous pinions ſoaring [1] high,
O'er ocean's waves would ſail the liquid ſky:
Daſh'd from their height they mourn'd their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a ſea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet ſuch the fury of the mortal race,
Though Fame's fair promiſe ends in foul diſgrace,
Though conqueſt ſtill the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a ſhadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet ſtill through fire and raging ſeas they run
To catch the gilded ſhade, and ſink undone!

[1] Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

The departure of the fleet from the Tagus. ——In no circumſtance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conſpicuous, than in the conſtant attention he pays to his propoſed ſubjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the ſufferings of Ulyſſes. He beſtows the utmoſt care on every incident that could poſſibly impreſs our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς. Virgil throughout the Eneid has followed the ſame courſe. Every incident that could poſſibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long ſearch for the promiſed Italy, is ſet before us in the fulleſt magnitude. But, however, this method of ennobling the Epic by paying the utmoſt attention to give a grandeur to every circumſtance of the propoſed ſubject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his Henriade, (where political declamation ſeems to have been his principal care,) and by ſome other moderns, who have attempted the Epopea; it has not been omitted by Camoens. The Portugueſe Poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every cir-

cumſtance attending it is repreſented with magnificence and dignity. John II. deſigns what had never been attempted before. Meſſengers are ſent by land to diſcover the climate and riches of India. Their rout is deſcribed in the manner of Homer. The palm of diſcovery, however, is reſerved for a ſucceeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another ſtriking inſtance of the ſpirit of the Grecian Bard. The enthuſiaſm which the king beholds on the aſpect of Gama is a noble ſtroke of poetry; the ſolemnity of the night ſpent in devotion; the ſullen reſolution of the Adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them as ſelf-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and intereſting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, greatly ſuperior to that in the Eneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of Invalids in Sicily. In the Odyſſey there is nothing which can be called ſimilar.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father ſtood
And ſpoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We ſpread the canvas to the riſing gales,
The gentle winds diſtend the ſnowy ſails.
As from our dear-loved native ſhore we fly
Our votive ſhouts, redoubled, rend the ſky;
" Succeſs, ſucceſs," far ecchoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly ſtar of day,
Intenſely blazing, ſhot his fierceſt ray;
When ſlowly gliding from our wiſhful eyes,
The Luſian mountains mingled with the ſkies;

Tago's loved ſtream, and Syntra's mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;
And ſtill with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim ſpeck of land appears no more.
Our native ſoil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waſte of ſeas and boundleſs ſky:
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry plough'd the wave [a] before:
The verdant iſlands, firſt by him deſcry'd,
We paſt; and now in proſpect opening wide,
Far to the left, increaſing on the view,
Roſe Mauritania's hills of paly blue:
Far to the right the reſtleſs ocean roared,
Whoſe bounding ſurges never keel explored;
If bounding ſhore, as Reaſon deems, divide
The vaſt Atlantic from the Indian [b] tide.

Now from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's purple coaſt we [c] turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the ſmiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;

[a] See the life of Don Henry, Prince of Portugal, in the Preface.

[b] The diſcovery of ſome of the Weſt-Indian iſlands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His diſcovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama ſailed from the Tagus in 1497.

[c] Called by the ancients *Inſulæ Purpurariæ*. Now *Madeira* and *Porto Sancto*. The former was ſo named by Juan Gonzales, and Triſtan Vaz, from the Spaniſh word *Madera*, wood. Theſe diſcoverers were ſent out by the great Don Henry.

A ſhore

A ſhore ſo flowery, and ſo ſweet an air,
Venus might build her deareſt temple there.
Onward we paſs Maſſilia's barren ſtrand,
A waſte of wither'd graſs and burning ſand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herbs nor fruitage deck the woodland maze;
O'er the wild waſte the ſtupid oſtrich ſtrays,
In devious ſearch to pick her ſcanty meal,
Whoſe fierce digeſtion gnaws the temper'd ſteel.
From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now paſt the limit, which his courſe divides,
When to the North the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and ſwarthy ſhores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whoſe courſe a thouſand tribes ſurveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the ſolar height,
Gave Afric's ſons the ſable hue of night.
And now from far the Lybian cape is ſeen,
Now by my mandate named the Cape of [d] Green;
Where midſt the billows of the ocean ſmiles
A flowery ſiſter-train, the happy iſles,

[d] Called by Ptolemy *Caput Aſſinarium.*

Our

Our onward prows the murmuring ſurges lave;
And now our veſſels plough the gentle wave,
Where the blue iſlands, named of Heſper old,
Their fruitful boſoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful Nature ſhews her various face,
And frolicks o'er the ſlopes with wildeſt grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The ſickly cheriſh, and our ſtores renew.
From him, the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whoſe ſpear's dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire diſmay,
And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day;
From him we name our ſtation of repair,
And Jago's name that iſle ſhall ever bear.
The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
Our ſails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:
Round Afric's coaſt our winding courſe we ſteer,
Where bending to the Eaſt the ſhores appear.
Here Jalofo its wide extent [e] diſplays,
And vaſt Mandinga ſhews its numerous bays;

[e] The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambea and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the ſeveral countries through which it runs. In its courſe it makes many iſlands, inhabited only by wild beaſts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is croſſed by a ſtupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river ruſhes with ſuch violence, that travellers paſs under it without any other inconveniency than the prodigious noiſe. The Gambea, or *Rio Grande* runs 180 leagues, but is not ſo far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with leſs noiſe than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality; when

Whoſe mountains' ſides, though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious ſtore, the ſeeds of beamy [f] gold.
The Gambea here his ſerpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thouſand windings makes;
A thouſand ſwarthy tribes his current laves
Ere mix his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
The Gorgades we paſt, that hated [g] ſhore,
Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters ſhared,
The lorn beholders into marble ſtared;
Three dreadful ſiſters! down whoſe temples roll'd
Their hair of ſnakes in many a hiſſing fold,
And ſcattering horror o'er the dreary ſtrand,
With ſwarms of vipers ſow'd the burning ſand.
Still to the ſouth our pointed keels we guide,
And through the Auſtral gulph ſtill onward ride:
Her palmy foreſts mingling with the ſkies,
Leona's rugged ſteep behind us flies;

when mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when ſeparate do not. They abound with great variety of fiſhes, and their banks are covered with horſes, crocodiles, winged ſerpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of others, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. *Faria y Souſa.*

[f] *Tombutu*, the mart of Mandinga gold, was greatly reſorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremiſen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

[g] Contra hoc promontorium (Heſperionceras) Gorgades inſulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione diſtantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampſacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodiditque hirta fœminarum corpora viros pernicitate evaſiſſe, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo poſuit, ſpectatas uſque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hiſt. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.

The

The cape of palms that jutting land we name,
Already conſcious of our nation's [h] fame.
Where the vext waves againſt our bulwarks roar,
And Luſian towers o'erlook the bending ſhore:
Our ſails wide ſwelling to the conſtant blaſt,
Now by the iſle from Thomas named we paſt;
And Congo's ſpacious realm before us roſe,
Where copious Layra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never ſeen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of [i] green,
Rear'd by the Luſian heroes, through the night
Of Pagan darkneſs, pours the mental light.

Behind us now the northern ocean ſtreams;
Lower and lower ſtill the Pole-ſtar gleams,

[h] During the reign of John II. the Portugueſe erected ſeveral forts, and acquired great power in the extenſive regions of Guinea. *Azambuja*, a Portugueſe captain, having obtained leave from *Caramanſa*, a Negro Prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almoſt proved fatal to the diſcoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the Devil would have it, happened to be a Negro God. The Portugueſe were driven away by the enraged worſhippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profuſion of ſuch preſents as they moſt eſteemed.

[i] The Portugueſe having brought an Ambaſſador from Congo to Liſbon ſent him back inſtructed in the faith. By this means the King, Queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were deſtroyed and churches built. Soon after the Prince, who was then abſent at war, was baptized by the name of *Alonzo*. His younger brother, *Aquitimo*, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, becauſe allowed only one wife, turned apoſtate, and left the crown to his Pagan ſon, who, with a great army, ſurrounded his brother, when only attended by ſome Portugueſe and Chriſtian Blacks, in all only thirty-ſeven. By the bravery of theſe, however, *Aquitimo* was defeated, taken, and ſlain. One of *Aquitimo*'s officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-ſeven Chriſtians, but by a glorious army who fought under a ſhining croſs. The idols were again deſtroyed, and Alonzo ſent his ſons, grandſons, and nephews to Portugal to ſtudy; two of whom were afterwards biſhops in Congo. Extracted from *Faria y Souſa*.

Till

Till paſt the limit, where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray:
We now beheld Caliſto's ſtar [k] retire
Beneath the waves, unawed by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His viſit doubled, double ſeaſons makes;
Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the ſpring's gay flowers their honours rear.
Now preſſing onward, paſt the burning zone,
Another heaven to ancient times unknown,
Its arch'd expanſe of deeper azure ſhews;
Before us now another Pole Star glows:
Here gloomy night aſſumes a darker reign,
And fewer ſtars inſpire the heavenly plain;
Fewer than thoſe that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our ſeas their glittering chariots roll:
Full to the ſouth a ſhining croſs [l] appears,
Our heaving breaſts the bliſsful Omen cheers:

[k] According to fable, Caliſto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter having aſſumed the figure of that goddeſs, completed his amorous deſires. On the diſcovery of her pregnancy Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where ſhe was delivered of a ſon. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the conſtellation of *Urſa major* and *minor*. Juno ſtill enraged, entreated Thetis never to ſuffer Caliſto to bathe in the ſea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-ſtar, to the inhabitants of our hemiſphere: but when Gama approached the auſtral pole, the northern, of conſequence, diſappeared under the waves.

[l] The conſtellation of the ſouthern pole was called *The Croſs* by the Portugueſe ſailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by ſeven ſtars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the diſcovery of the ſouthern hemiſphere, has theſe remarkable lines in the firſt canto of his *Purgatorio*.

I' mi volſi a man deſtra, e poſi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro ſtelle
Non viſte mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Voltaire ſomewhere obſerves, that this looked like a prophecy, when, in the ſucceeding age, theſe four ſtars were known to be near the Antartic pole. Dante, however, ſpoke allegorically of the four cardinal virtues.

In the ſouthern hemiſphere, as Camoens obſerves, the nights are darker than in the northern, the ſkies being adorned with much fewer ſtars.

Seven radiant ſtars compoſe the hallow'd ſign
That roſe ſtill higher o'er the wavy brine.
Beneath this ſouthern axle of the world
Never, with daring ſearch, was flag unfurl'd;
Nor pilot knows if bounding ſhores are placed,
Or if one dreary ſea o'erflow the lonely waſte.

While thus our keels ſtill onward boldly ſtray'd,
Now toſt by tempeſts, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,
What toils we ſuffer'd, and what ſtorms defy'd;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of ſolid darkneſs lour'd;
What mountain ſurges mountain ſurges laſh'd,
What ſudden hurricanes the canvas daſh'd;
What burſting lightnings, with inceſſant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,
And ſeem'd to ſhake the reeling ocean's bed:
To tell each horror on the deep reveal'd,
Would aſk an iron throat with tenfold vigour [m] ſteel'd:
Thoſe dreadful wonders of the deep I ſaw,
Which fill the ſailor's breaſt with ſacred awe;

[m] *Non, mihi ſi linguæ centum ſunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox, omnes ſcelerum comprendere formas. En. VI.

And

And which the ſages, of their learning vain,
Eſteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain:
That living fire, by ſea-men held [n] divine,
Of heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign,
Which midſt the horrors of the tempeſt plays,
And on the blaſt's dark wings will gaily blaze;
Thoſe eyes diſtinct have ſeen that living fire
Glide through the ſtorm, and round my ſails aſpire.
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breaſt, mine eyes
To heaven have ſeen the watery columns riſe.
Slender at firſt the ſubtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a maſt the vapour ſwells its ſize,
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the ſkies;
The tube now ſtraitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its ſummit ends:
Still gulp on gulp it ſucks the riſing tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight ſupply'd,

[n] *That living fire, by ſea-men held divine* ——Is thus accounted for in natural hiſtory. The ſulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempeſt, unite, and when the humidity begins to ſubſide, as is the caſe when the ſtorm is almoſt exhauſted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the maſts and cordage of the ſhip. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the ſuperſtition of ſailors ſhould in all ages have eſteemed them divine, and

Of heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign.

In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempeſt theſe fires were ſeen to hover over the heads of Caſtor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately enſued. After the apotheoſes of theſe heroes, the Grecian ſailors invoked theſe fires by the names of Caſtor and Pollux, or *the ſons of Jupiter*. The Athenians called them Σωτῆρες, *Saviours*; and Homer, in his hymn to Caſtor and Pollux, ſays,

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόνῳ σφίσιν, οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
Γήθησαν, πάυσαιντο δ' ὀϊζυροῖο πόνοιο.

Full-gorged, and blackening, ſpreads, and moves, more ſlow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to ſhun the ſummer's ſultry beam
The thirſty heifer ſeeks the cooling ſtream,
The eager horſe-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat inſatiate ſips,
Till the gorged glutton, ſwell'd beyond her ſize,
Drops from her wounded hold, and burſting dies.
So burſts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the daſh'd ocean ſtaggers with the weight.
But ſay, ye ſages, who can weigh the cauſe,
And trace the ſecret ſprings of Nature's laws,
Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the boſom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its ſalt, and from the cloud diſtill
Sweet as the waters of the limpid ° rill?
Ye ſons of boaſtful wiſdom, famed of yore,
Whoſe feet unwearied wander'd many a ſhore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring ſail,

° In this book, particularly in the deſcription of Maſſilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Caſtor and Pollux, and the water-ſpout, Camoens has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoens, in his voyage to the Eaſt-Indies, was an eye witneſs of the phænomena of the fires and water-ſpout. The latter is thus deſcribed by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caligo, belluæ ſimilis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum ſpiſſatus humor rigenſque ipſe ſe ſuſtinet, et in longam veluti fiſtulam nubes aquam trahit.* When the violent heat attracts the waters to riſe in the form of a tube, the marine ſalts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too groſs and fixed to aſcend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour burſts, that it deſcends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

Had

Had view'd the wondrous ſcenes mine eyes ſurvey'd,
What ſeeming miracles the deep diſplay'd,
What ſecret virtues various Nature ſhew'd,
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now ſince wandering o'er the foamy ſpray,
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,
Five times the changeful Empreſs of the night
Had fill'd her ſhining horns with ſilver light,
When ſudden from the main-top's airy round
Land, land, is ecchoed — At the joyful ſound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering tranſport flew,
And each ſtrain'd eye with aching ſight explores
The wide horizon of the eaſtern ſhores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain ſummits riſe,
And now the lawns ſalute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the ecchoing ſhouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and reſtrain the ſail;
And now deſcending in a ſpacious bay,
Wide o'er the coaſt the venturous ſoldiers ſtray,
To ſpy the wonders of the ſpacious ſhore,
Where ſtranger's foot had never trod before.
I and my pilots on the yellow ſand
Explore beneath what ſky the ſhores expand.

That ſage device, whoſe wonderous uſe proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its authors' [p] names,
The Sun's height meaſured, and my compaſs ſcann'd,
The painted globe of ocean and of land.
Here we perceived our venturous keels had paſt
Unharm'd the wintery tropick's howling blaſt;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's ſecret reign,
Where the ſtern Power, as o'er the frozen plain
He rides, wide ſcatters from the polar ſtar
Hail, ice, and ſnow, and all the wintery war.
While thus attentive on the beach we ſtood,
My ſoldiers, haſtening from the upland wood,
Right to the ſhore a trembling Negro brought,
Whom on the foreſt-height by force they caught,
As diſtant wander'd from the call of home,
He ſuck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horror glared in his look, and fear extreme
In mein more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
Nor ſign could anſwer, nor our gems would view:
From garments ſtriped with ſhining gold he turn'd,
The ſtarry diamond and the ſilver ſpurn'd.

[p] *That ſage device* — The Aſtrolabium, an inſtrument of infinite ſervice in navigation, by which the altitude of the ſun, and diſtance of the ſtars is taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew Phyſicians, named Roderic and Joſeph. It is aſſerted by ſome that they were aſſiſted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated Mathematician. Partly from Caſtera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

Strait

Strait at my nod are worthleſs trinkets brought;
Round beads of chryſtal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a ſtring
Some little bells of braſs before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confeſt his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raiſed to graſp the toy.
Pleaſed with theſe gifts we ſet the ſavage free,
Homeward he ſprings away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy ſtreaks of purple morn
The lofty foreſt's topmoſt boughs adorn,
Down the ſteep mountain's ſide, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the ſhore: Their wiſhful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles moſt they prize:
Theſe to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild ſeem'd their manners, and their looks ſincere.
A bold raſh youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Veloſe his name,
Through pathleſs brakes their homeward ſteps attends,
And on his ſingle arm for help depends.
Long was his ſtay: my earneſt eyes explore,
When ruſhing down the mountain to the ſhore
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid ſtrides,
And ſoon Coëllo's ſkiff the wave divides.

Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe
Trod on his lateſt ſteps, and aim'd the blow.
Moved by the danger of a youth ſo brave,
Myſelf now ſnatch'd an oar, and ſprung to ſave:
When ſudden, blackening down the mountain's height,
Another crowd purſued his panting flight;
And ſoon an arrowy and a flinty ſhower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour.
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow ſtood
Fix'd [q] in my leg, and drank the guſhing blood.

[q] Camoens, in deſcribing the adventure of *Fernando Veloſo*, by departing from the truth of hiſtory, has ſhewn his judgment as a Poet. The Place where the Portugueſe landed they named the Bay of *St. Helen*. They caught one of two negroes, ſays *Faria*, who were buſied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this ſavage, whom they gratified with a red cap, ſome glaſſes and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though ſome who accompanied Gama were ſkilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could underſtand them. A commerce however was commenced by ſigns and geſtures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was chearfully ſupplied with freſh proviſions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendſhip was ſoon interrupted by a young raſh Portugueſe. Having contracted an intimacy with ſome of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to obſerve their habitations and ſtrength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they eſteemed an elegant repaſt, a ſea-calf dreſſed in the way of their country. This ſo much diſguſted the delicate Portugueſe, that he inſtantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppoſe his departure, but accompanied him with the greateſt innocence. As fear, however is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to ſlaughter. No ſooner did he come near the ſhips, than he called aloud for aſſiſtance. Coëllo's boat immediately ſet off for his reſcue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now eſteeming the Portugueſe as a band of lawleſs plunderers, they provided themſelves with arms, and lay in ambuſh. Their weapons were javelins, headed with ſhort pieces of horn, which they throw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and ſome of his officers were on the ſhore taking the altitude of the ſun by the aſtrolabium, they were ſuddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambuſh from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulnerant, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit*, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The Admiral made a ſpeedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chuſing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to riſque the life of one man in a quarrel ſo foreign to the deſtination of his expedition, and where, to impreſs the terror of his arms could be of no ſervice to his intereſt. When he came nearer to the Eaſt-Indies he acted in a different manner. He then made himſelf dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his reſentment. Collected from *Faria* and *Oſorius*.

Vengeance

Vengeance as ſudden every wound repays,
Full on their fronts our flaſhing lightnings blaze;
Their ſhrieks of horror inſtant pierce the ſky,
And wing'd with fear at fulleſt ſpeed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their ſcatter'd flight betray'd,
And now Veloſo to the fleet convey'd,
His ſportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
" Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
" But oh! how ſmooth and eaſy to deſcend!
" Well haſt thou proved thy ſwiftneſs for the chace,
" And ſhewn thy matchleſs merit in the race!"
With look unmoved the gallant youth reply'd,
" For you, my friends, my fleeteſt ſpeed was try'd;
" 'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to ſlay;
" For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
" Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
" And [r] ſwift as lightning to your reſcue flew."

[r] The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed againſt the leaſt mixture of the Comic, with the dignity of the Epic Poem. It is needleſs to enter into any defence of this paſſage of Camoens, farther than to obſerve, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton have offended the critics in the ſame manner, and that this piece of raillery in the Luſiad is by much the politeſt, and the leaſt reprehenſible of any thing of the kind in the four Poets. In Homer are ſeveral ſtrokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his ſudden fall. " *It is a pity he is not nearer the ſea! He would ſoon catch abundance of oyſters, nor would the ſtorms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the ſand! What excellent divers are the Trojans!* Virgil, the moſt judicious of all Poets, deſcends even to burleſque, where the commander of a galley tumbles the Pilot into the ſea:

——— *Segnemque Menœten*
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
At gravis ut ſundo vix tandem redditus imo eſt
Jam ſenior, madidaque fluens in veſte Menœtes,
Summa petit ſcopuli ſiccaque in rupe reſedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri, et riſere natantem;
Et ſalſos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And though the character of the ſpeakers, the ingenious defence which has been offered

He now the treaſon of the foe relates,
How ſoon, as paſt the mountain's upland ſtraits,
They changed the colour of their friendly ſhew,
And force forbade his ſteps to tread below:
How down the coverts of the ſteepy brake
Their lurking ſtand a treacherous ambuſh take;
On us, when ſpeeding to defend his flight,
To ruſh, and plunge us in the ſhades of night:
Nor while in friendſhip would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean laved the orient ſhores of gold.

Now proſp'rous gales the bending canvas ſwell'd;
From theſe rude ſhores our fearleſs courſe we held:
Beneath the gliſtening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a ſudden darkneſs ſpread,
And ſlowly floating o'er the maſt's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpſe, nor faintly twinkling ſtar;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour caſt,
Transfixt with awe the braveſt ſtood aghaſt.

fered for Milton, may, in ſome meaſure, vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowneſs of it, when compared with that of Camoens, muſt ſtill be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, ſays Satan,

Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
As they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace.——
To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood,
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many——
————————this gift they have beſide,
They ſhew us when our faces walk not upright.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile a hollow burſting roar reſounds,
As when hoarſe ſurges laſh their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven
The wonted ſigns of gathering tempeſt given.
Amazed we ſtood — O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this Omen, mighty God, — I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventrous ſtray'd,
Have we the ſecrets of the deep ſurvey'd,
Which theſe wide ſolitudes of ſeas and ſky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempeſts and the mingled roar,
When ſea and ſky combine to rock the marble ſhore.

I ſpoke, when riſing through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous Phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with ſullen aſpect lour'd:
An earthy paleneſs o'er his cheeks was ſpread,
Erect uproſe his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to ſpeak his ſable lips diſcloſe,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnaſhing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings ſcared,
The inward anguiſh of his ſoul declared.

His red eyes glowing from their duſky caves
Shot livid fires: Far ecchoing o'er the waves
His voice reſounded, as the cavern'd ſhore
With hollow groan repeats the tempeſt's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breaſt,
Our briſtling hairs and tottering knees confeſt
Wild dread, the while with viſage ghaſtly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began: [s]

[s] The partiality of Tranſlators and Editors is become almoſt proverbial. The admiration of their author is ſuppoſed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration therefore, may without a bluſh be confeſſed; but if the reputation of judgment is valued, all the jealouſy of circumſpection is neceſſary, for the tranſition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticiſm is not only eaſy, but to oneſelf often imperceptible. Yet however guarded againſt this partiality of hypercriticiſm the Tranſlator of Camoens may deem himſelf, he is aware that ſome of his colder readers, may perhaps, in the following inſtance accuſe him of it. Regardleſs however of the *ſang froid* of thoſe who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whoſe taſte, though formed by the claſſics, is untainted with claſſical prejudices. To theſe he will appeal, and to theſe he will venture the aſſertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempeſts, in ſublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, ſtands unſurpaſſed in human compoſition.——Voltaire, and the foreign Critics, have confeſſed its merit.—In the prodigy of the Harpies in the Æneid, neither the

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdiſſimi ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida ſemper
Ora fame:

Though Virgil, to heighten the deſcription, introduces it with

——— *nec ſævior ulla*
Peſtis et ira Deûm Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis:

Nor the predictions of the harpy *Celæno*, can, in point of dignity, bear any compariſon with the fiction of Camoens. The noble and admired deſcription of Fame, in the fourth Æneid, may ſeem indeed to challenge competition:

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
Parva metu primò; mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit:
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cœo Enceladoque ſororem
Progenuit; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis:
Monſtrum horrendum, ingens; cui quot ſunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.
Nocte volat cæli medio terræque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina ſomno:
Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſummi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnus territat urbes.

Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows;
Swift from the firſt, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings
Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantic ſize,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Enraged againſt the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produced her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte,
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue,
And round with liſtning ears the flying plague is hung;
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries,
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes:
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews.——
Dryd.

The

O you, the boldeſt of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by luſt of fame inſpired,
Who ſcornful of the bowers of ſweet repoſe,
Through theſe my waves advance your daring prows,
Regardleſs of the lengthening watery way,
And all the ſtorms that own my ſovereign ſway,
Who mid ſurrounding rocks and ſhelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye ſons of Luſus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the ſecrets of my awful reign,
Have paſs'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her ſecret ſhrine from mortal view;

The *Mobilitate viget*, the *Vires acquirit eundo*, the *Parva metu primo*, &c. the *Caput inter nubila condit*, the *plumæ*, *oculi linguæ*, *ora*, and *aures*, the *Nocte volat*, the *Luce ſedet cuſtos*, and the *Magnas territat urbes*, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offſpring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble diſplay of the calm majeſty of Virgil, but it has not the enthuſiaſm of that heat of ſpontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inſpiration. The fiction of Camoens, on the contrary, is the genuine effuſion of the glow of poetical imagination. The deſcription of the ſpectre, the awfulneſs of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true ſpirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer, or a Shakeſpeare. But however Camoens may, in this paſſage, have excelled Virgil, he himſelf is infinitely ſurpaſſed by two paſſages of Holy Writ. "*A thing was ſecretly brought to me*," ſays the Author of the book of Job, "*and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake: then a ſpirit paſſed before my face; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up: It ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was ſilence, and I heard a voice: Shall mortal man be more juſt than God! ſhall a man be more pure than his Maker! Behold he put no truſt in his ſervants, and his angels he charged with folly: how much leſs them that dwell in houſes of clay, whoſe foundation is in the duſt, and who are cruſhed before the moth!*

This whole paſſage, particularly the indiſtinguiſhable form and the ſilence, are as ſuperior to Camoens in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the Apocalypſe, is in grandeur of deſcription. "*And I ſaw another mighty angel come down from heaven, cloathed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the ſun, and his feet as pillars of fire . . . . and he ſet his right foot upon the ſea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth . . . . . and he lifted up his hand to heaven, and ſware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, ... that Time ſhould be no more.*

Hear

Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And burſting ſoon ſhall o'er your race deſcend.

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and ſtorms ſhall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my drear [s]domain,
With daring ſearch ſhall hoiſt the ſtreaming vane,
That gallant navy by my whirlwinds toſt,
And raging ſeas ſhall periſh on my coaſt:
Then He who firſt my ſecret reign deſcried
A naked corſe wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive——Unleſs my heart's full raptures fail,
O Luſus! oft ſhalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy ſhipwreck'd ſons ſhalt thou deplore,
Each year thy ſheeted maſts ſhall ſtrew my ſhore.

With trophies plumed behold an Hero come[t],
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.

[s] *The next proud fleet.*——On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen ſail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez Cabral, was ſent out on the ſecond voyage to India, where the admiral with only ſix ſhips arrived. The reſt were moſtly deſtroyed by a terrible tempeſt at the Cape of Good Hope, which laſted twenty days. The day-time, ſays *Faria*, was ſo dark that the ſailors could ſcarcely ſee each other, or hear what was ſaid for the horrid noiſe of the winds. Among thoſe who periſhed was the celebrated *Bartholomew Diaz*, who was the firſt modern diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempeſts.

[t] *Behold an hero come*——Don *Franciſco de Almeyda*. He was the firſt Portugueſe viceroy of India, in which country he obtained ſeveral great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He was the firſt who conquered Quiloa and Mombaſſa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and proviſions. The rudeneſs of one of his ſervants produced a quarrel with the Caffres, or Hottentots. His attendants, much againſt his will, forced him to march againſt the blacks. "Ah, whither (he exclaimed) "will you carry the infirm man of ſixty "years." After plundering a miſerable village, on the return to their ſhips they were attacked by a ſuperior number of Caffres, who fought with ſuch fury in reſcue of their children, whom the Portugueſe had ſeized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were ſlain.

Though

Though ſmiling fortune bleſt his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with ſparkling eye
The Turkiſh moons in wild confuſion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame ſhall vaniſh here.
Quiloa's ſons, and thine Mombaze, ſhall ſee
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;
While proudly mingling with the tempeſt's ſound,
Their ſhouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

The howling blaſt, ye ſlumbering ſtorms prepare,
A youthful Lover and his beauteous Fair,
Triumphant ſail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my ſtrand.
Through the torn hulk the daſhing waves ſhall roar,
The ſhatter'd wrecks ſhall blacken all my ſhore.
Themſelves eſcaped, deſpoil'd by ſavage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning ſands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promiſed heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In theſe wide waſtes their infant race ſhall die;
Through dreary wilds where never Pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,

The hapleſs Lover and his Bride ſhall ſtray,
By night unſhelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the Lover o'er the trackleſs plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his ſpouſe in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breaſt of mountain ſnow,
Where ne'er before intruding blaſt might blow,
Parch'd by the ſun, and ſhrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, ſhall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wand'ring wide, a thouſand ills o'erpaſt,
In fond embraces they ſhall ſink at laſt;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the laſt ſigh ſhall wail each other's [u] woe.

[u] This poetical deſcription of the miſerable cataſtrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful ſpouſe Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was ſeveral years governor of Diu in India, where he amaſſed immenſe wealth. On his return to his native country, the ſhip in which was his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his ſailors and domeſtics, was daſhed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew eſcaped, having only ſaved a few arms and proviſions. As they marched through the wild uncultivated deſerts, ſome died of famine, of thirſt, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in ſearch of water, were murdered by the ſavages, or deſtroyed by the wild beaſts. They arrived at laſt at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At firſt they were courteouſly received, but the barbarians, having unexpectedly ſeized their arms, ſtripped the whole company naked, and left them deſtitute to the mercy of the deſert. The wretchedneſs of the delicate and expoſed Leonora was encreaſed by the brutal inſults of the negroes. Her huſband, unable to relieve, beheld her miſeries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs ſwelled, her feet bleeding at every ſtep, and her ſtrength exhauſted, ſhe ſunk down, and with the ſand covered herſelf to the neck, to conceal her nakedneſs. In this dreadful ſituation, ſhe beheld two of her children expire. Her own death ſoon followed. Her huſband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her laſt breath in a diſtracted embrace. Immediately he ſnatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the moſt lamentable cries, he ran into the thickeſt of the wood, where the wild beaſts were ſoon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who eſcaped the waves, only ſix and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whoſe inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red ſea, from whence they found a paſſage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portugueſe poet, has written an affecting poem on the ſhipwreck and deplorable cataſtrophe of Don Emmanuel and his beloved ſpouſe. *Partly from Caſtera.*

Some

Some few, the ſad companions of their fate,
Shall yet ſurvive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the diſmal tale to tell
How blaſted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act ſtill farther to diſcloſe
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When ſpringing onward, loud my voice reſounds,
And midſt his rage the threatening Shade confounds.
What art thou, Horrid Form, that rideſt the air?
By heaven's eternal light, ſtern Fiend, declare.
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breaſt deep hollow groans aroſe,
Sternly aſkaunce he ſtood: with wounded pride
And anguiſh torn, In me, behold, he cried,
While dark-red ſparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In me the Spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempeſts named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-ſtretch'd piles I guard the pathleſs ſtrand,
And Afric's ſouthern mound unmoved I ſtand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere daſh'd the white wave foaming to my ſhore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever ſpread the ſail
On theſe my ſeas to catch the trading gale.

You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice diſturb my loneſome reign.

Sprung from th' embrace of Titan and of Earth,
The hundred-handed giant at a birth,
And Me the rock-ribb'd mother gave to fame,
Great Adamaſtor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious hopes engaged,
Tremendous war againſt the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the ſky;
To me the conqueſt of the ſeas befel,
In his green realm the ſecond Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my paſſions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt ſo bold.
Ah me, one ſummer in the cool of day
I ſaw the Nereids on the ſandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddeſs trode,
With fierceſt fires my ſtruggling boſom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeleſs languiſh with the raging ſmart.
For her, each goddeſs of the heavens I ſcorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.

In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed,
From my grim form with horror mute ſhe fled.
Madning with love, by force I ween to gain
The ſilver goddeſs of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid [w] band
I tell my purpoſe, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the ſpouſe of Peleus to my love.
The ſilver goddeſs with a ſmile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to ſave,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wiſh ſhall ſoon attain.
The promiſed grace infuſed a bolder fire,
And ſhook my mighty limbs with fierce deſire.
But ah, what error ſpreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's ſight!
The war reſign'd, my ſteps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her ſhadowy mantle ſpread,
Before my ſteps the ſnowy Thetis ſhone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.

[w] Doris, the ſiſter and ſpouſe of Nereus, and mother of the Nereides. By Nereus, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is underſtood the water of the ſea, and by Doris, the bitterneſs or ſalt, the ſuppoſed cauſe of its prolific quality in the generation of fiſhes.

You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice diſturb my loneſome reign.

Sprung from th' embrace of Titan and of Earth,
The hundred-handed giant at a birth,
And Me the rock-ribb'd mother gave to fame,
Great Adamaſtor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious hopes engaged,
Tremendous war againſt the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the ſky;
To me the conqueſt of the ſeas befel,
In his green realm the ſecond Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my paſſions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt ſo bold.
Ah me, one ſummer in the cool of day
I ſaw the Nereids on the ſandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddeſs trode,
With fierceſt fires my ſtruggling boſom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeleſs languiſh with the raging ſmart.
For her, each goddeſs of the heavens I ſcorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.

In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed,
From my grim form with horror mute ſhe fled.
Madning with love, by force I ween to gain
The ſilver goddeſs of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid [w] band
I tell my purpoſe, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the ſpouſe of Peleus to my love.
The ſilver goddeſs with a ſmile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to ſave,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wiſh ſhall ſoon attain.
The promiſed grace infuſed a bolder fire,
And ſhook my mighty limbs with fierce deſire.
But ah, what error ſpreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's ſight!
The war reſign'd, my ſteps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her ſhadowy mantle ſpread,
Before my ſteps the ſnowy Thetis ſhone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.

[w] Doris, the ſiſter and ſpouſe of Nereus, and mother of the Nereides. By Nereus, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is underſtood the water of the ſea, and by Doris, the bitterneſs or ſalt, the ſuppoſed cauſe of its prolific quality in the generation of fiſhes.

Swift as the wind with open arms I ſprung,
And round her waiſt with joy delirious clung:
In all the tranſports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kiſſes on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage beſtows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguiſh while my ſhame I tell!
What fixt deſpair, what rage my boſom ſwell!
Here was no goddeſs, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whoſe rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kiſſes of my amourous fire.
Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fixt as a rock before the rock I ſtood;
O faireſt goddeſs of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud diſdain;
Yet why, I cried, with all I wiſh'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey!——
Madning I ſpoke, and furious ſprung away.
Far to the ſouthI ſought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unſcorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul diſhonour, and my tears to hide,
And ſhun the triumph of the goddeſs' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;

And I, who taught each eccho to deplore,
And tell my ſorrows to the deſert ſhore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes purſue,
My ſtiffening fleſh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monſtrous ſize became,
Where round me ſtill, in triumph o'er my ſhame,
The ſilvery Thetis bids her ſurges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary ſhore.

He ſpoke, and deep a lengthen'd ſigh he drew,
A doleful ſound, and vaniſh'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling ſwell,
And diſtant far prolong'd the diſmal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling ecchoes die,
And the black cloud diſperſing leaves the [x] ſky.

[x] The circumſtances of the diſappearance of the ſpectre are in the ſame poetical ſpirit of the introduction. If we may be allowed to allegoriſe the amour of Adamaſtor, it will be found a neceſſary part of the fiction, and, at any rate, to ſuppoſe the ſpectre the Spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempeſts, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination; nor need one ſcruple to affirm, that the deception of the lover, and the metamorphoſis, are in the beſt manner of Ovid. As already obſerved in the preface, the poem of Camoens is often allegorical: To eſtabliſh Chriſtianity in the Eaſt, is expreſly ſaid in the Luſiad to be the great purpoſe of the Hero. By Bacchus, the demon who oppoſes the expedition, muſt, of conſequence, be meant the genius of Mohammediſm: and accordingly in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the ſame perſonage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan prieſt. In like manner by Adamaſtor, the genius of Mohammediſm muſt be ſuppoſed to be meant. The Moors, who profeſſed that religion, till the arrival of Gama, were the ſole navigators of the eaſtern ſeas, and by every exertion of force and fraud they endeavoured to prevent the ſettlements of the Chriſtians. In the figure of the ſpectre, the French tranſlator finds an exact deſcription of the perſon of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion, but he certainly carries his *unravelment* too far in ſeveral inſtances:

High to the angel hoſt, whoſe guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread king implore, As o'er our head
The fiend diſſolved, an empty ſhadow fled;
So may his curſes by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle ſport, be driven!

Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery courſers ſprings away,
When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide ſpreads its limbs, and high its ſhoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending ſide,
And our bold veſſels plow the eaſtern tide.
Nor long excurſive off at ſea we ſtand,
A cultured ſhore invites us to the land.
Here their ſweet ſcenes the rural joys beſtow,
And give our wearied minds a lively [y] glow.

ſtances: to mention only two; "Mohammed (ſays he) was a falſe prophet, ſo is Adamaſtor, who ſays Emmanuel de Souza and his ſpouſe ſhall die in one another's arms, whereas, the huſband was devoured by wild beaſts in the wood. . . . By the metamorphoſis of Adamaſtor into an huge maſs of earth and rock, laved by the waves, is meant the death and tomb of Mohammed. He died of a dropſy, behold the waters which ſurround him; *voila les eaux qui l'entourent*.—His tomb was exceeding high, behold the height of the promontory." By ſuch latitude of interpretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes ſuſpected by the reader. As Camoens, however, has aſſured us that he did allegoriſe, one need not heſitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamaſtor is an inſtance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce paſſion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this laſt circumſtance is adopted from *Caſtera*.

[y] *And give our wearied minds a lively glow.*—Variety is no leſs delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoens gave an abundant ſupply. The inſertion of this paſtoral landſcape, between the terrific ſcenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," ſays Pope, in one of his notes on the

The tenants of the coaſt, a feſtive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow ſand;
Their brides on ſlow-paced oxen rode behind;
The ſpreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Beſpoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudeſt boaſt,
Of all their beſtial ſtore the valued moſt.
By turns the huſbands and the brides prolong
The various meaſures of the rural ſong.
Now to the dance the ruſtic reeds reſound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground,
And now the lambs around them bleating ſtray,
Feed from their hands, or round them friſking play.
Methought I ſaw the ſylvan reign of Pan,
And heard the muſic of the Mantuan ſwan:
With ſmiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The bliſsful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindneſs, by their looks diſplay'd,
Freſh ſtores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd:

the Odyſſey, "gives life and delight; and "it is much more neceſſary in epic than in "comic or tragic poetry, ſometimes to ſhift "the ſcenes to diverſify and embelliſh the "ſtory." The authority of another celebrated writer offers itſelf: "*Les Portugais "naviguant ſur l'océan Atlantique, decou-"vrirent la pointe le plus méridionale de "l'Afrique; ils virent une vaſte mer; elle "les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls "ſur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozam-"bique, de Melinde, et de Calecut, ont été "chantés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait "ſentir quelque choſe de charmes de l'Odyſ-"ſée, et de la magnificence de l'Enéide.*" i. e. The Portugueſe ſailing upon the Atlantic ocean diſcovered the moſt ſouthern point of Africa: here they found an immenſe ſea, which carried them to the Eaſt Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the diſcovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calecut, have been ſung by Camoens, whoſe poem recalls to our minds the charms of the Odyſſey, and the magnificence of the Eneid. Monteſquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

Yet

Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,
No ſign of India's ſtrand their hands beſtow.
Fair blow the winds; again with ſails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and ſeek the eaſtern world.
Now round black Afric's coaſt our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward ſteer'd:
The ſouthern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the iſle of Holy Croſs [a] behind;
That iſle where erſt a Luſian, when he paſt
The tempeſt-beaten cape, his anchors caſt,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn could dare no more.
From thence, ſtill on, our daring courſe we hold
Through trackleſs gulphs, whoſe billows never roll'd
Around the veſſel's pitchy ſides before;
Through trackleſs gulphs, where mountain ſurges roar,
For many a night, when not a ſtar appear'd,
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkneſs cheer'd;
For many a dreary night, and cheerleſs day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,
By ardent hope ſtill fired, we forced our dreadful way.
Now ſmooth as glaſs the ſhining waters lie,
No cloud ſlow moving ſails the azure ſky;

[a] A ſmall iſland, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who diſcovered it. According to *Faria y Souſa*, he went twenty-five leagues further, to the river *del Infante*, which, till paſt by Gama, was the utmoſt extent of the Portugueſe diſcoveries.

Slack from their height the ſails unmoved decline,
The airy ſtreamers form the downward line;
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentleſt ſwell diſtends the ready ſail;
Fixt as in ice the ſlumbering prows remain,
And ſilence wide extends her ſolemn reign.
Now to the waves the burſting clouds deſcend,
And heaven and ſea in meeting tempeſts blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean ſweep,
And from his bottom roars the ſtaggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blaſt's impetuous ſway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away:
And now eſcaped the fury of the ſtorm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though freſh the breeze the ſwelling canvas ſwell'd,
A current's headlong ſweep our prows withheld:
The rapid force impreſt on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling veſſels reel:
When from their ſouthern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempeſt groans each loaded maſt,
And o'er the ruſhing tide our bounding navy [b] paſt.

[b] It was the force of this ruſhing current which retarded the further diſcoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the aſſiſtance of a tempeſt. The ſeaſons, when theſe ſeas are ſafely navigable, are now perfectly known.

Now ſhined the ſacred morn, when from the Eaſt
Three kings the holy cradled Babe addreſt,
And hail'd him Lord of heaven: that feſtive day
We dropt our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the ſacred day we name,
And ſtores, the wandering ſeaman's right, we claim:
Stores we received; our deareſt hope in vain,
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our ſearch for India's ſound,
By word or ſign our ardent wiſhes [c] crown'd.

Behold, O King, how many a ſhore we try'd!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!
Yet ſtill in vain for India's ſhores we try,
The long-ſought ſhores our daring ſearch defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a ſtar we knew,
Through changing climes, where poiſon'd air we drew;
Wandering new ſeas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with diſeaſe,
And peſtilence on each expected breeze;

[c] The frequent diſappointments of the Portugueſe, when they expect to hear ſome account of India, is a judicious imitation of ſeveral parts of Virgil; who, in the ſame manner, magnifies the diſtreſſes of the Trojans in their ſearch for the fated ſeat of Empire:

——————— *O gens*
Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reſervat?
Septima poſt Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æſtas;
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhoſpita ſaxa
Sideraque emenſæ ferimur: dum per mare magnum
Italiam ſequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.
En. V.

Not

Not even a gleam of hope's deluſive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind deluſion which full oft has cheer'd
The braveſt minds, till glad ſucceſs appear'd
Worn as we were each night with hopeleſs care,
Each day with danger that increaſed deſpair;
Oh! Monarch, judge, what leſs than Luſian fire
Could ſtill the daring ſcorn of fate inſpire!
What leſs, O King, than Luſian faith withſtand,
When dire deſpair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawleſs power
Sweep Afric's ſeas, and every coaſt devour!
What more than Men in wild deſpair ſtill bold!
Theſe more than Men in theſe my band behold!
Sacred to death, by death alone ſubdued,
Theſe all the rage of fierce deſpair [d] withſtood;

[d] It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king Melinda. The boaſt of their loyalty beſides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the Epopea required to be aſcribed to them. Hiſtory relates the matter differently. In ſtanding for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the higheſt proofs of his reſolution, "*In illo autem curſu valdé Gamæ virtus enituit.*" The fleet ſeemed now toſſed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now ſunk to the loweſt whirlpools of the abyſs. The winds were unſufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempeſt was added the horror of an almoſt continual darkneſs. The crew expected every moment to be ſwallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the ſtorm, they came round Gama, aſſerting the impoſſibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. This he reſolutely refuſed. A conſpiracy againſt his life was formed, but was diſcovered by his brother. He guarded againſt it with the greateſt courage and prudence, he put all the pilots in chains, and he himſelf, with ſome others, took the management of the helms. At laſt, after having many days withſtood the tempeſt, and a perfidious combination, *invicto animo*, with an unconquered mind, a favourable change of weather revived the ſpirits of the fleet, and allowed them to double the Cape of Good Hope. Extr. from Oſor.

Firm to their faith, though fondeſt hope no more
Could give the promiſe of their native ſhore!

Now the ſweet waters of the ſtream we leave,
And the ſalt waves our gliding ſhips receive;
Here to the left, between the bending ſhores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars;
And boiling raves againſt the ſounding coaſt,
Whoſe mines of gold Sofala's merchants boaſt:
Full to the gulph the ſhowery ſouth-winds howl,
Aſlant againſt the wind our veſſels rowl:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms reſigning to the care of heaven,
By hope and fear's keen paſſion toſt, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the ſurges foam
Againſt the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where ſloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breaſt ſome upward ply'd,
And ſome came gliding down the ſweepy tide.
Quick throbs of tranſport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the ſeaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wiſh to gain,
To hear of India's ſtrand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's ſable hue they bore
No look of wild ſurprize the natives wore:

Wide

Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban ſwell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their ſpeech, though rude and diſſonant of ſound,
Their ſpeech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, ſkill'd in all the copious ſtore
Of fair Arabia's ſpeech and flowery lore,
In joyful converſe heard the pleaſing tale,
That o'er theſe ſeas full oft the frequent ſail,
And lordly veſſels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning ſteer'd,
And back returning to the ſouthmoſt land,
Convey'd the treaſures of the Indian ſtrand;
Whoſe chearful crews, reſembling ours, diſplay
The kindred face and colour of the [e] day.
Elate with joy we raiſe the glad acclaim,
And, [f] River of good ſigns, the port we name:
Then, ſacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the ſpouſal bed,
And ſafe return'd[1] him through the perilous way,
We rear a column on the friendly [g] bay.

[e] When Gama arrived in the Eaſt, a conſiderable commerce was carried on between the Indies and the Red Sea by the Mooriſh traders, by whom the gold mines of Sofala, and the riches of the oriental or Ethiopic coaſt of Africa were enjoyed. The traffic of the Eaſt was by land brought to Grand Cairo, from whence Europe was ſupplied by the Venetian and Antwerpian merchants.

[f] *Rio dos bons ſinais.*

[g] It was the cuſtom of the Portugueſe navigators to erect croſſes on the ſhores of the new-diſcovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of ſtone along with him, and erected ſix of theſe croſſes during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the firſt diſcovery.

Our

Our keels, that now had ſteer'd through many a clime,
By ſhell-fiſh roughen'd, and incaſed with ſlime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the ſmiling natives yield:
But while each face an honeſt welcome ſhews,
And big with ſprightly hope each boſom glows,
(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!
How ſoon the blaſts of woe that bloom deſtroy!)
A dread diſeaſe its rankling horrors ſhed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army ſpread.
Never mine eyes ſuch dreary ſight beheld,
Ghaſtly the mouth and gums enormous [h] ſwell'd;
And inſtant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poiſoned with fœtid ſtreams the air around.
No ſage phyſician's ever-watchful zeal,
No ſkilful ſurgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave.
A grave, the awful gift of every ſhore! ——
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowſhip in woe,
O'er their cold duſt we give the tears to flow;

[h] This poetical deſcription of the Scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what ſometimes really happens in the courſe of a long voyage.

And

And in their hapleſs lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's ſhore elate,
We looſe the haulſers and the ſail expand,
And upward coaſt the Ethiopian ſtrand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's iſle,
Mozambic's treaſon, and Mombaſſa's guile;
What miracles kind heaven our guardian wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ears has brought:
Kind heaven again that guardian care diſplay'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,
Bidſt thy full bounty and thy truth to flow;
Health to the ſick, and to the weary reſt,
And joyful hope revived in every breaſt,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repay'd,
The brave Man's tribute for the brave Man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a rout ſo bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great Monarch, if the world before
Ere ſaw the prow ſuch length of ſeas explore!

Nor ſage Ulyſſes, nor the Trojan pride
Such raging gulphs, ſuch whirling ſtorms defy'd;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread courſe explored,
Though by the Muſe as demigods adored.

O thou whoſe breaſt all Helicon inflamed,
Whoſe birth ſeven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whoſe mellow lute and rural ſong,
In ſofteſt flow, led Mincio's waves along,
Whoſe warlike numbers as a ſtorm impell'd,
And Tyber's ſurges o'er his borders ſwell'd;
Let all Parnaſſus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inſpire;
Your demigod's conduct through every ſcene
Cold fear can paint, or wildeſt fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's ſpell,
And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian Pilot from the [i] helm,
Give ſails and oars to fly the purple ſhore,
Where love of abſent friend awakes no [k] more,

[i] See En. V. 833.

[k] The Lotophagi, ſo named from the plant Lotus, are thus deſcribed by Homer.

Not prone to ill, nor ſtrange to foreign gueſt,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feaſt;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends:
The three we ſent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.
Pope, Odyſ. ix.

The

In all their charms diſplay Calypſo's ſmiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In ſkins confined the bluſtering winds [l] controul,
Or o'er the feaſt bid loathſome harpies [m] prowl;
And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured ſpectres and infernal [n] gods;
Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divineſt ſkill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illuſtrious GAMA charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleaſed attention witneſs'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Liſbon's monarchs, and the Luſian name;

The natural hiſtory of the Lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian Lotos is a ſhrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigneſs of an olive. Mixed with breadcorn it was uſed as food for ſlaves. They alſo made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note *in loco*.

[l] *In ſkins confin'd the bluſtering winds controul* — The gift of Æolus to Ulyſſes.

The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty ſire of gods aſſign'd,
The tempeſt's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the liſt'ning ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.
POPE, Odyſſ. x.

The companions of Ulyſſes imagined that theſe bags contained ſome valuable treaſure, and opened them while their leader ſlept. The tempeſts burſting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in ſight, and was the cauſe of a new train of miſeries.

[m] See the third Eneid.

[n] See the ſixth Eneid, and the eleventh Odyſſey.

What warlike rage the victor-kings inſpired!
Nor leſs their armies loyal faith admired.
Nor leſs his menial train, in wonder loſt,
Repeat the gallant deeds that pleaſe them moſt,
Each to his mate, while fixed in fond amaze
The Luſian features every eye ſurveys;
While preſent to the view, by Fancy brought,
Ariſe the wonders by the Luſians wrought,
And each bold feature to their wondering ſight
Diſplays the raptured ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the chearful day,
And left the weſtern ſky to twilight grey;
Beneath the wave he ſought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the ſhore Melinda's Sovereign ſped.

What boundleſs joys are thine, O juſt Renown,
Thou hope of Virtue, and her nobleſt crown;
By thee the ſeeds of conſcious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inſpired:
Without thine aid how ſoon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name aſcends the ſkies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The nobleſt glory of Pelides' ire.

This

This knew Auguſtus, and from Mantua's ſhade
To courtly eaſe the Roman bard convey'd;
And ſoon exulting flow'd the ſong divine,
The nobleſt glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muſe to Julius; ever dear
To gallant Scipio, though the victor-ſpear
One hand employed, yet on the martial field
The other knew th' immortal pen to wield.
Each glorious chief the victor's palm who bore
In Greece, in Latium, or on barbarous ſhore,
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muſe endear'd,
Or wooed the Muſes, or the Muſe revered.
Alas, on Tago's hapleſs ſhores alone
The Muſe is ſlighted, and her charms unknown;
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's ſhores are Scipios, Cæſars born,
And Alexanders Liſbon's clime adorn;
But heaven has ſtampt them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the poliſh to their genuine gold.
Careleſs and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the ſweeteſt numbers flow:
Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muſe's wings,

Even he whoſe veins the blood of GAMA warms,
Walks by, unconſcious of the Muſe's charms:
For him no Muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,
No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom;
Yet ſhall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by GAMA's ſhade:
Him ſhall the ſong on every ſhore proclaim,
The firſt of heroes, firſt of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example ſhall be taught by Me,
" Where'er the hero's worth demands the ſkies,
" To crown that worth ſome generous bard ſhall riſe!"

Ariſtotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digreſſive declamation ſpoken in the perſon of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reaſon Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been cenſured as a violation of the rules of the Epopea. But it may be preſumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reaſon of theſe rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an hiſtory, whoſe parts had no neceſſary dependence and connexion with each other, muſt be uninterreſting and tireſome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral epiſodes therefore preſented itſelf in its progreſſive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or in other words, a deſcription of certain circumſtances, the actions which theſe produce, and the cataſtrophe. This unity of conduct, as moſt intereſting, is indeſpenſably neceſſary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the perſon of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; therefore the omiſſion of ſuch declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument againſt the uſe of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digreſſive hiſtories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoens in praiſe of Poetry muſt be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long ſtory of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyſſey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however a *Boſſu* or a *Rapin* may condemn the digreſſive exclamations of Camoens, the reader of taſte, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the ſeventh Luſiad, muſt pleaſe, muſt touch every breaſt. The feelings of a great ſpirit in the evening of an active and military life, ſinking under the preſſure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expreſſed with the moſt manly reſentment, cannot

cannot fail to intereſt the generous, and, if adorned with the dreſs of poetry, to plead an excuſe for its admiſſion with the man of taſte. The declamation which concludes the preſent book, has alſo ſome arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now ſafely conquered many difficulties, and are promiſed a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contraſt to the murmurings of the populace, expreſſed by the old Man, at the end of the fourth Luſiad, and is by no means an improper concluſion to the epiſode which ſo highly extols the military fame of the Luſian warriors.

In the works of *Aaron Hill*, Eſq; there is a looſe paraphraſe of the concluſion of this book, in the elegiac or alternate meaſure.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

WITH heart ſincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hoſpitable rites each hour employ'd,
For much the king the Luſian band admired,
And much their friendſhip and their aid deſired;
Each hour the gay feſtivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian ſongs;
Each hour in mirthful tranſport ſteals away,
By night the banquet, and the chace by day;
And now the boſom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's feſtive rites;
Their ſilken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;

The

The net and angle various hands employ,
And Mooriſh timbrels ſound the notes of joy.
Such was the pomp, when Egypt's beauteous [a] queen
Bade all the pride of naval ſhew convene,
In pleaſure's downy boſom, to beguile
Her love-ſick warrior: o'er the breaſt of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple enſigns flow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a ſhining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fiſhes drew.

Now from the Weſt the ſounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plow:
The fountain and the field beſtow'd their ſtore,
And friendly pilots from the friendly ſhore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting with Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of laſting peace renew'd,
For ſtill the king for laſting friendſhip ſued;

[a] Every diſplay of eaſtern luxury and magnificence was laviſhed in the fiſhing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amuſed Mark Antony, when at any time he ſhewed ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, or ſeemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his miſtreſs. At one of theſe parties, Mark Antony having procured Divers to put fiſhes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boaſted to his miſtreſs of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other Divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fiſh in place of a live one, to the vaſt entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company. Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who ſhould be maſter of the world.

That

That Luſus' heroes in his port ſupplied,
And taſted reſt, he own'd his deareſt pride,
And vow'd that ever while the ſeas they roam,
The Luſian fleets ſhould find a bounteous home,
And ever from the generous ſhore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could [b] give.
Nor leſs his joy the grateful Chief declared;
And now to ſeize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the ſwelling ſails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the riſing ſun the pilot ſteers,
And far from ſhore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted ſky now widens o'er their heads,
Where firſt the infant morn his radiance ſheds.
And now with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains riſe,
High on the decks each Luſian heroe ſmiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the ſtern Dæmon, burning with diſdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main:
The Powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,
Reſolved in Liſbon glorious to renew

[b] The friendſhip of the Portugueſe and Melindians was of long continuance. Alvaro Cabral, the ſecond admiral who made the voyage to India, in an engagement with the Moors off the coaſt of Zofala, took two ſhips richly freighted from the mines of that country. On finding that Xeques Fonteyma, the commander, was uncle to the king of Melinda, he reſtored the valuable prize, and treated him with the utmoſt courteſy. Their good offices were reciprocal. By the information of the king of Melinda, Cabral eſcaped the treachery of the king of Calicut. The kings of Mombaze and Quiloa, irritated at the alliance with Portugal, made ſeveral depredations on the ſubjects of Melinda, who in return were effectually revenged by their European allies.

The Roman honours---raging with deſpair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,
On earth new hopes of vengeance to deviſe,
And ſue that aid deny'd him in the ſkies;
Blaſpheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's Lord, and ſought the ocean's God.
Deep where the baſes of the hills extend,
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns rowl the waves
Reſponſive as the aërial tempeſt raves,
The Ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,
And watery Gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary ſands of ſilver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its chryſtal towers, and emulates the ſpheres;
So ſtarry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in luſtre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their maſſy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars ſhine,
The ſculptured walls confeſs an hand divine.
Here various colours in confuſion loſt,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boaſt.
Here riſing from the maſs diſtinct and clear
Apart the four fair Elements appear.

High o'er the reſt aſcends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aſpire,
But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame,
Which, ſtolen from heaven, inſpired the vital frame.
Next, all-embracing Air was ſpread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The ſubtle power the burning ſouth pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar ſhades.
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, is ſeen,
Her trees in bloſſom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams beſpread the ſloping dales;
Here land from land the ſilver ſtreams divide;
The ſportive fiſhes through the chryſtal tide,
Bedropt with gold their ſhining ſides diſplay:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray:
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.
Another ſcene diſplay'd the dread alarms
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms;
Here Titan's race their ſwelling nerves diſtend
Like knotted oaks, and from their baſes rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering ſky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly;
Beneath huge Etna vanquiſh'd Typhon lies,
And vomits ſmoke and fire againſt the darken'd ſkies.

Here ſeems the pictured wall poſſeſs'd of [c] life;
Two Gods contending in the noble ſtrife,
The choiceſt boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve:
While Pallas here appears to wave her [d] hand,
The peaceful olive's golden boughs expand:
Here, while the Ocean's God indignant frown'd,
And raiſed his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior horſe, his ample cheſt he rears,
His wide red noſtrils ſmoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, laſh the air.

Though [e] wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone
The feats of Gods, and godlike heroes ſhone;

[c] *Two Gods contending*——According to fable, Neptune and Minerva diſputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the conteſt by a diſplay of their wiſdom and power, in conferring the moſt beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident and produced the horſe, whoſe bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the ſea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the ſymbol of peace and of riches, to ſpring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddeſs, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their hiſtory in hieroglyphics, the taſte of the ancient Grecians cloathed almoſt every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is moſt probable, diſputed whether their new city ſhould be named from the fertility of the ſoil or from the marine ſituation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddeſs of the olive tree.

[d] *While Pallas here appears to wave her hand*——As Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, Minerva, ſays the fable, ſtruck the earth with her lance. That ſhe waved her hand while the olive boughs ſpread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows.

[e] *Though wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone*——The deſcription of palaces is a favourite topic ſeveral times touched upon by the two great maſters of Epic Poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greateſt diſciples among the moderns, Camoens, Taſſo, and Milton. The deſcription of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of Choas and the four Elements. The war of the Gods, and the conteſt of Neptune and Minerva are touched with the true boldneſs of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deſerves cenſure thus to point out what every Reader of taſte muſt perceive. To ſhew to the mere Engliſh Reader that the Portugueſe Poet is, in his manner, truly claſſical, is the intention of many of theſe notes.

The

On ſpeed the vengeful Dæmon views no more:
Forward he ruſhes through the golden door,
Where Ocean's king, encloſed with nymphs divine,
In regal ſtate receives the king of Wine:
O Neptune! inſtant as he came, he cries,
Here let my preſence breed no cold ſurpriſe,
A friend I come, your friendſhip to implore
Againſt the Fates unjuſt, and Fortune's power;
Beneath whoſe ſhafts the great Celeſtials bow,
Yet ere I more, if more you wiſh to know,
The watery Gods in awful ſenate call,
For all ſhould hear the wrong that touches all.
Neptune alarm'd, with inſtant ſpeed commands
From every ſhore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boaſts his high Neptunian race,
Sprung from the God by Salace's embrace,
Attendant on his ſire the trumpet ſounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds:
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His buſhy beard and hairs that never knew
The ſmoothing comb, of ſea-weed rank and long,
Around his breaſt and ſhoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muſſels clung;
A [1] ſhell of purple on his head he bore,
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

[1] *A ſhell of purple on his head he bore—*
In the Portugueſe,

Na cabeça por gorra tinha poſta
Huma mui grande caſca de lagoſta.

Thus

But all was cover'd with the ſlimy brood,
The ſnaily offspring of the unctuous flood;
And now obedient to his dreadful ſire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aſpire;
To his black mouth his crooked ſhell applied,
The blaſt rebellows o'er the ocean wide:
Wide o'er their ſhores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery powers the awful ſummons know;
And inſtant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan [s] wall;
Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of ſons, was firſt in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whoſe nuptials ſprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,

Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

He had (for a * Montera) on his crown
The ſhell of a red lobſter overgrown.

The deſcription of Triton, who, as Fanſhaw ſays,

Was a great naſty clown——

is in the ſtyle of the claſſics. His parentage is differently related. Heſiod makes him the ſon of Neptune and Amphitrité. By Triton, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is meant the noiſe, and by Salacé, the mother by ſome aſcribed to him, the ſalt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a ſea animal, which, according to ſome ancient and modern Naturaliſts, in the upward parts reſembles the human figure. Pauſanias relates a wonderful ſtory of a monſtrouſly large one, which often came aſhore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a diſtance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown ſcales; the noſe and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with the teeth of a Panther; the eyes of a greeniſh hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a ſhelly ſubſtance. This monſter, whoſe extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beaſts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at laſt, contrived his deſtruction. They ſet a large veſſel full of wine on the ſea ſhore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound ſleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, ſays Pauſanias, it continued a long time.

* Montera, the Spaniſh word for a huntſman's cap.

[s] Neptune.

Who

Who people every ſea on every ſtrand
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic [h] mind
The ſecret cauſe of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his ſcaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely ſpouſe of Ocean's ſovereign [i] came.
From Heaven and Veſta ſprung the birth divine,
Her ſnowy limbs bright through the veſtments ſhine.
Here with the dolphin, who perſuaſive [k] led
Her modeſt ſteps to Neptune's ſpouſal bed,
Fair Amphitrité moved, more ſweet, more gay
Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
Together with her ſiſter ſpouſe ſhe came,
The ſame their wedded Lord, their love the ſame;
The ſame the brightneſs of their ſparkling eyes,
Bright as the ſun and azure as the ſkies.
She who the rage of Athamas to [l] ſhun
Plunged in the billows with her infant ſon;

[h] *And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic mind*——The fulleſt and beſt account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyſſey.

[i] Thetis.

[k] *Here with the Dolphin*——Caſtera has a moſt abſurd note on this paſſage. Neptune, ſays he, is the vivifying ſpirit, and Amphitrité the humidity of the ſea, which the Dolphin, the Divine Intelligence, unites for the generation and nouriſhment of fiſhes. Who, ſays he, cannot but be ſtruck with admiration to find how conſonant this is to the ſacred Scripture; *Spiritus Domini fertur ſuper aquas*; *The ſpirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*

[l] *She who the rage of Athamas to ſhun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and ſecond ſpouſe of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoens follows is the moſt common. Athamas ſeized with madneſs imagined that his ſpouſe was a lioneſs,

A Goddeſs now, a God the ſmiling boy
Together ſped; and Glaucus loſt to [m] joy,
Curſt in his love by vengeful Circé's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapleſs fate.

And now aſſembled in the hall divine,
The ocean Gods in ſolemn council join;
The Goddeſſes on pearl embroidery ſate,
The Gods on ſparkling chryſtal chairs of ſtate,
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beſide the ocean's Lord, Thyoneus [n] ſhone.
High from the roof the living amber [o] glows,
High from the roof the ſtream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in liſtening ſilence waits:
The Power, whoſe boſom raged againſt the Fates,

lioneſs, and her two ſons young lions. In this frenzy he ſlew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other ſon Melicertus into the ſea. The corpſe of the mother was thrown aſhore on Megaria, and that of the ſon at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a ſea Goddeſs, the other as the God of harbours.

[m] ——— *and Glaucus loſt to joy*——A fiſherman, ſays the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a ſea God. Circé was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her ſlighted love, poiſoned the fountain where his miſtreſs uſually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into a hideous monſter, whoſe loins were ſurrounded with the ever barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herſelf into the ſea, and was metamorphoſed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a diſtance appears like the ſtatue of a woman: The furious daſhing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, reſembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

[n] Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

[o] *High from the roof the living amber glows*——

——— From the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With naphtha and aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. Milton.

Riſing,

Riſing, caſts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled ſeams of age;
O thou, he cries, whoſe birthright ſovereign ſway,
From pole to pole, the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread Power, O father Ocean, hear,
Thou, whoſe wide arms embrace the world's wide ſphere,
'Tis thine the haughtieſt victor to reſtrain,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye Gods, to whom the ſeas are given,
Your juſt partition with the Gods of heaven;
You who, of old unpuniſh'd never bore
The daring treſpaſs of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the vaulted ſky, the ſeat of Jove:
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition loſt on you,
Supine you ſlumber, while a roving crew,
With impious ſearch, explore the watery way,
And unreſiſted through your empire ſtray:
To ſeize the ſacred treaſures of the main
Their fearleſs prows your ancient laws diſdain:
Where far from mortal ſight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring ſails they ſpread,

And their glad ſhouts are ecchoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, ſilent, ready Boreas ſees
Your paſſive languor, and neglectful eaſe;
Ready with force auxiliar to reſtrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burſt his tempeſts, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian [p] ſails, whoſe impious pride
Firſt braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that fraudful I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory ſped me from the ſky.
How high my honours on the Indian ſhore!
How ſoon theſe honours muſt avail no more!
Unleſs theſe rovers, who with doubled ſhame
To ſtain my conqueſts, bear my vaſſal's [q] name,
Unleſs they periſh on the billowy way——
Then rouſe, ye Gods, and vindicate your ſway.
The Powers of heaven in vengeful anguiſh ſee
The Tyrant of the ſkies, and Fate's decree;
The dread decree, that to the Luſian train
Conſigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, ſhall your wrong alarm the high abodes,
And men exalted to the rank of gods,

[p] *And rent the Mynian ſails*---The ſails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

[q] See the firſt note on the firſt book of the Luſiad.

O'er

O'er you exalted, while in careleſs eaſe
You yield the wreſted trident of the ſeas,
Uſurp'd your monarchy, your honours ſtained,
Your birth-right raviſh'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And ſhall my lips in vain your vengeance ſue!
This, this to ſue from high Olympus bore——
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce burſting wrath the watery gods inſpires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting ſtruggles every breaſt,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppreſt.
Twice from his ſeat divining Proteus roſe,
And twice he ſhook enraged his ſedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune ſent, to looſe the winds of heaven:
In vain; though prophecy his lips inſpired,
The ocean's queen his ſilent lips required.
Nor leſs the ſtorm of headlong rage denies,
Or council to debate, or thought to riſe.
And now the God of Tempeſts ſwift unbinds
From their dark caves the various ruſhing winds:
High o'er the ſtorm the Power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempeſt guides;
Right to the dauntleſs fleet their rage he pours,
And firſt their headlong outrage tears the ſhores:

A deeper night involves the darken'd air,
And livid flaſhes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,
Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains' ſide;
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and craſhing woods to ſhun.

While thus the council of the watery ſtate
Enraged decreed the Luſian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope diſplayed the ſteady ſail;
Thro' the ſmooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To ſable night the eaſtern ſky reſign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions ſlept,
The ſecond watch the wonted vigils kept:
Supine their limbs, the maſt ſupports the head,
And the broad yard ſail o'er their ſhoulders ſpread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And ſleep's ſoft dews their heavy eyes aſſail.
Languid againſt the languid Power they ſtrive,
And ſweet diſcourſe preſerves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whoſe enamoured thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one ſought,

The dews of ſleep what better to remove
Than the ſoft, woful, pleaſing tales of love?
Ill timed, alas, the brave Veloso cries,
The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful tranſport and the rapturous woe:
But with our ſtate ill ſuits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire.
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the ſpeaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, ſhall theſe ſlow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame,
The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full ſplendor to the Luſian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter ſpreads
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining meads [r],

[r] *In haughty England where the winter ſpreads*
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining meads.

In the original,

Là na grande Inglaterra, que de neve
Boreal ſempre abunda———

That is, "In illuſtrious England, always "covered with northern ſnow." Though the tranſlator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he thought it proper to correct the error in natural hiſtory fallen into by Camoens. Fanſhaw ſeems to have been ſenſible of the miſtake of his author, and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portugueſe, in place of the eternal ſnows aſcribed to his country.

In merry England, which (from cliffs that ſtand
Like hills of ſnow) once Albion's name did git.

The

The ſeeds of ſtrife the fierce Erynnis ſows;
The baleful ſtrife from court diſſention roſe.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That ſpreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies ſhined the courtly train among,
The firſt, the faireſt of the courtly throng,
But Envy's breath reviled their injured name,
And ſtain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at firſt, perhaps, a tale of ſport.
Ah, baſe the ſport that lightly dares defame
The ſacred honour of a lady's name!
What [r] knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

[r] *What knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,*
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

The tranſlator, either by his own reſearches, or by his application to ſome gentlemen who were moſt likely to inform him, has not been able to diſcover the ſlighteſt veſtige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the Engliſh hiſtory. It is probable, nevertheleſs, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Caſtera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portugueſe champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, ſurnamed the Juſter, from his dexterity at that warlike exerciſe; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acoſta; Juan Auguſtin Pereyra; Luis Gonſalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomex de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acoſta, who gave his name to the river Acoſta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonſalez de Coutigno, ſurnamed Magricio. The names of the Engliſh champions and of the ladies, he confeſſes are unknown, nor does hiſtory poſitively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It muſt however, he adds, have been ſuch as required the atonement of blood; *il falloit qu'elle fût ſanglante*, ſince two ſovereigns allowed to determine it by the ſword. "Some critics, ſays Caſtera, "may perhaps condemn this epiſode of "Camoens; but for my part (he continues) "I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Taſſo, is much more to be "blamed. The epiſode of the Italian "poet is totally exuberant, *eſt tout-à-fait "poſtiche*, whereas that of the Portugueſe "has a direct relation to his propoſed "ſubject; the wars of his country, a vaſt "field, in which he has admirably ſucceeded, without prejudice to the firſt rule "of the epopea, the unity of the action." To this may be added the ſuffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoens artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal.

And

" There let the cauſe, as honour wills, be tried,
" And let the lance and ruthleſs ſword decide."
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain.
So famed, ſo dreaded tower'd each boaſtful knight,
The damſels' lovers ſhunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the ſtrong,
The heart's each feeling conſcious of the wrong,
When robb'd of all the female breaſt holds dear,
Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaſter's bold duke the damſels ſue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of ſnowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The ſlow-paced chryſtal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly boſom can its force oppoſe!

And the ſevereſt critic muſt allow that the epiſode related by Veloſo, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at ſea, the ſcene muſt be particularly pleaſing. The fleet is under ſail, they plough the ſmooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.

All but the ſecond watch are aſleep in their warm pavilions; the ſecond watch ſit by the maſt ſheltered from the chilly gale by a broad ſail-cloth; ſleep begins to overpower them, and they tell ſtories to entertain one another. For beautiful pictureſque ſimplicity there is no ſea-ſcene equal to this in the Odyſſey or Eneid. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger muſt have confeſſed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloſo,

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire.

is better adapted to the circumſtances of the ſpeaker and his audience, than almoſt any of the long hiſtories which on all occaſions, and ſometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the Iliad relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his ſanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The preſent inſtance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably ſuſpending the mind of the reader after the ſtorm is raiſed by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet. Yet however defenſible this epiſode of Camoens may appear to the tranſlator, he can by no means agree with Caſtera that the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in Taſſo, is totally exuberant. Like the epiſode of Veloſo, it is intimately connected with the ſubject and action of the poem. See the ſecond book of the *Gieruſalemme Liberata*.

His

His hoary curls th' indignant hero ſhakes,
And all his youthful rage reſtored awakes:
Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers
In civil diſcord, yet appeaſe your tears:
From Luſitania — for on Luſian ground
Brave Lancaſter had ſtrode with lawrel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Luſian heroes ſhone,
What [a] time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne,
How matchleſs pour'd the tempeſt of their might,
When thundering at his ſide they ruled the fight:
Nor leſs their ardent paſſion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,
When crown'd with roſes to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led —
From Luſitania's clime, the hero cries,
The gallant champions of your fame ſhall riſe.
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phraſe the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the ſoft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myſelf the heralds to the chiefs will ſend,
And to the king my valiant ſon commend.

[a] *What time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne.*——*John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, claimed the crown of Caſtile in the right of his wife, Donna *Conſtantia*, daughter of Don *Pedro*, the late king. Aſſiſted by his ſon-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Caſtile at the city of St. Jago de Compoſtella. He afterwards relinquiſhed his pretenſions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina* with the infant Don *Henry* of Caſtile. See the ſecond note, p. 167.

He

He ſpoke; and twelve of Luſian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions [t] chuſe,
And each her hero's name exulting views.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earneſt for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage ſends,
And valiant Lancaſter their cauſe commends.
Soon as to Tagus' ſhores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the ſprightly flame
Of high-ſoul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
Firſt on the liſted field to dare the foes;
But regal ſtate withheld. Alike their fires
Each courtly noble to the toil aſpires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each choſen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half circled by the [u] wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name, a ſpeedy ſloop receives
The ſculptured bucklers, and the claſping greaves,
The ſwords of Ebro, ſpears of lofty ſize,
And breaſt-plates flaming with a thouſand dyes,

[t] *The dames by lot their gallant champions chuſe.*—The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the *Jeruſalem* are ſent by Godfrey for the aſſiſtance of Armida, are choſen by lot. Taſſo, who had read the Luſiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portugueſe poet in his eye.

[u] *In that proud port half circled by the wave,*
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name——Oporto, called by the Romans *Calle*. Hence Portugal.

Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold ſteeds, whoſe harneſs ſhone with ſilvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the riſing gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the ſail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers addreſt,
Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confeſt,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to ſtray,
Where other ſtreams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various ſhares of bliſs and woe
From various laws and various cuſtoms flow;
Nor deem that artful I the fight decline;
England ſhall know the combat ſhall be mine.
By land I ſpeed, and ſhould dark fate prevent,
For death alone ſhall blight my firm intent,
Small may the ſorrow for my abſence be,
For yours were conqueſt, though unſhared by me.
Yet ſomething more than human warms my [x] breaſt,
And ſudden whiſpers, In our fortunes bleſt,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the liſt divide.

He ſaid; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Caſteel he bends.

[x] *Yet ſomething more than human warms my breaſt,*
And ſudden whiſpers ——
In the Portugueſe,
Mas ſe a verdade o eſpirito me adevinha.
Literally, "But if my ſpirit truly divine."
Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,
But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth ſing.

On

On many a field enrapt the hero ſtood,
And the proud ſcenes of Luſian conqueſt viewed.
Navar he paſt, and paſt the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening ſkies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians riſe.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He ſtrays, and Belgia now his ſteps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he ſpent:
His peers the while direct to England's ſtrand,
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,
Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way:
Bold Lancaſter receives the knights with joy,
The feaſt and warlike ſong each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with ſmiles inſpire.
And now with doubtful bluſhes roſe the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The Engliſh monarch gives the liſted bounds,
And, fixt in rank, with ſhining ſpears ſurrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and ſhake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in ſilk and gold, diſplay
A thouſand colours glittering to the day;

Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
Fear not our proweſs, cry the bold Eleven,
In numbers, not in might, we ſtand uneven.
More could we ſpare, ſecure of dauntleſs might,
When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal ſtate,
High on a throne the Engliſh monarch ſate;
All round the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array their ſtations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flouriſh their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus to the Indian ſea,
The ſun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more ſightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the Engliſh knights. With froathing jaws
Furious each ſteed the bit reſtrictive gnaws,
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are daſh'd with foamy ſnow:
Croſs-darting to the ſun a thouſand rays
The champions' helmets as the chryſtal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran

A ſhout

A ſhout loud gathering; turn'd was every eye
Where roſe the ſhout, the ſudden cauſe to ſpy.
And lo, in ſhining arms a warrior rode,
With conſcious pride his ſnorting courſer trod;
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends;
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glowed, exulting roſe the fair,
Whoſe wounded honour claim'd the hero's care.
Aſide the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold ſhe ſhone.
Now loud the ſignal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air, the meeting ſhock reſounds
Hoarſe uproar; bucklers daſhed on bucklers ring,
The ſplintered lances round their helmets ſing.
Their ſwords flaſh lightning, darkly reeking o'er
The ſhining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the ſpur, the looſened reins at large,
Furious the ſteeds in thundering plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the ſolid ground,
And thick the fiery ſparkles flaſh around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleaſing horror thrill'd
The croud behold the terrors of the field.
Here ſtunn'd and ſtaggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion graſps the ſaddle-bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes diſhonour'd laſh the courſer's loins.

So

So tired and ſtagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio kindling all his might
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conſcious of victory, his bounding horſe
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's ſpear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmeſt battle; groans the ground,
The ſplinter'd ſhields and cloſen helms reſound
Beneath his courſer; torn the harneſs gay
Here from the maſter ſprings the ſteed away;
Obſcene with duſt and gore, ſlow from the ground
Riſing, the maſter rowls his eyes around,
Pale as a ſpectre on the Stygian coaſt,
In all the rage of ſhame confuſed and loſt:
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing courſers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering viſion dies the light,
And deep deſcends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boaſted, "Let the ſword decide,"
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the ſkies the ſhout of joy proclaims
The ſpotleſs honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of ſtate and roſy bowers,
The twelve brave Luſians crown the feſtive hours.

Bold

Bold Lancaſter the princely feaſt beſtows,
The goblet circles, and the muſic flows;
And every care, the tranſport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed foreſts by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouſe the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent reſounds the bugle-horn.
The ſultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minſtrel's ſong of war the banquet crowns;
And when the ſhades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance reſounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Veſper ſhines, prolong
The meaſured cadence, and accomp'nied ſong.
Thus paſt the days on England's happy ſtrand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breaſt
Of brave Magricio ſpurns the thoughts of reſt.
In Gaul's proud court he ſought the liſted plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.
As Rome's Corvinus o'er the field he [y] ſtrode,
And on the foe's huge cuiraſs proudly trod.

[y] *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and ſlew a Gaul of enormous ſtature, in ſingle combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagoniſt, ſometimes pecked his face and hand, and ſometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26.

No more by Tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian counteſs on her hero [z] ſmiled.
The Rhine another paſt, and proved his [a] might,
A fraudful German dared him to the fight.
Strain'd in his graſp the fraudful boaſter fell——
Here ſudden ſtopt the youth; the diſtant yell
Of gathering tempeſt ſounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his liſtening peers.
Earneſt at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.

[z] *The Flandrian counteſs on her hero ſmiled.* —The princeſs, for whom Magricio ſignalized his valour, was Iſabella of Portugal, and ſpouſe to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spaniſh chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having aſſembled the ſtates of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vaſſals. Iſabella, who was preſent, ſolemnly proteſted that the earls of Flanders were not obliged to do homage. A diſpute aroſe, on which ſhe offered, according to the cuſtom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The propoſal was accepted, and Magricio the champion of Iſabella vanquiſhed a French chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not mention this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the beſt Portugueſe writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the diſadvantage of Camoens is thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow the truth of hiſtory.

[a] *The Rhine another paſt, and prov'd his might*—This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Baſil he received from a German a chalenge to meaſure ſwords, on condition that each ſhould fight with the right ſide unarmed; the German by this hoping to be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portugueſe, ſuſpecting no fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. His right ſide unarmed was expoſed to the enemy, whoſe left ſide, which was neareſt to him, was defended with half a cuiraſs. Notwithſtanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He ſprung upon the German, ſeized him, and graſping him forcibly in his arms, ſtifled and cruſhed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the ſame manner ſlew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the addreſs of our author; he deſcribes at length the injury and grief of the Engliſh ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the proweſs they there diſplayed. When Veloſo relates theſe, the ſea is calm; but no ſooner does it begin to be troubled, than the ſoldier abridges his recital: we ſee him follow by degrees the preludes of the ſtorm, we perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger, haſtening his narration to an end. *Voilà ce que s'appelle des coups de maître.* Behold the ſtrokes of a maſter. This note, and the one preceding, are from Caſtera.

Joam Franco Barreto, whoſe ſhort nomenclater is printed as an index to the Portugueſe editions of the Luſiad, informs us, that Magricio was ſon of the mariſchal Conçalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vaſco Coutinho, the firſt count de Marialva.

When

When ſhrilly whiſtling through the decks reſounds
The maſter's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Inſtant from converſe and from ſlumber ſtart
Both bands, and inſtant to their toils they dart.
Aloft, oh ſpeed, down, down the topſails, cries
The Maſter, ſudden from my earneſt eyes
Vaniſh'd the ſtars, ſlow rowls the hollow ſigh,
The ſtorm's dread herald.—To the topſails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and ſwift the canvas furl;
When from their graſp the burſting tempeſts bore
The ſheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, ſtrike the mainſail, loud again he rears
His ecchoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the ſtarry vault by thunders riven,
Ruſh'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven,
With headlong weight a fiercer blaſt deſcends,
And with ſharp whirring craſh the main-ſail rends;
Loud ſhrieks of horror through the fleet reſound,
Burſts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The ſplinter'd yard-arms; from each bending maſt,
In many a ſhred, far ſtreaming on the blaſt
The canvas floats; low ſinks the leeward ſide,
O'er the broad veſſels rolls the ſwelling tide;
O ſtrain each nerve, the frantic Pilot cries,
Oh now—and inſtant every nerve applies,

Tugging what cumbrous lay with ſtrainful force;
Daſh'd by the ponderous loads the ſurges hoarſe
Roar in new whirls: the dauntleſs ſoldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In groveling heaps the ſtagger'd ſoldiers groan:
So rowls the veſſel, not the boldeſt Three,
Of arm robuſteſt, and of firmeſt knee,
Can guide the ſtarting rudder; from their hands
The helm burſts; ſcarce a cable's ſtrength commands
The ſtaggering fury of its ſtarting bounds,
While to the forceful beating ſurge reſounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverſe winds the adverſe winds engage,
As from its baſe of rock their banded power
Strove in the duſt to ſtrew ſome lordly tower,
Whoſe dented battlements in middle ſky
Frown on the tempeſt and its rage defy;
So roar'd the winds: high o'er the reſt upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's ſlant ridge forlorn,
At times diſcover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs GAMA's lofty veſſel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' ſhatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-maſt prone with craſhing roar;
Their hands, yet graſping their uprooted hair,
The ſailors lift to heaven in wild deſpair,

The Saviour God each yelling voice implores,
Nor leſs from brave Coello's war-ſhip pours
The ſhriek ſhrill rolling on the tempeſt's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight ſings
His dreary howlings in the ſick man's ear,
The anſwering ſhriek from ſhip to ſhip they hear.
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven;
Now ruſhing downward with the ſinking waves,
Bare they behold old Ocean's vaulty caves.
The eaſtern blaſt againſt the weſtern pours,
Againſt the ſouthern ſtorm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flaſhy lightnings glare,
One pale blue twinkling ſheet enwraps the air,
In ſwift ſucceſſion now the volleys fly
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the ſky;
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they ſhed a ghaſtly light;
The breaking ſurges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder ſtill the thunders ſpread,
As if the ſolid heavens together cruſh'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring ruſh'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos ſtruggled to regain
The wild confuſion of his ancient reign.
Not ſuch the volley when the arm of Jove
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;

Not ſuch fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, ſaved by heaven, Deucalion's veſſel rode
High o'er the deluged hills. Along the ſhore
The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, [a] deplore;
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the ſtorm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With [b] ſhrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghoſt complains.
The amorous dolphins to their deepeſt caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;

[a] *The Halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore*——Ceyx, king of Trachinia, ſon of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to conſult the Delphic Oracle he was ſhipwrecked. His corpſe was thrown aſhore in the view of his ſpouſe, who in the agonies of her love and deſpair, threw herſelf into the ſea. The Gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphoſed them into the birds which bear her name. The Halcyon is a little bird about the ſize of a thruſh, its plumage of a beautiful ſky blue, mixed with ſome traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the King, or Martin Fiſher. The Halcyons very ſeldom appear but in the fineſt weather, whence they are fabled to build their neſts on the waves. The female is no leſs remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nouriſhes and attends the male when ſick, and ſurvives his death but a few days. When the Halcyons are ſurpriſed in a tempeſt, they fly about as in the utmoſt terror, with the moſt lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a ſtorm, is a proof both of the taſte and judgment of Camoens.

[b] *With ſhrill faint voice th' untimely ghoſt complains*—— It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite Madam *Dacier*, and Mr. *Pope* on the voices of the dead. It will, at leaſt, afford a critical obſervation, which appears to have eſcaped them both. "The ſhades of the ſuitors, (obſerves *Dacier*) when they are ſummoned by *Mercury* out of the palace of *Ulyſſes*, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τρίζουσι, *ſtrident*: whereas *Agamemnon*, and the ſhades that have been long in the ſtate of the dead, ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to ſhew, by the former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not eaſy to underſtand. In other reſpects *Virgil* paints after *Homer*:

——— *Pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes."

To this Mr. *Pope* replies, "But why ſhould we ſuppoſe with *Dacier*, that theſe ſhades of the ſuitors (*of Penelope*) have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking; I rather imagine that the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of complaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak. After *Patroclus* was ſlain, he appears to *Achilles*, and ſpeaks very articulately to him; yet to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure, he acts like theſe ſuitors: for *Achilles*

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but *Patroclus* is an inſtance

High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged foreſts from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge ſinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the duſky ſands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy ſweep,
Imbrown the ſurface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant GAMA ſprings,
And all the rage of grief his boſom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope deſtroy'd.
In awful horror loſt the hero ſtands,
And rowls his eyes to heaven, and ſpreads his hands,
While to the clouds his veſſel rides the ſwell,
And now her black keel ſtrikes the gates of hell;

ſtance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyſſey*, for they both ſpeak before their funereal rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy."

The Critic, in his ſearch for diſtant proofs, often omits the moſt material one immediately at hand. Had Madam *Dacier* attended to the epiſode of the ſouls of the ſuitors, the world had never ſeen her ingenuity in theſe mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. *Pope* any need to bring the caſe of *Patroclus* or *Elpenor* to overthrow her ſyſtem. *Amphimedon*, one of the ſuitors, in the very epiſode which gave birth to *Dacier*'s conjecture, tells his ſtory very articulately to the ſhade of *Agamemnon*, though he had not received the funereal rites:

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected ſpread the marble floor:
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
ODYSS. XXIV.

On the whole, the defence of *Pope* is almoſt as idle as the conjectures of *Dacier*. The plain truth is, Poetry delights in Perſonification; every thing in it, as *Ariſtotle* ſays of the Iliad, has manners; poetry muſt therefore perſonify according to our ideas. Thus in *Milton*:

Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth——

And thus in *Homer*, while the ſuitors are conducted to hell;

Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent:

and, unfettered with mythological diſtinctions, either ſhriek or articulately talk, according to the moſt poetical view of their ſuppoſed circumſtances.

Oh

Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whoſe will the tempeſt's furious madneſs ſways,
Who, through the wild waves, led'ſt thy choſen race,
While the high billows ſtood like walls of braſs:
Oh thou, while ocean burſting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the ſky down hurl'd
Ruſh'd other headlong oceans; oh, as then
The ſecond father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! ſave us now, be now the ſaviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we paſt!
And ſhalt thou leave us, leave us now at laſt
To periſh here — our dangers and our toils
To ſpread thy laws unworthy of thy ſmiles;
Our vows unheard — Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh horror, come! and come, eternal night!

He pauſed; — then round his eyes and arms he threw
In geſture wild, and thus; Oh happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierced with Mooriſh ſpears, in glorious death
Beheld the ſmiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conqueſt ſhared;
Oh happy you, on every ſhore renown'd!
Your vows reſpected and your wiſhes crown'd.

He

He ſpoke; redoubled raged the mingled blaſts;
Through the torn cordage and the ſhatter'd maſts
The winds loud whiſtled, fiercer lighnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raiſed,
The ſky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature ſtruggled to expire.
When now the ſilver ſtar of Love appear'd,
Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne Celeſtial Love beheld
The tempeſt burn, and blaſt on blaſt impell'd:
And muſt the furious Dæmon ſtill, ſhe cries,
Still urge his rage, nor all the paſt ſuffice!
Yet as the paſt, ſhall all his rage be vain ——
She ſpoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs ſhe calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the Virtues who confeſs her ſway;
Round every brow ſhe bids the roſe-buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to ſhine,
The ſnow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at ſtrife be ſeen.
Inſtant amidſt their golden ringlets ſtrove
Each flowret planted by the hand of Love;
At ſtrife, who firſt th' enamour'd Powers to gain,
Who rule the tempeſts and the waves reſtrain:

Bright

Bright as a ſtarry band the Nereids ſhone,
Inſtant old Eolus' ſons their preſence [e] own;
The winds die faintly, and in ſofteſt ſighs
Each at his Fair one's feet deſponding lies.
The bright Orithia, threatening, ſternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands:
Fair Galatea, with a ſmile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent paſſion and his faith ſhe knew.
Thus every nymph her various Lover chides;
The ſilent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And to the Goddeſs of Celeſtial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The Queen approves, and ever burn the ſame,
She cries, and joyful on the Nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the Queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious [d] gales.

[e] For the fable of Eolus ſee the tenth Odyſſey.

[d] *And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails*
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious gales.
—In innumerable inſtances Camoens diſcovers himſelf a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great maſters of the Epic are ſeveral prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of ſolemn importance to the Poem. The fate of the Armada thus obſcurely anticipated, reſembles in particular the prophecy of the ſafe return of Ulyſſes to Ithaca, foretold by the ſhade of *Tireſias*, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make ſome obſervations on the machinery uſed by Camoens in this book. The neceſſity of machinery in the Epopea, and the perhaps inſurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a Poem where the heroes are Chriſtians, or, in other words, to a Poem whoſe ſubject is modern, have already been obſerved in the Preface. The machinery of Camoens has alſo been proved, in every reſpect, to be leſs exceptionable than that of Taſſo in his *Jeruſalem*, or that of Voltaire in his *Henriade*. To imitate the manners of the ancients, was the reigning taſte at the revival of letters. If therefore we excuſe Camoens for writing in the taſte of his age, the executive part of his machinery, it is preſumed, will require no apology. The deſcent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the ſea, and his addreſs to the watery Gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the firſt Eneid. The deſcription of the ſtorm is alſo maſterly. In both inſtances the conduct of the Eneid is joined with the deſcriptive exuberance of the Odyſſey. The appearance of the ſtar of Venus through the ſtorm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that Goddeſs over the winds, and their ſubſequent nuptials, are in the ſpirit of the promiſe of Juno to Eolus;

Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

And the fiction itſelf is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was raviſhed and carried away by Boreas. Her name derived from ὅρος, *bound* or *limit*, and βία, *violence*, implies that ſhe moderated the rage of her huſband. In the ſame manner, Galatea, derived from γάλα, *milk*, and Θεὰ, a Goddeſs, ſignifies the Goddeſs of candour or innocence.

"If one would ſpeak poetically, ſays *Boſſu*, he muſt imitate *Homer*. *Homer* will not ſay that ſalt has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, or that the ſea preſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve the corps of *Patroclus* from putrefaction: He makes the ſea a Goddeſs, and tells us that *Thetis*, to comfort *Achilles*, promiſed to perfume the body with an Ambroſia, which ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopopœia* is accompanied with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection."

It has been obſerved by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the Gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the ſide of the *Greeks* he places all the Gods who preſide over the arts and

Now morn aroſe ſerene in dappled grey,
Pale gleamed the wave beneath the golden ray;
Blue o'er the ſilver flood the mountains roſe,
Where, crown'd with palm, the murmuring Ganges flows;
The ſailors on the main-top's airy round,
With waving hand, Land, land, aloud reſound;
Aloud the Pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O Chief, the ſhores of India riſe!
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breaſt with ſwelling raptures glow'd;
Gama's great ſoul confeſt the ruſhing ſwell,
Prone on his manly knees the Hero fell,

Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and ſpreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundleſs joy commands
No farther word to flow. In wonder loſt,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toſt,
Now ſnatch'd by Dæmons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of deſpair;
Awaked, amazed, confuſed with tranſport glows,
And, trembling ſtill, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So yet affected with the ſickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The Hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian ſhores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he riſes, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud deſire.

ſciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris, and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their ſtrength conſiſted chiefly in the uſe of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art, ſays *Euſtathius*, as cited by *Pope*, does the Poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the Reader conceives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time, from the beautiful verſes and an inſtructive moral." And again, "The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Juſtice and Wiſdom demanded, that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the God of war oppoſes this, but is worſted. ——No ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to re-inforce it, thus *Venus* ſuccours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

Theſe explications of the manner of Homer ought, in juſtice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoens leſs exact than the mythological. In the preſent inſtances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil Dæmon to prevent the intereſts of Chriſtianity are ſtrongly marked. The ſtorm which he raiſes is the tumult of the human paſſions; theſe are moſt effectually ſubdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon Celeſtial Love; and the union which ſhe confirms between the virtues and paſſions, is the ſureſt pledge of future tranquillity.

O glorious

O glorious chief, while ſtorms and oceans raved,
What hopeleſs toils thy dauntleſs valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave aſcend to heaven,
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly ſlumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boaſts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the ſmiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome gueſt at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble ſon of eaſe, may claim
Thy wreathe, O Gama, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whoſe brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, ſecure, ſerene,
Amidſt the thunders of the deathful ſcene,
From horror's mouth dares ſnatch the warrior's crown,
His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly juſt to honour's ſtern commands,
The dogſtar's rage on Afric's burning ſands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar ſkies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honeſt ſcars;
Who cloath'd in ſteel, by thirſt, by famine worn,
Through raging ſeas by bold ambition borne,

Scornful of gold, by nobleſt ardour fired,
Each wiſh by mental dignity inſpired,
Prepared each ill to ſuffer or to dare,
To bleſs mankind, his great, his only care;
Him whom her ſon mature Experience owns,
Him, him alone Heroic Glory crowns.

"Once more the tranſlator is tempted to confeſs his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reaſonable objection againſt the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been obſerved in the preface, which violently treſpaſs againſt the firſt rule of the Epopea, the unity of the action. A rule which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not outraged by the digreſſive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the ſevereſt critic muſt allow, is happily adapted to the ſubject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly deſcribed. He is afterwards brought in ſafety to the Indian ſhore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and diſcovers the warmth of its author's genius. It muſt alſo pleaſe, as it is ſtrongly characteriſtical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he ſpeaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the ſoldier, preſent his own active life to the reader of ſenſibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he loſt an eye, his dangerous life at ſea, and the military fatigues and the battles in which he bore an honourable ſhare in India, riſe to our idea, and poſſeſs us with an eſteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthuſiaſm, though his modeſty does not mention himſelf, on all the hardſhips he had endured: who thus could bravely eſteem the dangers to which he had been expoſed, and by which he had ſeverely ſuffered, as the moſt deſireable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VII.

HAIL glorious Chief! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's ſhore!
And hail, ye Luſian heroes, fair and wide
What groves of palm, to haughty Rome deny'd,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel foreſts on the ſhores of gold
For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Luſian ſpear!

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's ſons controuls!
What ſelf-conſuming diſcord fires their ſouls!
'Gainſt her own breaſt her ſword Germania turns,
Through all her ſtates fraternal rancour burns;

Some

Some blindly wandering holy Faith [a] diſclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown,
King of Jeruſalem, his own [b] renown!
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim ſhadow of departed fame,
England's ſtern Monarch, ſunk in ſoft repoſe,
Luxurious riots mid his northern ſnows:
Or if the ſtarting burſt of rage ſucceed,
His brethren are his foes, and Chriſtians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles ſtain,
In weeping Salem unmoleſted reign,
And with their rites impure her holy ſhrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Moſt Chriſtian named; alas, in vain aſſumed!
What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy [c] breaſt
From their juſt Lords the Chriſtian lands to wreſt!

[a] *Some blindly wandering holy Faith diſclaim*—The conſtitution of Germany, obſerves Puffendorf, may be ſaid to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German ſtate bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoens wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miſeries of a religious war, the Catholics uſing every endeavour to rivet the chains of Popery, the adherents of Luther as ſtrenuouſly endeavouring to ſhake them off.

[b] *High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown, King of Jeruſalem*——This is a miſtake. The title of King of Jeruſalem was never aſſumed by the Kings of England. Robert, Duke of Normandy, ſon of William the Conqueror, was elected King of Jeruſalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of aſcending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, Count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jeruſalem, his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a croſs potent, between four croſſes Sol. Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote: his gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deſerved the cenſure of the honeſt Poet.

[c] *What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy breaſt*——The French Tranſlator very cordially agrees with the Portugueſe Poet in the ſtrictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, "*Malgré l'eſtime*, ſays he, *que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe ici dans une grande injuſtice:* For all the

While Holy Faith's hereditary foes
Poſſeſs the treaſures where Cynifio [d] flows;
And all ſecure, behold their harveſts ſmile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O loſt to glory, loſt to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debaſed,
Each noble paſſion from thy breaſt eraſed,
Nerveleſs in ſloth, enfeebling arts thy boaſt,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how [e] loſt!

the regard I have for my Author, I will not heſitate to ſay, that here he has committed an enormous injuſtice." All Europe beſides however will witneſs the truth of the aſſertion, which ſtigmatizes the French politics with the luſt of extending their monarchy.

[d] ——*where Cynifio flows*——A river in Africa.

[e] *Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how loſt!*—However theſe ſevere reflections on modern Italy may diſpleaſe the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too juſt to admit of confutation. Never did the hiſtory of any court afford ſuch inſtances of villainy and all the baſeneſs of intrigue as that of the Popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen baniſhed from the politics of the Vatican, every public virtue muſt of conſequence decline among the higher ranks, while the lower, broken by oppreſſion, ſunk into the deepeſt poverty, and its attendant vices of meanneſs and puſillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the Pope's dominions is juſt, we have the indubitable teſtimony of an Addiſon, confirmed by the miſerable depopulation of a province, which was once the fineſt and moſt populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate diſſipation of the Neapolitan nobility; and thoſe of modern Venice reſemble their warlike anceſtors only in name. That Italy can boaſt many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow theſe general obſervations founded on the teſtimony of the moſt authentic Writers. Our Poet is beſides juſtifiable, in his cenſures, for he only follows the ſevere reflections of the greateſt of the Italian Poets. It were eaſy to give fifty inſtances, two or three however ſhall ſuffice. Dante in his ſixth Canto, del Purg.

Ahi, ſerva Italia, di dolore oſtello,
Nave ſenza nocchiero in gran tempeſta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello—

"Ah, ſlaviſh Italy, the Inn of dolour, a ſhip without a pilot in a horrid tempeſt, not the miſtreſs of provinces, but a brothel."

Arioſto, Canto 17.

O d'ogni vitio fetida ſentina
Dormi Italia *imbriac*——

"O inebriated Italy, thou ſleepeſt the ſink of every filthy vice."

And Petrarch;

Del' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori,
Albergo di dolor, madre d'errori
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.

"From the impious Babylon *(the Papal court)* from whence all ſhame and all good are fled, the Inn of dolour, the mother of errors, have I haſtened away to prolong my life."

A much

In vain to thee the call of glory ſounds,
Thy ſword alone thy own ſoft boſom wounds.

Ah, Europe's ſons, ye brother-powers, in you
The fables old of Cadmus now are [f] true:
Fierce roſe the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimſon'd with a brother's death.
So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian [g] name,
While dogs unclean Meſſiah's lore blaſpheme,

A much admired Sonnet from the ſame Author ſhall cloſe theſe citations.

SONNETTO.

La gola, e'l ſonno, e l'otioſe piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù ſbandita;
Ond' è dal corſo ſuo quaſi ſmarrita
Noſtra natura vinta dal coſtume:
Ed è ſi ſpento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel, per cui s'informa humana vita
Che per coſa mirabile s'addita
Chi vuol far d'Helicona naſcer fiume
Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filoſofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno inteſa.
Pochi compagni havrai per l'alta via;
Tanto ti prego più; gentile ſpirto,
Non laſſar la magnanima tua impreſa.

Though this elegant little Poem is general, yet as the Author and the friend to whom he addreſſes it, were Italians, that he had a particular regard to the ſtate of their own country muſt be allowed. I have thus attempted it in Engliſh.

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul-gorged Luxurie,
And bloated ſlumbers on the ſlothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And ſlaved the age to cuſtom's tyrannie!

The bleſſed lights ſo loſt in darkneſs be,
Thoſe lights by heaven to guide our minds beſtown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philoſophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on ſordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road:
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;
Ah, gentle ſpirit, labour on unſpent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the ſmile of God.

It is ſuppoſed that this was addreſſed to a friend, engaged in ſome literary undertaking of importance and novelty.

[f] *The fables old of Cadmus*——Cadmus having ſlain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bœotia, ſowed the teeth of the monſter. A number of armed men immediately ſprung up, and ſurrounded Cadmus in order to kill him. By the counſel of Minerva he threw a precious ſtone among them, in ſtriving for which they ſlew one another. Only five ſurvived, who afterwards aſſiſted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. IV.

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having ſlain a famous Freebooter, who infeſted Bœotia, a number of his Banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about the preſents which Cadmus ſent them to diſtribute among themſelves, they fell by the ſwords of each other.

Terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

[g] *So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian name, While dogs u clean*—Imitated from this fine paſſage in Lucan:

Quis furor, O Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri,
Gentibus inviſis Latium *præbere cruorem?*
Cumque ſuperba foret Babylon *ſpolianda trophæis*
Auſoniis, umbraque erraret Craſſus *inulta,*
Belligeri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
Heu, quantum potuit terræ pelagique parari
Hoc, quem civiles hauſerunt, ſanguine, dextræ!

And

And howl their curſes o'er the holy tomb,
As to the ſword the Chriſtian race they doom.
From age to age, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;
United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Chriſtian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the eaſt expands,
Fair and immenſe her ſummer-garden lands:
Here boaſtful wealth diſplays her radiant ſtore,
Pactol and Hermus' ſtream o'er golden ore,
Rowl their long way; but not for you they flow,
Their treaſures blaze on the ſtern Soldan's brow:
For him Aſſyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's ſons their deepeſt mines unfold
To give his throne to blaze—Ye weſtern powers,
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire,
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Againſt the walls of dread Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's raviſh'd ſhore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caſpian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' ſeats beyond the Wolgian [h] lake,
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.

[h] *Beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caſpian ſea, ſo called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itſelf into it.

And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims;
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their faireſt offspring from their boſoms torn,
A dreadful tribute, loud imploring [i] mourn.
Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's ſons unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, ariſe a brutal hoſt,
The Chriſtian terror, and the Turkiſh boaſt.

Yet ſleep, ye powers of Europe, careleſs ſleep,
To you in vain your eaſtern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears ſhall ſue,
Though ſmall the Luſian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Luſian race ſhall guard Meſſiah's lore.
When heaven decreed to cruſh the Mooriſh foe
Heaven gave the Luſian ſpear to ſtrike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's ſhores were heard,
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes [k] rear'd;
Nor ſhall their zeal in Aſia's bounds expire,
Aſia ſubdued ſhall fume with hallowed fire.
When the red ſun the Luſian ſhore forſakes,
And on the lap of deepeſt weſt [l] awakes,

[i] *Their faireſt offspring from their boſoms torn,*
A dreadful tribute! —— By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long ſuſtained. The troops of the Turkiſh infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus ſupported; and the ſcribes in office called Mufti, ſays Sandys, "are the ſons of Chriſtians (and "thoſe the moſt completely furniſhed by "nature) taken in their childhood from "their miſerable parents by a levy made "every five years, or oftener or ſeldomer, "as occaſion requireth."

[k] ——*O'er Afric's ſhores*——
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes rear'd— See the note on page 194.

[l] ——*of deepeſt weſt*—— Alludes to the diſcovery and conqueſt of the Brazils by the Portugueſe.

O'er

O'er the wild plains, beneath unincenſed ſkies
The ſun ſhall view the Luſian altars riſe.
And could new worlds by human ſtep be trod,
Thoſe worlds ſhould tremble at the Luſian [m] nod.

[m] If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoens are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digreſſion, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the ſhore of India, indulges himſelf with a review of the ſtate of the weſtern and eaſtern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered acceſſible to the former. The purpoſe of his poem is alſo ſtrictly kept in view. The Weſt and the Eaſt he conſiders as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a falſe. The profeſſors of the true, diſunited and deſtroying one another; the profeſſors of the falſe one all combined to extirpate the other. He upbraids the profeſſors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their diſunion and for deſerting the intereſts of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boaſts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the aſſiſtance of their brother powers, will plant it in Aſia. This, as it is the purpoſe of his hero, is directly to the ſubject of the poem, and the honour, which heaven he ſays vouchſafed to his countrymen, in chuſing them to defend and propagate its laws, is in the genuine ſpirit of that religious enthuſiaſm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the moſt ſolemn importance to the Gieruſalemme of Taſſo.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any abſurdity of opinion, where authentic hiſtory, and the ſtate of modern nations afford the topic, muſt to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemiſh in a ſolemn poem. There are many, the tranſlator is aware, to whom a ſerious and warm exhortation to a general cruſade will appear as an abſurdity, and a blemiſh of this kind. "The cruſaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, *des brigands liguès pour venir*, &c. "were a band of vagabond thieves, "who had agreed to ramble from the heart "of Europe in order to deſolate a country "they had no right to, and maſſacre, in "cold blood, a venerable prince more than "fourſcore years old, and his whole peo-"ple, againſt whom they had no pretence "of complaint."

Yet however confidently Voltaire and others may pleaſe to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the cruſades were neither ſo unjuſtifiable, ſo impolitical, nor ſo unhappy in their conſequences as the ſuperficial readers of hiſtory are habituated to view them.

Were the Aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy againſt the deſcendants of thoſe Europeans, who under that brutal conqueror Fernando Cortez, maſſacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were the confederates totally to diſpoſſeſs the preſent poſſeſſors of an empire ſo unjuſtly acquired, no man, it is preſumed, would pronounce that their combination and hoſtilities were againſt the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may pleaſe to aſſert, this ſuppoſition is by no means unapplicable to the confederacy of the croſs. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucaſus, and whoſe name ſignifies wanderers; theſe, incorporated with other banditti, from the deſerts of Scythia, now called Tartary, overrun the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whoſe inhabitants had given them no offence. They profeſs that they are commiſſioned by heaven to eſtabliſh the religion of Mohammed by violence and the ſword. In a few ages they ſubdue the fineſt countries around the Euphrates, and the Chriſtian inhabitants, the rightful poſſeſſors, are treated with the brutal policy and

And now their enſigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's ſhore the Luſian heroes ride.
High to the fleecy clouds reſplendant far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

cruelty of a Cortez. Bound by their creed to make war on the Chriſtians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conqueſts; and already poſſeſſed of immenſe territory, their acknowledged purpoſe and their power threaten deſtruction to the Chriſtian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and proſelited Africa, from the Nile to the Straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great deſign to extirpate Chriſtianity, turn their arms againſt Europe, and are ſucceſsful: they eſtabliſh kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the weſtern iſlands of the mediterranean, ſuffer by their excurſions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itſelf, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. To theſe conſiderations let it be added, that ſeveral eaſtern Chriſtians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the aſſiſtance of the Chriſtian powers to diſpoſſeſs the cruel and unjuſt uſurpers of their lands. At this period the cruſades commence. To ſuppoſe that the princes of Europe were ſo inſenſible to the danger which threatened them, as ſome modern writers who have touched upon that ſubject, appear to be, is to aſcribe a degree of ſtupidity to them by no means applicable to their military character. Though ſuperſtition inflamed the multitude, we may be aſſured however, that ſeveral princes found it their political intereſt to fan the flames of that ſuperſtition; and accordingly we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal often greatly availed themſelves of it. The immenſe reſources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the firſt cruſaders, determined their ſucceſſors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hoſtilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the croſſes, the Spaniards and Portugueſe were * enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the ſafety of the Greek empire leſs neceſſary to Italy and the eaſtern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the cruſaders, who even ſeized the throne of Conſtantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the reſentment of the Greeks; and their averſion † to the papal ſupremacy rendered them ſo jealous of the cruſaders, that the ſucceſſors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary ſupport, after about ninety years poſſeſſion, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreſeen, the Venetians, the Auſtrians, the Poles, and the Ruſſians became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many deſperate wars, attended with various ſucceſs, have been continued to the preſent time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the Chriſtian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of the Auſtrian territories muſt have yielded to their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philoſophy to perceive the ſecurity which would reſult to Europe were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the eaſtern ſide of the Turkiſh empire. The weſtern conqueſts of that

* Liſbon itſelf was taken from the Moors, by the aſſiſtance of an Engliſh fleet of cruſaders. See the note, p. 108.

† A Patriarch of Conſtantinople declared publickly to the Pope's legate. "That he would much rather "behold the turban than the triple crown upon the great altar of Conſtantinople."

fierce

Imperial Calicut, the lordly ſeat
Of the firſt monarch of the Indian ſtate.
Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,
With joyful ſhouts a fleet of boats attends :

fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the law of nations, ſend an ambaſſador to priſon, and command the Ruſſian empreſs to deſert her allies. A war, which now continues, enſued. And however the foreſight of the narrow politician may dread the riſing power of the Ruſs, it is to be wiſhed that the arms of Muſcovy may fix ſuch barriers to the Turkiſh empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated and often attempted deſign to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conqueſts on the Weſt, conqueſts which would render them the moſt dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the cruſades, a combination which tended to ſupport the Greek empire for the ſecurity of the eaſtern, and to drive the enemy from the ſouthern parts of Europe, can by no means deſerve to be called a moſt ſingular monument of human folly, whatever the ſuperſtition of its promoters and conductors might be. And however the inutility and abſurdity of their profeſſed aim, to reſcue the tomb of Chriſt, may excite the ridicule of the modern philoſopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the ſuperſtition of that age ; and where it is neceſſary that an enemy ſhould be reſtrained, an able politician will avail himſelf of the moſt powerful of all incitements to hoſtility, the ſuperſtitious or religious fervour of his army.

Having entered ſo far into the hiſtory of the cruſades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy conſequences which flowed from them. "To theſe wild expe- "ditions," ſays Robertſon, "the effect of "ſuperſtition or folly, we owe the firſt "gleams of light which tended to diſpel "barbarity and ignorance, and introduce "any change in government or manners." Conſtantinople, at that time the ſeat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age ſpeak of the Latins as the moſt ignorant barbarians ; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with aſtoniſhment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Conſtantinople. The moſt ſtupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of compariſon, are ſenſible of the ſuperiority of civilized nations, and by an acquaintance with them begin to reſemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the croſſes introduced commerce, and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertſon obſerves, proved deſtructive to the feudal ſyſtem, which had now degenerated into the moſt gloomy oppreſſion, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquiſition "of liberty," ſays the ſame moſt ingenious hiſtorian, "made ſuch a happy change "in the condition of all the members of "communities as rouſed them from that "ſtupidity and inaction into which they "had been ſunk by the wretchedneſs of "their former ſtate. The ſpirit of induſtry "revived, commerce became an object of "attention, and began to flouriſh. Popu- "lation increaſed. Independence was eſtab- "liſhed, and wealth flowed into cities "which had long been the ſeat of poverty "and oppreſſion."

Upon the whole it will be found, that the Portugueſe poet talks of the political reaſons of a cruſade, with an accuracy in the philoſophy of hiſtory, as ſuperior to that of Voltaire as the poetical merit of the Luſiad ſurpaſſes that of the Henriade. And the critic in poetry muſt allow, that to ſuppoſe the diſcovery of Gama the completion of all the endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, ſimilar to that which Voltaire, on the ſame ſuppoſition, allows to the ſubject of the Jeruſalem of Taſſo.

Joyful

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crouding round the Luſians, point the way.
A herald now, by VASCO's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian ſtrand;
The ſacred ſtaff he bears, in gold he ſhines,
And tells his office by majeſtic ſigns.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harveſt waves along the yellow dale,
So round the herald preſs the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along,
And much his manly port and ſtrange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When ſpeeding through the crowd with eager haſte,
And honeſt ſmiles, a ſon of Afric preſt:
Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his [n] ears.
What friendly angel from thy Tago's ſhore
Has led thee hither? cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,
O joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice, the Luſian cried,
Beyond unmeaſured gulphs and ſeas untry'd;

[n] ——————*the herald hears*
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his ears.——
This is according to the truth of hiſtory. While the meſſenger ſent aſhore by Gama was borne here and there, and carried off his feet by the throng, who underſtood not a word of his language, he was accoſted in Spaniſh by a Mooriſh merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Oſorius, had been the chief perſon with whom king Ferdinand had formerly contracted for military ſtores. He proved himſelf an honeſt agent, and of infinite ſervice to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the Chriſtian communion. He was named Monzaida.

Untry'd

Untry'd before our daring keels explored
Our fearleſs way—Oh heaven, what tempeſts roared,
While round the vaſt of Afric's ſouthmoſt land
Our eaſtward bowſprits ſought the Indian ſtrand.
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly ſtranger ſtood;
A paſſage open'd through the boundleſs flood,
The hope of ages, and the dread deſpair,
Accompliſh'd now, and conquer'd — ſtiff his hair
Roſe thrilling, while his labouring thoughts purſued
The dreadful courſe by GAMA's fate ſubdued.
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads
The Luſian gueſt, and ſwift the feaſt ſucceeds;
The purple grape and golden fruitage ſmile;
And each choice viand of the Indian ſoil
Heapt o'er the board, the maſter's zeal declare;
The ſocial feaſt the gueſt and maſter ſhare:
The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith ° approved,
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.
Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earneſt pace the heaven-ſent friend attends:

° *The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith.*—To eat together was in the eaſt looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Perſian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmoſt terror proſtrated himſelf before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in purſuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the reſt to the fugitive, aſſuring him of ſafety. As they approached the houſe, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corſe of the nobleman's beloved ſon. The incenſed populace demanded the murderer, who ſtood beſide him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not "betray him." He protected the murderer of his ſon from the fury of his domeſtics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his eſcape.

Now down the river's ſweepy ſtream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of Gama's navy ſpies,
The bending bowſprit, and the maſt ſo tall,
The ſides black frowning as a caſtle wall,
The high-tower'd ſtern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad ſtandard ſlowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The ſkiff he leaves,
Brave Gama's deck his bounding ſtep receives;
And, Hail, he cries: in tranſport Gama ſprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt ſo diſtant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the muſic of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted ſhade of ſtate
Beſide the Ammiral the ſtranger ſate.
Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,
What monarch ſways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his ſires
The ſon ſo far? the valiant Chief enquires.
In act to ſpeak the ſtranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in ſilent wonder ſtand,
Each gently preſſing on with greedy ear,
As erſt the bending foreſts ſtoopt to hear
In Rhodope, when Orpheus' heavenly ſtrain,
Deplored his loſt Eurydice in [p] vain;

[p] *In Rhodope*—The well-known fable of the deſcent of Orpheus to hell, and the ſecond loſs of his wife, is thus explained. Aëdoneus, king of Theſprotia, whoſe cruelty procured

While with a mien that generous friendſhip won
From every heart, the Stranger thus begun:

Your glorious deeds, ye Luſians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my ſires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hoſtile clime to Liſbon's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Luſian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories ſhine,
Theſe proudeſt honours yield, O Chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread atchievements low they fall,
And India's ſhore, diſcovered, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection ſway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendſhip's aid.
As on my lips Caſtilia's language glows,
So from my tongue the ſpeech of India flows:
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honeſt deeds, but time ſhall ſpeak, approved.
When India's Monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented [q] plain

procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having ſeized Eurydice, as ſhe fled from his friend Ariſtæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his muſic, his wife was reſtored, on condition that he ſhould not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Theſprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably loſt his ſpouſe.

[q] *For now the banquet on the tented plain,*
And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ — The Great Mogul and other eaſtern ſovereigns, attended with their courtiers, ſpend annually ſome months of the fineſt ſeaſon in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amuſements.

And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ;
When India's Lord ſhall hail, with wondering joy,
Your glad arrival on the ſpacious ſhore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myſelf ſhall glad Interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a ſtream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native ſhore;
On ſhores unknown, in diſtant worlds, how ſweet
The kindred tongue the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and ſuch, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven, your glad ſucceſs ſecures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone ſubdued
The various horrors of the trackleſs flood;
Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred toils to join.

Vaſt are the ſhores of India's wealthful ſoil;
Southward ſea-girt ſhe forms a demi-iſle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd foreſts crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caſpia's lake th' enormous mountain [r] ſpreads,
And bending eaſtward rears a thouſand heads;

[r] —*th' enormous mountain*—Properly an immenſe chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucaſus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamiſſus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the ſea of Kamchatka.

Far

Far to extremeſt ſea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waſte of Taurus' rocky ſide
Two infant rivers pour the chryſtal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through diſtant nations famed:
One eaſtward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the weſt gives his ſwoln tide to ſtray:
Declining ſouthward many a land they lave,
And widely ſwelling roll the ſea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire
Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire:
Between theſe ſtreams, fair ſmiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains diſplay,
And many a league, far to the ſouth they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the ſhores to Ceylon's iſle [s] oppoſe,
In conic form the Indian regions cloſe.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites eſteem'd divine:

[s] —*to Ceylon's iſle*—One Captain Knox, who publiſhed an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious paſſage. "This for certain, ſays he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the Devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: It is very ſhrill, almoſt like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myſelf, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this obſervation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it alſo, that either juſt before, or very ſuddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the Devil theſe reaſons urge; becauſe there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and becauſe it will on a ſudden depart from one place, and make a noiſe in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and becauſe the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and it is ſo counted by all the people."—Knox, Hiſt. Ceyl. p. 78.

Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monſters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and ſtone the proſtrate head,
And rear unhallow'd altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions [t] tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the ſmell;
No food they knew, ſuch fragrant vapours roſe
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,
Stern Decam's ſons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whoſe hope to ſhun eternal ill,
Whoſe truſt from every ſtain of guilt to ſave,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy [u] wave;
If to the ſtream the breathleſs corpſe be given
They deem the ſpirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends,
Unrivall'd ſmile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya ſpreads her palmy [w] dales;

[t] ——*as wild traditions tell*——Pliny, impoſed upon by ſome Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hiſt. Lib. 12.

[u] *Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave*—Almoſt all *the Indian* nations attribute to the Ganges, the virtue of cleanſing the ſoul from the ſtains of ſin. They have ſuch veneration for this river, that if any one in their preſence were to throw any filth into the ſtream, an inſtant death would puniſh his audacity. As St. Thomas preached the faith in the eaſt, it is probable that theſe ablutions are a groſs imitation of that baptiſm, which he publiſhed. *Caſtera.*

[w] *And here Cambaya*—Now called Gazarate. The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are ſaid to be particularly happy in the agreeable Romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was ſovereign of this country. His memory is ſtill preſerved with an eclat, worthy of that valour and generoſity which attracted the eſteem of the great Alexander. *Caſtera.* This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedroſia.

A warlike

A warlike realm, where ſtill the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narſinga [x] here diſplays her ſpacious line,
In native gold her ſons and ruby ſhine:
Alas, how vain! theſe gaudy ſons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hoſtile ſpear.

[x] *Narſinga*—The laws of Narſinga oblige the women to throw themſelves into the funeral pile, to be burnt with their deceaſed huſbands. An infallible ſecret to prevent the deſire of widowhood. *Caſtera* from *Barros*, Dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this moſt barbarous ceremony. The following one is ſelected as the moſt pictureſque of any in the knowledge of the tranſlator.

"At this time (1710) died the Prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-ſeven wives were burned with his corpſe, was thus: A deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceaſed Prince in his fineſt robes. After numberleſs rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was ſet on fire, and immediately the unhappy Ladies appeared, ſparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. Theſe victims of this diabolical ſacrifice walked ſeveral times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a conſiderable diſtance. The principal Lady then, holding the dagger of her late huſband, thus addreſſed herſelf to the Prince his ſucceſſor: Here, ſaid ſhe, is the dagger which the King made uſe of, to triumph over his enemies: beware never to employ it to other purpoſe, never to embrue it with the blood of your ſubjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you ſhall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world; all that remains for me is to follow him. With theſe words, ſhe reſigned the dagger into the Prince's hands, who took it from her without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of grief or compaſſion. The Princeſs now appeared agitated. One of her domeſtics, a Chriſtian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and though ſhe never renounced her idols, had made ſome impreſſions on her mind. Perhaps theſe impreſſions now revived. With a moſt expreſſive look ſhe exclaimed, Alas! what is the end of human happineſs! I know I ſhall plunge myſelf headlong into hell. On theſe words, a horror was viſible on every countenance; when reſuming her courage, ſhe boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herſelf into the midſt of the flames. The ſecond Lady was the ſiſter of a Prince of the blood, who was preſent, and aſſiſted at the deteſtable ſacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels, wherewith ſhe was adorned. His paſſion gave way, he burſt into tears, and fell upon her neck in the moſt tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and, with a reſolute countenance, ſometimes viewed the pile, and ſometimes the aſſiſtants. Then loudly exclaiming, *Chiva*, *Chiva*, the name of one of her idols, ſhe precipitated herſelf into the flames, as the former had done. The other Ladies ſoon followed after, ſome decently compoſed, and ſome with the moſt bewildered, down-caſt, ſorrowful looks. One of them, ſhocked above the reſt, ran to a Chriſtian ſoldier, whom ſhe beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to ſave her. The new convert, ſtunned with ſurprize, puſhed the unfortunate Lady from him; and ſhrieking aloud ſhe fell into the fiery trench. The ſoldier, all ſhivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, diſcovered at firſt the utmoſt

And now behold;—and while he ſpoke he roſe,
Now with extended arm the proſpect ſhews,——
Behold theſe mountain-tops of various ſize
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy ſkies;
Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the ſurgy main,
Fair as a garden ſpreads the ſmiling plain:
And lo, the Empreſs of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut reſplendent towers;
Her's every fragrance of the ſpicy ſhore,
Her's every gem of India's countleſs ſtore:
Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial ſtyle,
The mighty Lord of India's utmoſt ſoil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confeſs their borrow'd ſway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient [y] boaſt,
Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious coaſt.

moſt intrepidity, yet no ſooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the moſt dreadful manner; and, weltering over each other, ſtrove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain: the aſſiſtants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the *Bramins* gathered the bones, and threw them into the ſea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the ſpot, and the deceaſed Prince and his wives were reckoned among the Deities. To conclude, this deteſtable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only ſpecious; it is almoſt impoſſible to avoid it. If they do, they muſt lie under perpetual infamy, and the relations, who eſteem themſelves highly diſgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princeſſes, and Concubines of Princes, however, are the only perſons from whom this ſpecies of ſuicide is expected. When women of inferior rank ſubmit to this abominable cuſtom, they are only urged to it by the impulſe of a barbarous pride and vanity of oſtentation." Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the miſſion of Coromandel, to Father de Villete, of the Society of Jeſus, publiſhed at Paris, in 1719.

[y] *Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious coaſt*——Whatever Monzaida relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the hiſtories of India, according to Barros,

A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the ſceptre bore,
From bleſt Arabia's groves to India came;
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful ſtrain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's ſhrine, to cloſe
His life's mild eve in prayer and ſweet repoſe.
Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's ſpices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean ſtems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the tranſport of a father's name;
His ſervants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden ſceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé ſways,
The ſpicy Iſle another Lord obeys;
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various Lords he yields.
While theſe and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful paſt:
Save Calicut, a city poor and ſmall,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:

Caſtaneda, Maffeus, and Don Oſorius. Our Author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to introduce any curious cuſtom or veſtige of antiquity. *Caſtera.*

Grieved

Grieved to behold ſuch merit thus repay'd,
The ſapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boaſt of power ſupreme.
And now great Perimal reſigns his reign,
The bliſsful bowers of Paradiſe to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India ſinks for ever from his eyes.
And ſoon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, reſort:
Wide o'er the ſhore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landſcape round luxurious ſmiles.
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the Empreſs of the eaſtern world:
Such are the bleſſings ſapient kings beſtow,
And from thy ſtream ſuch gifts, O Commerce, flow.

From that ſage youth, who firſt reign'd king of kings,
He now who ſways the tribes of India ſprings.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, ſave where Nature whiſpers modeſt care,
Naked, they blacken in the ſultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never muſt join the conjugal embrace;

Nor

Nor may the ſtripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh loſt to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To ſpouſe of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial ſhrine unite the heart:
Nor may their ſons, the genius and the view
Confined and fetter'd, other art purſue.
Vile were the ſtain, and deep the foul diſgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er,
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named:
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;
The toils of culture, and of art they ſcorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The ſhining faulchion brandiſh'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger ſcornful, ever arm'd they ſtand
Around the king, a ſtern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the ſacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:
In wildeſt rituals, vain and painful, loſt,
Brahma their founder as a God they boaſt [a].

[a] *Brahma their founder as a god they boaſt.* ——Antiquity has talked much, but knew little with certainty of the Brahmins, and their philoſophy. Porphyry and others eſteem them the ſame as the Gymnoſophiſts of the Greeks, and divide them into ſeveral ſects, the Samanæi, the Germanes, the Pramnæ, the Gymnetæ, &c. Their terrible penances are often mentioned by heathen authors, and by the earlieſt of the Chriſtian fathers. The ſtory of Calanus, who burnt himſelf in the camp of Alexander, is well known. The Brahmin Mandanis, however, deſerves more honour: he rejected with ſcorn the gifts of the conqueror, and ridiculed his pretenſions to divinity. Several ambaſſadors were ſent by a king of India, a king of ſix hundred kings, to Auguſtus Cæſar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of theſe, a Brahmin philoſopher, burned himſelf at Athens. His life had

To crown their meal no meaneſt life expires,
Pulſe, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdneſs riotous and free,
No ſpouſal ties with-hold, and no degree:

had been extremely proſperous, and he took this method, he ſaid, to prevent a reverſe of fortune. Amid a great concourſe of people he entered the fire, naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he deſired might be inſcribed on his tomb, was, "Here reſts *Zarmanochagas*, the Indian of Bargoſa, who, according to the cuſtom of his country, made himſelf immortal." On the approach of age or diſeaſe, according to antiquity, they had recourſe to this means, and it was on the advances of a diſtemper that Calanus amuſed Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philoſophy. The cuſtom of the wife being burned with the corpſe of her deceaſed huſband is alſo very antient. It is mentioned by Hierome, (Adv. Jov. l. i.) and ſeveral others. Poſtellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Brahmins are deſcended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, *quaſi Abrahmanes*. Pliny, l. vii. c. 2. relates, that the Indian philoſophers called Gymnetæ, from the ſun riſing to his ſetting, by way of divination, kept their eyes unalterably fixed on the orb of that luminary. Beſides theſe relations, which correſpond with later accounts, the antients had innumerable fables. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs heads; others with only one leg, yet *Achilleses* for ſwiftneſs of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of ſome, (as already obſerved in theſe notes) who lived by the ſmell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of ſome whoſe ears hung down to the ground. Others talked of fountains, in India, of liquid gold. But enough. Though Pliny, no doubt, had his admirers, theſe ſtories were ridiculed by ſome, and Horace genteely laughs at them in a ſingle expreſſion.

—*Quæ loca fabuloſus*
Lambit Hydaſpes.

From the earlieſt times the Indians have been divided into diſtinct tribes. The four principal ones are, the Brahmins, (who like the Levites among the Hebrews, are hereditary prieſts) the ſoldiers, the mechanics, and the labourers. As theſe tribes never intermarry, India may properly be ſaid to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the ſame veſſel. If they treſpaſs in theſe or in many other ſimilar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a deſpiſed crew, called the Hallachores, who are the loweſt of the community, the rabble of India. Among theſe only, ſays Scrafton, the popiſh miſſionaries have had any ſucceſs. Urbano Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jeſuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He alſo propoſed to erect a ſeminary of Chriſtian Brahmins. But the Holy See diſapproved of this rational deſign, and defeated his labours. Jealouſy of the ſecular arts of the Portugueſe, was alſo a powerful preventive of the labours of their prieſts. A Spaniard being aſked by an Indian king, how his Spaniſh majeſty was able to ſubdue ſuch immenſe countries as they boaſted to belong to him: The Don honeſtly anſwered, "that he firſt ſent prieſts to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he ſent fleets and ſoldiers, who with the aſſiſtance of the new proſelites ſubdued the reſt." The truth of this confeſſion, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the Eaſt. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other cauſes, have been a bar to the propagation of Chriſtianity among them, the ſame reaſons have alſo prevented the ſucceſs of Mohammediſm, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almoſt all the princes of India, have theſe many centuries profeſſed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindoſtan do not exceed

ten

Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend

ten thouſand; whereas the Indians, he ſays, amount to about an hundred millions.

Almoſt innumerable, and ſometimes as whimſically abſurd as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, are the holy legends of India. The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, are more various than thoſe of any fable in the Grecian mythology. According to Father *Bohours*, in his life of *Xavier*, the Brahmins hold, that the Great God having a deſire to become viſible, became man. In this ſtate he produced three ſons, Mayſo, Viſnu, and Brahma; the firſt, born of his mouth, the ſecond, of his breaſt, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his inviſibility, he aſſigned various departments to his three ſons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the ſuperintendence of the rites of religion. Brahma having a deſire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the prieſts of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts ſay, that Brahma produced the prieſts from his head, the more ignoble tribes from his breaſt, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Brahmins, the ſole and ſupreme god Viſtnou, formed the ſecondary god Brahma, out of a flower that floated on the ſurface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the univerſe.

According to the Daniſh miſſionaries*, the Firſt Being, ſay the Brahmins, begat Eternity, Eternity begat *Tſchiven*, *Tſchiven* begat *Tſchaddy*, *Tſchaddy* begat *Putady*, or the elementary world, *Putady* begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god *Tſchatatſchinen*, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like deſcent. Brahma produced the ſoul, the ſoul produced the viſible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. A legend ſomething ſimilar to this appears in Mr. Dow's Diſſertation on the Brahmins, prefixed to his ingenious hiſtory of Hindoſtan.

This genealogical nonſenſe, however, is not confined to India. Heſiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the ſchools of Plato, is of the ſame claſs. The Jewiſh fables, fooliſh queſtions and genealogies, reproved by ſaint Paul, (epiſt. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then ſprung up. *Binah*, or Underſtanding, ſaid the cabaliſts, begat *Cochmah*, or Wiſdom, &c. till at laſt comes *Milcah*, the Kingdom, who begat *Shekinah*, the Divine Preſence. In the ſame manner the Chriſtian Gnoſtics, of the ſect of Valentinus, held their Πληρωμα, and their thirty ages. *Ampſiu* and *Auraan*, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat *Bacua* and *Tharthuu*, Mind and Truth; theſe begat *Ubucua* and *Thardeadie*, Word and Life, and theſe *Merexa* and *Atarbarba*, Man and Church. The other conjunctions of their thirty *Æones* are of ſimilar ingenuity. The prevalence of the ſame ſpirit of mythological allegory in ſuch different nations, affords the philoſopher a worthy field of ſpeculation.

Almoſt as innumerable as their legends are the dreadful penances to which the religioniſts of India ſubmit themſelves for the expiation of ſins. Some hold the tranſmigration of ſouls, and of conſequence abſtain from all animal food ‡. Yet however auſtere in other reſpects, they freely abandon them-

* See Phillips's Collection of their Letters publiſhed at London in 1717.

‡ Though from the extracts given by Mr. Dow, the philoſopher Goutam appears to have been a very Duns Scotus or Aquinas in metaphyſics, the Pythagorean reaſon why the Brahmins abſtain from animal food, is a convincing proof of their ignorance in natural philoſophy. Some will let vermin over-run them; ſome of the Banians cover their mouth with a cloth, leaſt they ſhould ſuck in a gnat with their breath; and ſome carefully ſweep the floor ere they tread upon it, leſt they diſlodge the ſoul of an inſect. And yet they do not know that in the water they drink, and in every ſallad they eat, they cauſe the death of innumerable living creatures.

The nuptial couch: alas, too bleſt, they know
Nor jealouſy's ſuſpence, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.

ſelves to every ſpecies of letchery, ſome of them eſteeming the moſt unnatural abominations as the privilege of their ſanctity. The cow they venerate as ſacred. If a dying man can lay hold of a cow's tail ‡, and expire with it in his hands, his ſoul is ſure to be purified, and perhaps will enjoy the ſignal favour to tranſmigrate into the body of one of thoſe animals. The temples of India, which are numerous, are filled with innumerable idols of the moſt horrid figures. Brahma, in particular, appears in many forms: in one as a fat old man, ſitting croſs-legged, with four faces, and four hands. A ſpecies of the antient manicheeiſm of Perſia is mixed with their religion, and the Deſtroyer, or the Frightful Demon, is worſhipped by the authority of their ſacred books. The firſt thing they meet in the morning, be it aſs, hog, or dog, they worſhip during the courſe of the day. Scarcely more ſtupid were the Peluſians: *Crepitus ventris inflati*, ſays Hierome, *Peluſiaca religio eſt.* The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themſelves. Aſtrology is their principal ſtudy; yet, though they are moſtly a deſpicable ſet of fortune-tellers, ſome of them are excellent moraliſts, and particularly inculcate the comprehenſive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often aſſume the habit of mendicants, in order to diſtinguiſh the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have ſeveral traditions of the virtuous on theſe happy trials being tranſlated into heaven; the beſt deſigned incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Beſides the Brahmins, the principal ſect of that vaſt region called India, there are ſeveral others, who are divided and ſubdivided, according to innumerable variations in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a ſect who ſtrictly abſtain from all animal food, are numerous.

Such are the general accounts of the Indian opinions, which till lately have been received in Europe. Accounts much more to the honour of the Indian philoſophy have within theſe few years been laid before the public, by ſome gentlemen, who, by converſing with ſome eminent Brahmins, have enjoyed the beſt opportunities of information. Yet theſe gentlemen do not agree among themſelves. Colonel Dow confeſſes, that he finds himſelf obliged to differ from Mr. Holwell almoſt in every particular concerning the religion of the Hindoos "The Bedang or Shaſter, the ſacred "book of the Brahmins, ſays Dow, con-"tains various accounts of the creation, "one philoſophical, the others allegorical. "Theſe latter, ſays he, have afforded ample "field for the invention of the Brahmins. "From the many allegorical ſyſtems of "creation contained in the Shaſters, many "different accounts of the coſmogony of the "Hindoos have been promulgated in Eu-"rope, ſome travellers adopting one ſyſtem, "ſome another." From this confeſſion we are led to infer, that the different accounts given by our modern travellers, ariſe from their having converſed with different Brahmins; a circumſtance by no means favourable to the opinion of the conſiſtency of the moral and philoſophically religious ſyſtem, which we have been told is contained in the ſacred books of India. If we cannot be ſo warm in our admiration of the religious philoſophy of the Hindoos, as ſome late writers have been, ſome circumſtances of that philoſophy, as delivered by themſelves, it is hoped, will exculpate our coolneſs.

The ſacred books of the Hindoos are written in a dead language, the Sanſcrita, which none but the Brahmins are allowed to ſtudy. So ſtrict in this are they, ſays Mr. Dow, that only one Muſſelman was ever inſtructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar†, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, ſtudied ſeveral religions. In the chriſtian he was inſtructed by a Portugueſe. But finding that of the Hindoos inacceſſible, he

‡ Bohours.

† This Akbar choſe, as his laſt and beſt religion, to worſhip the ſun. While he performed his public devoirs to that bright deity, he himſelf, by his own order, was worſhipped by the crowd below. See *Grimſtone.*

had

But ſhould my lips each wond'rous ſcene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will ſoon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the weſt would ſink yon eaſtern ſun.

had recourſe to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the moſt eminent of theſe philoſophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being diſcovered, he was laid under the reſtraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

True or falſe, this ſtory, which is firmly believed in Hindoſtan, ſufficiently ſhews the great care with which they conceal their tenets, of which even the Mohammedans, their maſters, have little or no knowledge. Different from every other ſect, the Brahmins admit of no proſelites, a circumſtance of unparallelled policy. Some may venerate, on this account, the wiſdom and ſacredneſs of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to ſuſpect that there is ſomething extremely abſurd, frivolous, and childiſh, in what is thus religiouſly enveloped in the veil of darkneſs. Were analogy allowed us in proof, our ſuſpicion would amount to an aſſertion. The ſacred books, or Shaſters, are divided into four Bedas; the firſt contains principally the ſcience of divination, the ſecond treats of religious and moral duties, the third the rites of religion, ſacrifices, penances, &c. and the fourth, the knowledge of the Good Being; and contains, ſays our author, the whole ſcience of theology and metaphyſical philoſophy.

Thus, according to Mr. Dow, the Brahmins avow, and their ſacred book contains, that moſt deſpicable of all pretenſions to learning, judicial aſtrology; that mother of ſuperſtition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the prieſts of India, and the gypſies of England, impoſe on the credulous and ignorant. Nor can we paſs unobſerved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its ſubject it ſeems to be the moſt valuable of the whole, except the ſecond. Yet the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, becauſe the Mohammedan religion, they ſay, is borrowed from it. On the ſuppoſition, which they pretend, that their ſacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reaſon for rejecting the fourth Beda is ſubmiſſive and ridiculous. Another ſhrewd ſuſpicion from this alſo ariſes. The Brahmins reject a fourth part of their ſacred canon, and they have ever kept the whole moſt carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer. Who, that conſiders theſe circumſtances, can heartily believe the pretended antiquity or the unadulterated text of the ſacred records of India?

A philoſopher, named Goutam, who lived about 4000 years ago, is acknowledged to have written many of the treatiſes which are held ſacred by the Neadirſen ſect; a ſect, whoſe doctrines are profeſſed by the generality of the Brahmins of Bengal, and of the northern provinces. "This philoſopher, ſays "Mr. Dow, ſuppoſes that the Deity never "exerts the power of a providence, but that "he remains in eternal reſt, taking no con- "cern *neither* in human affairs, *nor* in the "courſe of the operations of Nature." This may be called philoſophy, but this article in the creed of Goutam is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philoſophical definition of which is certainly thus, *A dependence on the Creator, ſimilar to that of a Child on his Father.*

"The learned Brahmins ſays the Colo- "nel, with one voice, deny the exiſtence "of inferior divinities. Their polytheiſm "is only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine "attributes, and it is much to be doubted, "whether the want of revelation and phi- "loſophy, thoſe neceſſary purifiers of re- "ligion, ever involved any nation in groſs "idolatry, as many ignorant zealots have "pretended." .... "Under the name of "Brimha, they worſhip the wiſdom and cre- "ative power of God; under the appellation "of Biſhen, his providential and preſerving "quality; and under that of Shibah, that "attribute which tends to deſtroy."

"Shibah, ſays the ſame author, among "many others, is known by the names of "Mahoiſſur,

In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balſams, fruit, and gold on India's boſom ſmile.

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coaſt the voice of Rumour ſwell'd;

" Mahoiſſur, the Great Demon; Bamdebo, " the Frightful Spirit; and Mohilla, the " Deſtroyer."

The ſame authority alſo informs us, that they erect temples to Graneſh, or Policy, whom they worſhip at the commencement of any deſign, repreſented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth. That they worſhip Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the ſun; Chunder, or the moon; the deities of water, fire, &c. beſides an innumerable herd of local divinities *. In another place, our author confeſſes that the vulgar revere all the elements, and receive as an article of belief every holy legend.

An account of the celebrated ſect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their philoſophy, are undoubtedly requiſite in the notes of a Poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the Eaſtern World; of a poem where their rites and opinions are neceſſarily mentioned. To ſet the ſubject in the cleareſt and moſt juſt view, as far as his abilities will ſerve him, is the intention of the tranſlator. The admirers of the Hindoos philoſophy will therefore excuſe him, ſhould he venture to give his opinion againſt the apology for the polytheiſm of the Brahmins. To call it only a ſymbolical worſhip of the Divine Attributes, is only to preſent to us a ſpecious ſhadow, which will vaniſh on the ſlighteſt touch of examination.

That the polytheiſm of Egypt, the worſhip of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine attributes, has been often ſaid, and with equal juſtice. For our part we can diſtinguiſh no difference between the worſhip of Janus with two faces, or of Brahma with four. The philoſophers of Rome were as able to allegoriſe as thoſe of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing ſhort of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century wrote a treatiſe to prove that there never was ſuch a thing as idolatry in the world, for that every man intended to worſhip ſome attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reſide in his idol.

Nor is a ſentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: " Let us reſt aſſured, ſays he, " that whatever the external ceremonies of " religion may be, the ſelf ſame infinite " Being is the object of univerſal adora- " tion." Yet whatever the metaphyſician may think of this ingenious refinement, the moral philoſopher will be little pleaſed with it, when he conſiders that the vulgar, that is ninety-nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practiſing their idolatry, according to this philoſophical definition.

* Perimal, who, according to ſome of their holy legends, was the ſon of a cow, was worſhipped as a god in the kingdom of Narſinga. Near the city of Preſeti was a wood full of apes, eſteemed of a divine race, and of the houſhold of Perimal, in whom ſome thouſands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram was a ſtately temple erected to one of theſe apes, named HANIMANT. Being threatened with ſome danger, Hanimant put himſelf at the head of many thouſand of his brother gods, and led them to the ſea ſide; where finding no ſhip, he took a leap into the ocean, and an iſland immediately roſe under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all ſafe to the iſland of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a ſacred relick, and many pilgrimages were made to viſit it. In 1554, the Portugueſe made a deſcent on that iſland, and among other things ſeized the holy tooth. The Indian princes (ſays Linſchoten, c. 44.) offered 700,000 ducats in ranſom, but by the perſuaſion of the archbiſhop, the Portugueſe viceroy burned it in the preſence of the Indian ambaſſadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to perſuade his countrymen that he was inviſibly preſent when the Portugueſe burnt the tooth, that he had ſecreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His ſtory was believed, ſays our author, and the king of Biſnagar gave him a great ſum for a tooth which he produced as the ſacred relick. The ſtriking reſemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even *in cloacis*, is worthy of obſervation.

That

As firſt ſome upland vapour ſeems to float
Small as the ſmoke of lonely ſhepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkneſs ſpreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,

That the *learned* Brahmins with one voice aſſert there is but one Supreme God, has been acknowledged by almoſt all modern travellers. Xavier himſelf confeſſes this, and tells us from the authority of a Brahmin, that the ten commandments made a part of their hidden religion. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Brahmins, in public, worſhip and teach the worſhip of idols. To give an account both of the popular and what is called the philoſophical religion of India, is the purpoſe of this eſſay. To abſtract our view therefore from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the ſpirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is not here to be expected. To follow this method, a traveller may tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine miſſion of Mohammed is denied at Conſtantinople, becauſe at the one he converſed with a deiſtical Biſhop, or at the other with a philoſophical Mufti. However pleaſed therefore the metaphyſician may be with ingenious refinement, the moraliſt will conſider, that the queſtion is not, how the philoſopher may refine upon any ſyſtem, but how the people will, of conſequence, practiſe under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehenſible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehenſible every moraliſt muſt allow, when he conſiders, that the moſt unworthy ideas of the Divinity, ideas deſtructive of morality, naturally ariſe from idol worſhip; and the vulgar, it is every where confeſſed, cannot avoid the abuſe. What can he think of the piety of a poor ſuperſtitious Indian, when he worſhips the Great Dæmon, the Deſtroyer, and Frightful Spirit? Does he love what he worſhips? And can piety exiſt where the object of adoration is hated? What can the moraliſt think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himſelf in the Ganges, or throws himſelf under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be cruſhed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to ſociety in general, the Author of Nature has impoſed upon us by an indiſpenſible canon. Yet theſe duties by the pious ſuicide are refuſed on the principles of the weakeſt ſuperſtition. Nor can the moraliſt view the dreadful auſterities to which the Brahmin philoſophers ſubmit themſelves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his noſe till he can ſee in no other direction; he who clenches his fiſt till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twiſts his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow) and he who drowns himſelf at once, equally incapacitate themſelves for the duties of ſociety. Nor ought other parts of the Brahmin ſuperſtition, in our examination of their tenets and practiſes, to be here omitted. From the concurrent accounts of many travellers who underſtood their language, and converſed with the * Brahmins, among many other moſt abſurd rites, we are informed that they pay a ſuperſtitious regard, and aſcribe great holineſs to the aſhes of burned cow-dung; that they perſuade the people that their idols eat and drink, and for this purpoſe extort contributions from the multitude; and for this purpoſe too, proſtitution is enjoyned, and the price of it received from the hands of poor women. If all this is not groſs idolatry, nothing ever tranſacted on earth can deſerve the name.

If we may be allowed to digreſs a little from the ſubject of the Brahmins, the futi-

* Abraham Roger, in particular. He lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendſhip with one of them, named *Padmanaba*. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he publiſhed his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good ſenſe let one ſentiment bear teſtimony. "Can we believe, ſays he, that there is a generous ſpirit reſiding in a people "who for two or three thouſand years have placed the greateſt degree of ſanctity and prudence in half "ſtarving themſelves, and in depriving themſelves of the lawful conveniencies of life? Yet ſuch auſterities "were the chief employments of the ancient *Bracmanæ*, and are now of the modern *Bramines*."

lity

The leafleſs foreſt and the utmoſt lea;
And wide its black wings hover o'er the ſea:
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And diſtant navies rear the miſt-wet ſail.

lity of our refined apology for idolatry will ſtill appear in a ſtronger light. What will the definition avail in the ballance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other ſcale? Paleſtine, Tyre, and Carthage made their children "paſs through the fire unto "Moloch;" and human ſacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. No philoſophers ever entertained ſublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human ſoul, than the antient Druids. Yet what ſhall we think of the *Wicker Man!* A gigantic figure! the body, each leg and arm was a maſt, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or priſoners of war, the innocent helpleſs were ſeized, that the horrid ſacrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the ſublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the aſſurance of protection*. In the moſt poliſhed ages of antient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, baſely impure. To mention any particular would be an inſult to the ſcholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one deteſt the *Yahoo* ſpecies, are a part of the religious *externals* of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itſelf. "In-"ſuper ſanctum illum, quem eo loco [*in "Egypt*] vidimus, publicitus apprimé com-"mendari, eum eſſe hominem ſanctum, "divinum à integritate præcipuum; eo "quod, nec fœminarum unquam eſſet, "nec puerorum, ſed tantummodo aſela-"rum cuncubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow no tranſlation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practiſed, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma, the conſequences are felt, and a remedy is wanted: the vulgar are groſs idolators; the wiſer part ſee the cheat, and become almoſt indifferent to every tie of religion.

To all this let it be added, that as Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's Brahmins did not give the ſame accounts of their hidden religion to theſe gentlemen; ſo it is an obſervation founded on experience, that the zealot of any ſect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumſtance the beſt gloſs, and ſtrain every feature, as much as poſſible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend. In this manner Joſephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his hiſtory of the Jews. He has altered, ſuppreſſed, gloſſed, and falſified, on purpoſe to adopt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as poſſible, to the taſte of the Greek and Roman philoſophers. In the ſame manner, we believe, it may be aſſerted, that every jeſuit behaves, when he defends popery in converſation with an intelligent diſſenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a ſenſible papiſt, who either from ignorance of the hiſtory of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, ſuperſtitions, and villanous arts of Holy Church; thoſe intrigues and tranſactions which form the principal part of the hiſtory of Europe during ſix or ſeven monkiſh centuries. Yet what wiſe man will upon ſuch evidence reject the teſtimony of ages. The alluſion is apt, and the inference is the ſame. Every one, who is acquainted with the hiſtory of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that moſt bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and ſtupid, after their return from Aſſyria they began to philoſophize. The ſuperſtition and idolatry of

* To have repreſented the Devil on a neighbouring mountain, delighted with the yells and ſteam of this ſacrifice, would have been an incident worthy of the Paradiſe Loſt, and might have come in excellent place, had the great author continued the viſions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book.

the

So Fame increaſing, loud and louder grew,
And to the ſylvan camp reſounding flew;
A lordly band, ſhe cries, of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never ſeen,

the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the ſame manner, received great improvement of features from the converſation of Europeans, whoſe example, however otherwiſe vicious, could not fail to convince them of the abſurdity of ſuch mental weakneſs. The horrible cuſtom of burning the wives with the corpſe of the deceaſed huſband, is now, ſays Mr. Dow, in diſuſe. From whence the *late* alteration? Not ſurely from any text of their *hidden* ſacred canon, which they pretend to have enjoyed ſo many thouſand years *.

By the light of all theſe conſiderations it will appear, that the accounts of the ſuperſtition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately were received, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparallelled circumſtance, were the concurrent teſtimony of the moſt authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, to deſerve no credit. The difference of the religious legends, by theſe writers aſcribed to the Indians, is fairly accounted for by Mr. Dow; by whom alſo, as juſt cited, every charge of ſuperſtition is virtually confirmed.

Two cardinal points of the philoſophy of the Brahmins remain to be mentioned. They hold that diſſolutions of the univerſe, and new creations, at certain periods, ſhall ſucceed one another to all eternity†. Of the human ſoul they ſay, that after various tranſmigrations and purifications, it ſhall be abſorbed in the Deity and conſciouſneſs loſt in bliſs. By this unintelligible ſublimity, we are put in mind of ſome of the reveries of a Shafteſbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Nor muſt the religious ſect of the Fakier be omitted. Theſe, according to Mr. Dow, are a ſet of ſturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thouſand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives, (who eſteem it a holineſs to be embraced by a

* Nay, a text of the ſacred Shaſter plainly encourages the horrid practice. "The woman who dies "with her huſband, ſhall enjoy life eternal with him in heaven." Feeble minds, ſays Mr. Dow, miſinterpreted this into a precept. To thoſe however who are unſkilled in caſuiſtry, no admonition can be more obvious.

† According to Joannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra ſay, that the world ſhall laſt four ages or worlds, three whereof are paſt. The firſt continued one million ſeven hundred and twenty-eight thouſand years. Men in that world lived ten thouſand years, were of enormous ſtature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God viſibly appear upon the earth. Firſt in the form of a fiſh, that he might recover the book of Brahma *(for almoſt the ſame legend, ſee Dow)* which one *Cauſacar* had thrown into the ſea. The ſecond time in the form of a ſnail, *(See Dow's account of the ſymbolical repreſentations of Brahma)* that he might make the earth dry and ſolid. The other time like a hog, to deſtroy one who called himſelf God, or as others ſay, to recover the earth from the ſea, which had ſwallowed it. The ſecond world laſted one million ninety-two thouſand and ſix years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thouſand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monſtrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repreſs the wickedneſs of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to puniſh the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeneſs of a man called *Parcaram*, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And laſtly in the likeneſs of one *Ram*, who ſlew *Parcaram*. The third continued eight hundred and four thouſand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world ſhall endure four hundred thouſand years, whereof only four thouſand ſix hundred and ninety-two are elapſed. In this period God is to appear once, and ſome hold that he has already appeared in the perſon of the emperor *Echebar*, the ſame Mahummud Akbar already mentioned. The wiſer part of the Brahmins, ſays Oranus, decry the abſurdity of theſe fables, yet ſupport them before the multitude, leſt their influence, their wealth and ſuperſtition, ſhould vaniſh together. That theſe fables are very antient, we have the authority of Strabo, who tells us that Calanus told Oneſicritus of a golden world, where the fountains ſtreamed with milk, honey, wine, and oil, and where the wheat was as plentiful as duſt; that God had in puniſhment of human wickedneſs altered it, and impoſed a life of labour on men. Oneſicritus was willing to hear farther, but one of the Brahmin penances being enjoyned as the condition, the Greek philoſopher was contented with what he had heard.

Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian ſhore.
To hail their Chief the Indian Lord prepares,
And to the fleet he ſends his banner'd Nayres:
As to the bay the nobles preſs along,
The wondering city pours th'unnumber'd throng.
And now brave GAMA and his ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges ſlowly bend to ſhore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the ſurges of the briny tide,
And now the ſtrokes the cold freſh ſtream divide.
Pleaſed with the ſplendour of the Luſian band,
On every bank the crowded thouſands ſtand.
Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The firſt great Miniſter of India ſtood,

Fakier) to the mercy and luſt of theſe villains. The prayers of a Fakier are highly eſteemed, and often implored, in caſes of ſterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a ſignal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a ſound drubbing is the reward ſhould the huſband dare to interrupt their devotions.

We cannot finiſh this note, long as it is, without obſerving the vaſt ſimilarity which obtains among all barbarous nations. When the Portugueſe admiral, Pedro de Cabral, diſcovered the Brazils, he found a ſect of religioniſts called *Pages*, who were venerated in the ſame manner as the Fakiers of India. "*Hi quocunque veniunt*, ſays Oſorius, *ſummo omnium plauſu recipiuntur*, &c. Wherever theſe come, they are received with the loudeſt acclamations, the ways are crowded, verſes ſung to the muſic of the country, and dances are performed before them. The moſt beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are ſubmitted to their embraces. *Opiniuntur enim miſeri, ſi illos placatos habuerint, omnia ſibi feliciter eventura*; for theſe wretched ignorants believe, that if they can pleaſe theſe men, every thing will happen well to them."

To conclude: The writers who have treated of the miſſion of Xavier, relate, that there is extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each conſiſting of eight verſes, in ridicule of the worſhip of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great aſperity and contempt. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning favour the Public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a ſingular favour on the republic of letters.

The

The Catual his name in India's tongue:
To GAMA ſwift the lordly Regent ſprung;
His open arms the valiant Chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the ſhore of gold:
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearleſs heroes of the warlike fleet.
A couch on ſhoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Luſian captain; equal rides
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,
While GAMA's train, and thouſands of the throng
Of India's ſons, encircling pour along.
To hold diſcourſe in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremembered die
Inſtant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
GAMA the while, and India's ſecond Lord,
Hold glad dialogues, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They paſt, and onward, towered in ſumptuous ſtate,
Before them now the ſacred temple roſe;
The portals wide the ſculptured ſhrines diſcloſe.
The Chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold ſtone, and ſhining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul Demon will'd the likeneſs baſe.

Taught to behold the rays of godhead ſhine
Fair imaged in the human face divine,
With ſacred horror thrill'd, the Luſians viewed
The monſter forms, Chimera-like, and [b] rude.
Here ſpreading horns an human viſage bore;
So frown'd ſtern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his ſhrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandiſh'd wide;
So Titan's ſon the race of heaven [c] defy'd.
And here a dog his ſnarling tuſks diſplay'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed ſhade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile proſtrations low
Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians [d] bow.
And now again the ſplendid pomp proceeds;
To India's Lord the haughty Regent leads.

[b] *The monſter forms, Chimera-like, and rude.* Chimera, a monſter ſlain by Bellerophon.

Firſt, dire Chimera's conqueſt was enjoyn'd,
A mingled monſter of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread,
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
Pope's Il. vi.

[c] *So Titan's ſon.*—Briareus.

[d] *Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians bow.*—In this inſtance, Camoens has with great art deviated from the truth of hiſtory. As it was the great purpoſe of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the Eaſt, it would have been highly abſurd to have repreſented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the caſe. "Gama, who had been told, ſays Oſorius, that there were many Chriſtians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the Catual led him, was a Chriſtian church. At their entrance they were met by four prieſts, who ſeemed to make croſſes on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, oppoſite to the entrance, ſtood an image which could hardly be diſcovered; *Erat enim locus ita ab omni ſolis radio ſecluſus, ut vix aliquis malignæ lucis ſplendor in eum penetraret.* The four prieſts aſcending, ſome entered the chapel by a little braſs door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, *Mary, Mary.* The Catual and his attendants proſtrated themſelves on the ground, while the Luſians on their bended knees adored the bleſſed virgin. *Virginemque Dei matrem more noſtris uſitato venerantur.*" Thus Oſorius. Another writer ſays, that a Portugueſe having ſome doubt exclaimed, If this be the Devil's image, I however worſhip God.

To

To view the glorious Leader of the fleet
Increaſing thouſands ſwell o'er every ſtreet;
High o'er the roofs the ſtruggling youths aſcend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows ſparkle with the female blaze
Of eyes, of rubies, and the diamond's rays.
And now the train with ſolemn ſtate and ſlow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.
Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur ſpread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful ſhade beſtow'd;
The mellow light a pleaſing radiance caſt;
The marble walls Dædalian ſculpture graced.
Here India's fate, from darkeſt times of [e] old,
The wondrous artiſt on the ſtone inroll'd;

[e] *Here India's fate*—The deſcription of the palace of the Zamorim, ſituated among aromatic groves, is according to hiſtory; the embelliſhment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's deſcription of the palace of king Latinus:

Tectum auguſtum, ingens, centum ſublime columnis,
Urbe fuit ſumma, &c.

The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriſed at once with reverence and delight. . . . .
Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,
Placed in their ranks their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a ſhort pruning hook his head reclines;
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears;
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars;
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band
Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand;
His other waved a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabin gown the hero ſate——

Dryd. En. vii.

Here

Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaſpes' ſtream,
In fair array the marſhall'd legions ſeem:
A youth of gleeful eye the ſquadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with pureſt red;
Around his ſpear the curling vine-leaves waved;
And by a ſtreamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder Nyſa's walls were rear'd [e];
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had [f] Semele beheld the ſmiling boy,
The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were ſeen th'Aſſyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:
Each eye ſeem'd earneſt on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her luſt;
Faſt by her ſide her courſer paw'd the duſt,
Her ſon's [g] vile rival; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot ſweat-drops as he champt the rein.
And here diſplay'd, moſt glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners opening many a fold

[e] *Behind her founder Nyſa's walls were rear'd*——
——————*at diſtance far*
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war—
This is in the perſpective manner of the beautiful deſcriptions of the figures on the ſhield of Achilles. Il. xviii.

[f] *Had Semele beheld the ſmiling boy*——
The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabuliſts aſcribed the Indian expedition of Seſoſtris or Oſiris king of Egypt.

[g] *Her ſon's vile rival*——The infamous paſſion of Semiramis for a horſe, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to ſignify the extreme libidiny of that queen. Her inceſtuous paſſion for her ſon Nynias, however, is confirmed by the teſtimony of the beſt authors. Shocked at ſuch an horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death. *Caſtera.*

Seem'd

Seem'd trembling on the gale; at diſtance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.
Here the blue marble gives the helmets' gleam,
Here from the cuiras ſhoots the golden beam.
A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enſhrin'd he rode,
Call'd Jove his father [h], and aſſumed the god.

While dauntleſs GAMA and his train ſurvey'd
The ſculptured walls, the lofty Regent ſaid;
For nobler wars than theſe you wondering ſee
That ample ſpace th' eternal fates decree:
Sacred to theſe th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconſcious yet of vanquiſh'd India's chains.
Aſſured we know the awful day ſhall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.
The ſons of Brahma, by the god their ſire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear manſions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghaſtly blue,
Behold the future ſcene ariſe to view.
The ſons of Brahma in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour;

[h] *Call'd Jove his father.*—The bon mot of Olympias on this pretenſion of her ſon Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forſooth, cannot "be at reſt unleſs he embroil me in a quarrel "with Juno." QUINT. CURT.

Unknown

Unknown their tongue, their face, and ſtrange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They ſaw the chief o'er proſtrate India rear
The glittering terrors of his awful ſpear.
But ſwift behind theſe wintery days of woe
A ſpring of joy aroſe in livelieſt glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wiſdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage reſtrain'd.
Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India ſmiled.
So to the prophets of the Magi train
The viſions roſe, that never roſe in vain.

The Regent ceaſed; and now with ſolemn pace
The Chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured [k] o'er,
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian ſtate
High on a blazing couch the Monarch ſate,
With ſtarry gems the purple curtains ſhined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the ſilver pillars: High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance ſhed:
Of cloth of gold the ſovereign's mantle ſhone,
And his high turban flamed with precious ſtone.

[k] *The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured o'er,*
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor. ——According to Oſorius.

Sublime

Sublime and awful was his ſapient mien,
Lordly his poſture, and his brow ſerene.
An hoary ſire ſubmiſs on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf[1], all fragrance to the glowing taſte,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Brahmin, ſoft and ſlow he roſe,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne; in ſilent ſtate
The Monarch's nod aſſigns the Captain's ſeat;
The Luſian train in humbler diſtance ſtand:
Silent the Monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The ſolemn pauſe, and thus majeſtic ſpoke;

From where the crimſon ſun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the weſtern waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty King,
And holy vows of laſting friendſhip bring
To thee, O Monarch, for reſounding Fame
Far to the weſt has borne thy princely name,
All India's ſovereign thou! Nor deem I ſue,
Great as thou art, the humble ſuppliant's due.
Whate'er from weſtern Tagus to the Nile,
Inſpires the monarch's wiſh, the merchants' toil,

[1] *A leaf.*——The Betel.

From where the north-ſtar gleams o'er ſeas of froſt,
To Ethiopia's utmoſt burning coaſt,
Whate'er the ſea, whate'er the land beſtows,
In my great Monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleaſed thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My Sovereign offers friendſhip's bands ſincere:
Mutual he aſks them, naked of diſguiſe,
Then every bounty of the ſmiling ſkies
Shower'd on his ſhore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful Commerce on each ſhore beſtow.
Our might in war, what vanquiſh'd nations fell,
Beneath our ſpear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendſhip then thy honeſt wiſh explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes ſhall roar.
Our banners o'er the crimſon field ſhall ſweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe againſt thy land ſhall rear
Th' invading bowſprit, or the hoſtile ſpear;
My King, thy brother, thus thy wars ſhall join,
The glory his, the gainful harveſt thine.

Brave Gama ſpake: the Pagan King replies,
From lands which now behold the morning riſe,

While

While eve's dim clouds the Indian ſky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet ſhall our will in ſilence reſt unknown,
Till what your laud, and who the King you own,
Our Council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,
And the glad feaſt the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toſt
O'er briny waves, how ſweet the long-ſought coaſt!
The night now darkens; on the friendly ſhore
Let ſoft repoſe your wearied ſtrength reſtore,
Aſſured an anſwer from our lips to bear,
Which, not diſpleaſed, your Sovereign Lord ſhall hear.
More [1] now we add not—From the hall of ſtate
Withdrawn, they now approach the Regent's gate;
The ſumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feaſt ſupplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eaſtern lawn
Gleamed the pale radiance of the ſtar of dawn,
The valiant Gama on his couch repoſed,
And balmy reſt each Luſian eye-lid cloſed;
When the high Catual, watchful to fulfill
The cautious mandates of his Sovereign's will,
In ſecret converſe with the Moor retires,
And, earneſt, much of Luſus' ſons enquires;

[1] *More now we add not*—The tenor of this firſt converſation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

What laws, what holy rites, what monarch ſway'd
The warlike race? When thus the juſt Mozaide;

The land from whence theſe warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapleſs birth I owe)
Illuſtrious Spain, along whoſe weſtern ſhores
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—
A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore,
The godlike Seer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So be they taught, beſtow'd ſuch awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied creſt:
What [m] terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt,
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;
How from the lawns, where, chryſtalline and cold,
The Guadiana rowls his murmuring tide,
And thoſe where purple by the Tago's ſide,
The lengthening vineyards gliſten o'er the field,
Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd:
Nor pauſed their rage; the furious ſeas they braved,
Nor loftieſt walls, nor caſtled mountains ſaved;
Round Afric's thouſand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.

[m] *What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt*—The enthuſiaſm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portugueſe, may perhaps to ſome appear unnatural. Camoens ſeems to be aware of this by giving a reaſon for that enthuſiaſm in the firſt ſpeech of Mozaida to Gama;

Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred toils to join.

And that this Moor did conceive a great affection to Gama, whoſe religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmoſt ſervice, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

Nor

Nor leſs, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntleſs valour ſhone:
Let Gaul confeſs, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage reſtrain,
Unconquer'd ſtill the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, ſecure your care may truſt
The anſwer of their lips, ſo nobly juſt,
Conſcious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly ſouls the gilded lye diſdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The ſhore with trembling hears the dreadful ſound,
And rampired walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wiſe in peace, in war how dread, ſurvey.

With keen deſire the craftful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his ſplendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,
The ſhore they cover, now the oarſmen ſweep
The foamy ſurface of the azure deep:
And now brave Paulus gives the friendly hand,
And high on Gama's lofty deck they ſtand.

Bright

Bright to the day the purple ſail-cloaths glow,
Wide to the gale the ſilken enſigns flow;
The pictured flags diſplay the warlike ſtrife;
Bold ſeem the heroes as inſpired by life.
Here arm to arm the ſingle combat ſtrains,
Here burns the combat on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thruſt,
And the black blood ſeems ſmoaking on the duſt.
With earneſt eyes the wondering Regent views
The pictured warriors, and their hiſtory ſues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah [n] found,
In foaming goblets circled ſwiftly round,
And o'er the deck ſwift roſe the feſtive board;
Yet, ſmiling oft, refrains the Indian Lord:
His faith forbade with other tribe to join
The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite [o] divine.

[n] —— the ruddy juice by Noah found— Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an huſbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine*, &c.

[o] *His faith forbade with other tribe to join The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite divine.*—— The opinion of the ſacredneſs of the table is very ancient in the Eaſt. It is plainly to be diſcovered in the hiſtory of Abraham. When Melchizedek, a king and prieſt, bleſſed Abraham, it is ſaid, *And he brought forth bread and wine and he bleſſed him.* Gen. xiv. 18. The Patriarchs only drank wine, ſays Dr. Stukely, on their more ſolemn feſtivals, when they were ſaid *to rejoice before the Lord.* Other cuſtoms of the Indians are mentioned by Camoens in this book. If a noble ſhould touch a perſon of another another tribe,

A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.

Nothing, ſays Oſorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the ſame author, that Indian nobility cannot be forfeited, or even tarniſhed by the baſeſt and greateſt of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the moſt illuſtrious actions. The noblemen, ſays the ſame writer, adopt the children of their ſiſters, eſteeming there can be no other certainty of the relationſhip of their heirs. But what above all may be called the characteriſtic of the Indian, is his total inſenſibility to the paſſion of Love;

Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms.

To

In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle ſounds the Luſian trumpets rear;
Loud burſt the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the ſails the clouds of ſmoke aſpire,
And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day
The Luſian war, in dreadful pomp, diſplay.
In deepeſt thought the careful Regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd,
Yet ſeem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told

To ſome perhaps the feebleneſs of the conſtitutions of the Gentoos may account for this apothy; and to ſeveral circumſtances may their feebleneſs be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nouriſhment, and they are extremely averſe to any manly exerciſe. It is better to ſit than to walk, they ſay, to lie down than to ſit, to ſleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparallelled puſillanimity with which they have long ſubmitted to the oppreſſions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan maſters, likewiſe, ſhews their deadneſs to every manly reſentment. Yet, notwithſtanding all this, though incapable of the paſſion of love, they prove the poſition, (for which phyſicians can eaſily account) that debility and letchery go hand in hand. Monteſquieu, in enumerating his reaſons why Chriſtianity will never prevail in the Eaſt, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and neceſſary in theſe climates. Triſtram Shandy tells us, that his father was a moſt excellent ſyſtem-builder, was ſure to make his Theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at ſuch an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Monteſquieu, his blunder here is rather ludicrous. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportioned to each other. "Polygamy, ſays Mr. Dow, is permitted in Hindoſtan, but ſeldom practiſed; for they very rationally think, that one wife is ſufficient for one man." If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the beſt claim. But the warlike independent ſpirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thouſand of the fineſt women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the ſlaviſh Aſiatics, who viewed their maſters as beings of a ſuperior rank, ſubmitted to the luſt of theſe maſters, whoſe debility prompted the deſire of unbounded variety. This hiſtory of polygamy will be found to be juſt. It is not the child of nature, it is the offſpring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the moſt abſolute tyranny ſubſiſts. Neither to the genial vigour of paſſion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philoſopher and phyſician will attribute the unbluſhing prevalence of ſome crimes, crimes which diſgrace human nature, and which particularly characteriſe the depraved manners of the enfeebled Eaſt.

In

In ſilent poeſy——Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uproſe the Indian Lord;
Both the bold Gamas, and their generous Peer,
The brave Coello, roſe, prepared to hear
With meet attendance, or the meet reply:
Fixt and enquiring was the Regent's eye:
The warlike image of an hoary ſire,
Whoſe name ſhall live till earth and time expire,
His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his enſign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I ſpeed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's ſtream!
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempeſts and a boundleſs ſea.
Oh then, propitious hear your ſon implore,
And guide my veſſel to the happy ſhore.
Ah! ſee how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coaſt around me roſe,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I ſooth'd my ſorrows with the warlike ° ſong;

° ——— *the warlike ſong* ——Though Camoens began his Luſiad in Portugal, almoſt the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

Wide

Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footſteps trod the hoſtile ground;
Yet midſt each danger of tumultuous war
Your Luſian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace of old, ere [p] ſelf-deſtroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The gueſt dependent at the Lordling's board:
Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the [q] wave
For ever loſt; myſelf eſcaped alone,
On the wild ſhore all friendleſs, hopeleſs, thrown;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of [r] yore,
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more
To end my ſorrows: woes ſucceeding woes
Belied my earneſt hopes of ſweet repoſe:
In place of bays around my brows to ſhed
Their ſacred honours, o'er my deſtined head
Foul Calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary [s] jail.

[p] *As Canace*—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her inceſtuous child to the dogs, ſent her a ſword, with which ſhe ſlew herſelf. In Ovid ſhe writes an epiſtle to her huſband-brother, where ſhe thus deſcribes herſelf;

Dextra tenet calamum, ſtrictum tenet altera ferrum.

[q] *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*
For ever loſt —— See the Life of Camoens.

[r] *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Iſaiah xxxviii.

[s] *And left me mourning in a dreary jail*—This, and the whole paragraph from

Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd—

Alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumſtance relates particularly to the baſe and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy ſhipwreck. See his Life.

Such was the meed, alas! on me beſtow'd,
Beſtow'd by thoſe for whom my numbers glow'd,
By thoſe who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's roſy bowers,
Ah, ſee what letter'd Patron-Lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muſe bewails:
No foſtering care their barb'rous hands beſtow,
Though to the Muſe their faireſt fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future Prieſt of Fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not diſclaim
Your ſmiles, ye Muſes of Mondego's ſhade,
Be ſtill my deareſt joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; Nor king, nor loftieſt peer
Shall e'er from Me the ſong of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worſt foe: Nor he whoſe raging ire,
And raging wants, to ſhape his courſe, conſpire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, inſolent and loud:
Nor he whoſe honeſt mien ſecures applauſe,
Grave though he ſeem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and witholds the prize:

Who

Who [p] ſpurns the Muſe, nor feels the raptured ſtrain,
Uſeleſs by him eſteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for theſe, no wreath my hand ſhall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays ſhall ſhine:

[p] *Who ſpurns the Muſe*——Similarity of condition has produced ſimilarity of ſentiment in Camoens and Spenſer. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age, and each was cruelly neglected by the Men of Power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to reliſh their writings. We have ſeen ſeveral of the ſtrictures of Camoens on the barbarous Nobility of Portugal. The ſimilar complaints of Spenſer will ſhew that neglect of Genius, however, was not confined to the court of Liſbon.

O Grief of griefs! O Gall of all good hearts!
To ſee that Virtue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſed for Virtue's parts,
And now broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Alive or dead be by the Muſe adorned.
Ruins of Time.

It is thought Lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by Queen Eliſabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly ſtigmatized in theſe remarkable lines, where the miſery of dependence on Court-favour is painted in colours which muſt recal ſeveral ſtrokes of the Luſiad to the mind of the Reader.

Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tried,
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide;
To loſe good days, that might be better ſpent,
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy Princeſs' grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares,
To eat thy heart thro' comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crowch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Mother Hubberd's Tale.

Theſe lines exaſperated ſtill more the inelegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the obſervation of Mr. Hughes, that, "even the ſighs of a miſerable man are ſometimes reſented as an affront by him that is the occaſion of them."

The arrival of Gama in India—In ſeveral parts of the Luſiad the Portugueſe Poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine ſpirit of Homer and Virgil. The ſeventh Luſiad throughout bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſeventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the ſame; Æneas lands it Italy, and Gama in India; but the conduct of Camoens, in his maſterly imitation of his great maſter, particularly demands obſervation. Had Statius or Ovid deſcribed the landing or reception of Æneas, we ſhould undoubtedly have been preſented with pictures different from thoſe of the pencil of Virgil. We ſhould have ſeen much buſtle and fire, and perhaps much ſmoke and falſe dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyſſey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman Poet wrote, would have preſented us with a calm majeſtic narrative, till every circumſtance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoens followed him, as far as the different nature of his ſubject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed ſtrangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the graſs, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jeſt. He ſends ambaſſadors to Latinus, whoſe palace is deſcribed. The embaſſy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the aſſiſtance of the Fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admoniſhed in a dream, ſeeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the ſacrifices in which he was employed are particularly deſcribed. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earneſt hurry. Theſe are judiciouſly reſerved for their after and proper place. In the ſame manner Camoens lands his hero in India, and though in ſome circumſtances the reſemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was

He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his King, his Country, and his God,
On his bleſt head my hands ſhall fix the crown
Wove of the deathleſs laurels of Renown.

conſcious of his own ſtrength, and not as a Copyiſt. He has not deſerved that ſhrewd ſatire which Mr. Pope, not unjuſtly, throws on Virgil himſelf. "Had the galley of *Sergeſtus* been broken, ſays he, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demoliſhed? Or *Mneſtheus* been caſt from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his ſeat?"

In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the ſeventh and eighth Æneid, is judiciouſly copied, as moſt proper for the ſubject; and with the hand of a maſter characteriſtically ſuſtained throughout the ſeventh book of the Poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the Eaſtern World.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the ſilent CATUAL view'd
The pictured ſire with ſeeming life endued;
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his ſweepy beard of gloſſy white,
When thus, as ſwift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian Lord;

Bold though theſe figures frown, yet bolder far
Theſe godlike heroes ſhined in ancient war.
In that hoar ſire, of mien ſerene, auguſt,
Luſus behold, no robber-chief unjuſt;

His

His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus bore [a],
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of ſavage man, to Bacchus dear,
The ſon of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god ſubdued the ſavage world,
Bade vineyards gliſten o'er the dreary waſte,
And humanized the nations as he paſt.
Luſus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair boſom fixt his laſt abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illuſtrious reign'd
In thoſe fair lawns, the bleſt Elyſium [b] feign'd,

[a] *His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus bore.*——Camoens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the enſign of Luſus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrſus of Bacchus,

O verde Tyrſo foi de Bacco uſado.

The thyrſus however was a javelin twiſted with ivy-leaves, uſed in the ſacrifices of Bacchus.

[b] *In thoſe fair lawns the bleſt Elyſium feign'd*——In this aſſertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation ſufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting ſeveral Spaniſh writers, particularly *Barboſa*, who ſeriouſly affirm that Homer drew the fine deſcription of Elyſium, in his fourth Odyſſey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, they ſay, he arrived. Egypt, however, ſeems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpſe over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceaſed, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refuſed the honours of ſepulture. The place of the Catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was ſurrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderneſs of groves. And it is univerſally known the greateſt part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the cuſtoms and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have alſo claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the Bleſſed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, ſays an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician ſailors. That theſe navigators traded to the coaſts of Britain is certain. In the middle of ſummer, the ſeaſon when the ancients performed their voyages, for about ſix weeks there is no night over the Orkney iſlands; the diſk of the ſun during that time ſcarcely ſinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which uſually prevails at that ſeaſon, and the beautiful verdure of the iſlands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that theſe iſlands were inhabited by the ſpirits of the Juſt. This, ſays our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his iſlands of the Happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and ſeveral others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, ſeems probable; and on this ſuppoſition the Inſulæ Fortunatæ, and Purpuraniæ,

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.
Here with his bones he left his deathleſs fame,
And Luſitania's clime ſhall ever bear his name.
That other chief th'embroider'd ſilk diſplays,
Toſt o'er the deep whole years of weary days
On Tago's banks at laſt his vows he paid:
To Wiſdom's godlike power, the Jove-born Maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed ſhrine.
Ulyſſes he, though fated to deſtroy
On Aſian ground the heaven-built towers of [c] Troy,
On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſbon [d] riſe.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,
Who ſtrews the ſmoaking field with heaps of ſlain?

niæ, now the Canary and Madeira iſlands, alſo claim the honour of giving colours to the deſcription of Elyſium. The truth however appears to be this; That a place of happineſs is reſerved for the ſpirits of the Good is the natural ſuggeſtion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breaſt. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful iſlands at an immenſe diſtance over the ocean. The idea is univerſal, and is natural to every nation in the ſtate of barbarous ſimplicity.

[c] —*The heaven-built towers of Troy*—— Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

[d] *On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,*
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſbon riſe.—— For ſome account of this tradition ſee the note p. 107. Antient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not ſcrupled to inſert one, which required an apology.
—— *Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.*
Spenſer has given us the hiſtory of Brute and his deſcendants at full length in the *Faerie Queene*; and Milton, it is known, was ſo fond of that abſurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the ſubject; and by this fondneſs was induced to mention it as a truth in his introduction to the hiſtory of England.

What

What numerous legions fly in dire diſmay,
Whoſe ſtandards wide the eagle's wings diſplay?
The Pagan asks; the brother [e] Chief replies,
Unconquer'd deem'd, proud Rome's dread ſtandard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,
The hero ſhepherd Viriatus roſe;
His country ſaved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.
That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore [f],
To him they ſhew'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force,
Peaceful he ſlept, and now a murdered corſe
By treaſon ſlain he lay. How ſtern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boaſted he devined,
Beſide him pictur'd ſtands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the ſtern Sertorius fled
To Tago's ſhore, and Luſus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in ſcatter'd flight he drove
The ſtandards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whoſe ſhining colours own
The glorious Founder of the Luſian throne!

[e] —*the brother Chief*—Paulus de Gama.

[f] *That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore.*—When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his phyſician offered to poiſon him. The ſenate rejected the propoſal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the deſigned treaſon. Florus remarks on the infamous aſſaſſination of Viriatus, that the Roman ſenate did him great honour; *ut videretur aliter vinci non potuiſſe*; it was a confeſſion that they could not otherwiſe conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, ſee the note on p. 13.

Some

Some deem the warrior of Hungarian [g] race,
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's ſons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to ſanctify his crown,
And to his lateſt race auſpicious waft it down.

And who this awful Chief? aloud exclaims
The wondering Regent, o'er the field he flames
In dazzling ſteel, wheree'r he bends his courſe
The battle ſinks beneath his headlong force;
Againſt his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their ſpears and towery walls oppoſe.
With ſmoaking blood his armour ſprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courſer paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-ſtain'd enſigns ſcatter'd round
He rides; his courſer's brazen hoofs reſound.
In that great chief, the ſecond GAMA cries,
The firſt [h] Alonzo ſtrikes thy wondering eyes.
From Luſus' realm the Pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, beſtow'd on him ſuch love,

[g] *Some deem the hero of Hungarian race*— See the note on p. 95.

[h] *The firſt Alonzo*——King of Portugal. See p. 96, &c.

Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Mooriſh ſtrength lay proſtrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's ſon, nor greater Julius dared
With troops ſo few, with hoſts ſo numerous warr'd:
Fame ſaw his godlike deeds, and ſolemn ſwore,
To boaſt unmatch'd the Roman name no more.
Nor leſs ſhall Fame the ſubject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning [i] eyes
He darts, and, Turn thy flying hoſt, he cries,
Back to the field——The Veteran and the Boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boaſtful foe recedes,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.
Again, that mirror of unſhaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to [k] death.
Beneath Caſtilia's ſword his monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpleſs king ſhould pay;
His haughty king relieved, the treaty ſpurns,
With conſcious pride the noble Egaz burns;

[i] *On his young pupil's flight.*——"Some, indeed, moſt writers ſay, that the queen (*of whom ſee p.* 96.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a ſecond time, and gained a complete victory." Univ. Hiſt.

[k] *Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to death.*——See the ſame ſtory, p. 99. Though hiſtory affords no authentic document of this tranſaction, tradition, the Poet's authority, is not ſilent. And the monument of Egaz in the monaſtery of Paço de Souza gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there repreſented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, ſays Caſtera, as deſcribed by Camoens.

His

His comely ſpouſe and infant race he leads,
Himſelf the ſame, in ſentenced felons' weeds,
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And proſtrate now before Caſtilia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah! Rome no more thy generous conſul [l] boaſt,
Whoſe lorn ſubmiſſion ſaved his ruin'd hoſt:
No father's woes aſſail'd his ſtedfaſt mind;
The deareſt ties the Luſian chief reſign'd.

There, by the ſtream, a Town beſieged behold,
The Mooriſh tents the ſhatter'd walls infold:
Fierce as the lion from the covert ſprings,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambuſh, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in ſudden rout th' aſtoniſh'd Moors.
The Mooriſh king in captive chains he [m] ſends;
And low at Liſbon's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artiſt's ſkill diſplays;
Far o'er the ocean ſhine his enſign's rays:

[l] *Ah Rome! no more thy generous conſul boaſt*——Sc. Poſthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, ſubmitted to the indignity of paſſing under the yoke or gallows.

[m] *The Mooriſh king*——The Alcaydes, or tributary Governors under the Miramolin or Emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spaniſh and Portugueſe writers ſtiled kings. He who was ſurprized and taken priſoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the firſt naval victory of the Portugueſe, alſo experienced their firſt defeat. With one and twenty ſail he attacked fifty-four large gallies of the Moors. The ſea, ſays Brandan, which had lately furniſhed him with trophies, now ſupplied him with a tomb.

In crackling flames the Mooriſh galleys fly,
And the red blaze aſcends the bluſhing ſky:
O'er Avila's high ſteep the flames aſpire,
And wrap the foreſts in a ſheet of fire:
There ſeem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And diſtant far around for many a mile
The glaſſy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays,
And blends with hovering blackneſs. Great and dread
Thus ſhone the day when firſt the combat bled,
The firſt our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,
And northern Greenland's froſt-bound billows own.
Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he ſinks beneath the Mooriſh might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo, his ſoul triumphant mounts the ſkies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious * aid.
Lo, marching from the decks the ſquadrons ſpread,
Strange their attire, their aſpect firm and dread.
The holy Croſs their enſigns bold diſplay,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;

* *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of cruſaders, moſtly Engliſh. See p. 108.

Yet

Yet firſt, the cauſe the ſame, on Tago's ſhore
They dye their maiden ſwords in Pagan gore.
Proud ſtood the Moor on Liſbon's warlike towers,
From Liſbon's walls they drive the Mooriſh powers:
Amid the thickeſt of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: That holy tomb behold,
There waves the bloſſom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the ſacred plant aroſe,
And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant [o] flows.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries,
Inſtant new wars on new-ſpread enſigns riſe.
In robes of white behold a prieſt [p] advance!
His ſword in ſplinters ſmites the Mooriſh lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the craſhing ſpears,
That hero-form the Luſian ſtandard rears.
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo, ruſhing through the Moors o'er hills of ſlain

[o] *And from the leaves*——This Legend is mentioned by ſome ancient Portugueſe chronicles. Homer would have availed himſelf, as Camoens has done, of a tradition ſo enthuſiaſtical, and characteriſtic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, ſays Caſtera, is ſtill to be ſeen in the Monaſtery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

[p] *In robes of white behold a prieſt advance.*—Theotonius, prior of the regulars of St. Auguſtine of Conymbra. Some ancient Chronicles relate this circumſtance as mentioned by Camoens. Modern writers aſſert, that he never quitted his breviary. *Caſtera.*

The

The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The ſon of Egas [q], and his worth the ſame.
Pierced by his dart the ſtandard-bearer dies;
Beneath his feet the Mooriſh ſtandard lies:
High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!
The victor-youth the Luſian flag diſplays.
Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his ſpear-ſtaff glides
The dauntleſs Gerrald [r]; in his left he bears
Two watchmen's heads, his right the faulchion rears;
The gate he opens, ſwift from ambuſh riſe
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora ſtill the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed diſplays:
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king, and burning for [s] revenge,
Behold his arms that proud Caſtilian change;

[q] *The ſon of Egas*—He was named Mem Moniz, and was ſon of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the ſurrender of himſelf and family to the king of Caſtile, as already mentioned.

[r] *The dauntleſs Gerrald*—"He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal puniſhment to which ſeveral crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himſelf at the head of a party of Freebooters. Tiring however of that life, he reſolved to reconcile himſelf to his ſovereign by ſome noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who ſoon became maſters of the place. This exploit had its deſired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a ſword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." *Caſtera.*

[s] *Wrong'd by his king*—Don Pedro Fernando de Caſtro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redreſs by the king of Caſtile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms againſt his native country. At the head of a Mooriſh army he committed ſeveral outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

The

The Mooriſh buckler on his breaſt he bears,
And leads the fierceſt of the Pagan ſpears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tagus bends his furious courſe.
Another fate he met on Tagus' ſhore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army ſtrew'd the thirſty ground,
And captive chains the rageful Leader bound.
Reſplendant far that holy chief behold!
Aſide he throws the ſacred ſtaff of gold
And wields the ſpear of ſteel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the reſted lance
Hem round the trembling Luſians. Calm and bold
Still towers the prieſt, and lo, the ſkies [t] unfold:
Cheer'd by the viſion brighter than the day
The Luſians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their ſlaves four haughty kings lie ſlain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his ruſhing hoſt Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero ſhines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.

[t] ——*and lo, the ſkies unfold*—" According to ſome ancient Portugueſe hiſtories, Don Matthew, Biſhop of Liſbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in poſſeſſion of the Moors. His troops being ſuddenly ſurrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the Biſhop, a venerable old man, cloathed in white, with a red croſs on his breaſt, appeared in the air. The miracle diſpelled the fears of the Portugueſe; the Moors were defeated, and the conqueſt of Alcazar crowned the victory." *Caſtera.*

That

That chief behold: though proud Caſtilia's hoſt
He leads, his birth ſhall Tagus ever boaſt.
As a pent flood burſts headlong o'er the ſtrand
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town, nor caſtled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's ſword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearleſs he ſcales: her ſtreets in blood deplore
The ſeven brave hunters murder'd by the [u] Moor.
Theſe three bold knights how dread! Thro' Spain and [w] France
At juſt and tournay with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Caſtilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour ſwell'd:
The braveſt of the Three their ſwords ſurround;
Brave Ribeir ſtrews them vanquiſh'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,
That darling ſon of warlike Fame admire.

[u] ——— *her ſtreets in blood deplore*
The ſeven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor
——" During a truce with the Moors, ſix cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, ſurrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen ſold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to paſs that way, came generouſly to their aſſiſtance, and loſt his life along with them. The Poet, in giving all ſeven the ſame title, ſhews us that virtue conſtitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand maſter of the order of St. James, revenged the death of theſe brave unfortunates, by the ſack of Tavila, where his juſt rage put the garriſon to the ſword." *Caſtera.*

[w] *Theſe Three bold knights how dread!*— Nothing can give us a ſtronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of theſe champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true ſpirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in queſt of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Ferdando Martinez de Santarene; and Vaſco Anez, foſter-brother to Mary, queen of Caſtile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Proſtrate

Proſtrate at proud Caſtilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:
Softly they ſeem to breathe, and forward bend
The ſervile neck; each eye diſtruſts his friend;
Fearful each tongue to ſpeak; each boſom cold:
When colour'd with ſtern rage, erect and bold
The hero riſes; Here no foreign throne
ſhall fix its baſe; my native king alone
Shall reign—— Then ruſhing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquiſh'd in the duſt Caſtilia bleeds.
Where proudeſt hope might deem it vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hoſts that dwell
By Betis' ſtream, theſe hoſts before him fell.
The fight behold: while abſent from his bands,
Preſt on the ſtep of flight his army ſtands,
To call the chief an herald ſpeeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief ſurvey!
He pours his ſoul, with lifted hands implores,
And heaven's aſſiſting arm, inſpired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges ſpeed:
With holy truſt of victory decreed,
Careleſs he anſwers, Nothing urgent calls:
And ſoon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pale Patricians fled;
The hoſtile ſquadrons o'er the kingdom ſpread,

They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
And I, behold, am offering [x] ſacrifice!
Earneſt I ſee thy wondering eyes enquire
Who this illuſtrious chief, his country's ſire?
The Luſian Scipio well might ſpeak his [y] fame,
But nobler Nunio ſhines a greater name:
On earth's green boſom, or on ocean grey,
A greater never ſhall the Sun ſurvey.

Known by the ſilver croſs and ſable [z] ſhield
Two knights of Malta there command the field;
From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the foreſt glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood ſhade
Darts Roderic on their rear; in ſcatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.

[x] *And I, behold, am offering ſacrifice*—This line, the ſimplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanſhaw,

And I, ye ſee, am offering ſacrifice.—

who has here catched the ſpirit of the original:

A quem lhe a dura nova eſtava dando,
Pois eu reſponde eſtou ſacrificando.

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings, "And I, he replies, am ſacrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

[y] *The Luſian* Scipio *well might ſpeak his fame,*
But nobler Nunio *ſhines a greater name*——
Caſtera juſtly obſerves the happineſs with which Camoens introduces the name of this truly great man. *Il va*, ſays he, *le nommer tout à l'heure avec une adreſſe et une magnificence digne d'un ſi beau ſujet.*

[z] *Two knights of Malta*—Theſe knights were firſt named knights Hoſpitallars of St. John of Jeruſalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Meſſina, ere Malta was aſſigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the Holy Sepulchre from the profanation of Infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleneſs of monkiſh luxury. Their original habit was black with a white croſs; their arms Gules, a Croſs, Argent.

Again

Again, behold, in gore he bathes his ſword;
His captive friend, to liberty [a] reſtor'd,
Glows to review the cauſe that wrought his woe,
The cauſe, his loyalty as taintleſs ſnow.
Here Treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low groveling in the duſt the Traytor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, [b] behold,
Chariot and ſteed in purple ſlaughter roll'd:
Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the nobleſt blood of Spain.

Here Liſbon's ſpacious harbour meets the view;
How vaſt the foe's, the Luſian fleet how few!
Caſteel's proud war-ſhips, circling round, encloſe
The Luſian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce preſſing on, Pereira fearleſs rides,
His hooked irons graſp the Amm'ral's ſides:
Confuſion maddens; on the dreadleſs knight
Caſtilia's navy pours its gather'd might:

[a] *His captive friend*——Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vaſco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having diſcovered that he was in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile, drove him from his town and fortreſs. On the eſtabliſhment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no ſooner was he re-inſtated in the garriſon, than he delivered it up to the Caſtilians; and plundered the houſe of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made priſoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be ſent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the eſcort, and ſet his friend at liberty. *Caſtera.*

[b] *Here treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, ſome holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Caſtile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the intereſt of his native prince, and a conference, with the uſual aſſurances of ſafety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, ſeized upon Elvas, and ſent him priſoner to his caſtle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traiterous Marin, notwithſtanding the endeavours of their captain to ſave his life, met the reward of his treaſon from the ſoldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Caſtera.*

Pereira dies, their ſelf-devoted prey,
And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed [c] away.

Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool ſhadows o'er the chryſtal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Caſtilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Luſian race encloſe:
Forlorn they ſeem; but taintleſs flow'd their blood
From thoſe three hundred who of old withſtood,
Withſtood, and from a thouſand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the [d] ſhepherd bore
The leader's ſtaff of Luſus: equal [e] flame
Inſpired theſe few, their victory the ſame.
Though twenty lances brave each ſingle ſpear,
Never the foes ſuperior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntleſs earl behold; on Libya's coaſt,
Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian [f] hoſt,

[c] *And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed away.* —A numerous fleet of the Caſtilians being on their way to lay ſiege to Liſbon, Ruy Pereyra, the Portuguſe commander, ſeeing no poſſibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spaniſh admiral. The fury of his onſet put the Caſtilians in diſorder, and allowed the Portugueſe galleys a ſafe eſcape. In this brave piece of ſervice the gallant Pereyra loſt his life. *Caſtera.*

[d] — *the ſhepherd*—Viriatus.

[e] ——*equal flame inſpired theſe few*—— The Caſtilians having laid ſiege to Almada, a fortreſs on a mountain near Liſbon, the garriſon, in the utmoſt diſtreſs for water, were obliged at times to make ſallies to the bottom of the hill in queſt of it. Seventeen Portugueſe thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortreſs. *Caſtera.*

[f] *Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian hoſt*— When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes, was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortreſs; which, on account of the uncertainty of ſuccour from Portugal, and the earneſt deſire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his poſt in two ſevere ſieges.

Twice

Twice hard beſieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Againſt the banded might of Afric's powers.
That [e] other earl;—behold the port he bore,
So trod ſtern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of ſpears Alcazar's gates ſurround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thouſand enſigns glittering to the day
The waining moon's ſlant ſilver horns diſplay.
In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeleſs conflict loſt, his king appears;
Amid the thickeſt of the Mooriſh ſpears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious ſtrife
He dies, and dying ſaves his ſovereign's life.

Illuſtrious, lo, two brother-heroes ſhine,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe known [f],
In every court the gallant Pedro ſhone.
The glorious [g] Henry — kindling at his name
Behold my ſailors' eyes all ſparkle flame!

[e] *That other earl*——He was the natural ſon of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and ſome others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchaſed the ſafe retreat of their ſovereign.

[f] ——*two brother-heroes ſhine*——The ſons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulyſſes of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He viſited almoſt every court of Europe, but he principally diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Germany, where, under the ſtandards of the emperor Sigiſmond, he ſignaliſed his valour in the war againſt the Turks. *Caſtera.*

[g] *The glorious Henry*——In purſuance of the reaſon aſſigned in the preface, the tranſlator has here taken the liberty to make a tranſpoſition in the order of his author. In Camoens, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his ſon De Vian, conclude the deſcription of the pictured enſigns. Don Henry, the greateſt man

Henry the chief, who firſt, by heaven inſpired,
To deeds unknown before, the ſailor fired,
The conſcious ſailor left the ſight of ſhore,
And dared new oceans never ploughed before.

man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the beſt title to cloſe this proceſſion of the Luſian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to ſum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even ſome critical propriety. It remains now to make a few obſervations on this ſeeming epiſode of Camoens. The ſhield of Achilles has had many imitators, ſome in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Arioſto, in the XXXIII canto of his Orlando Furioſo, is moſt fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portugueſe poet had his eye. Pharamond king of France, having reſolved to conquer Italy, deſires the friendſhip of Arthur king of Britain. Arthur ſends Merlin the magician to aſſiſt him with advice. Merlin by his ſupernatural art raiſes a ſumptuous hall, on the ſides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invaſions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greateſt maſters. A deſcription of theſe pictures, an epiſode much longer than this of Camoens, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the caſtle of Sir Triſtram, the place where the inchanted hall remained. But though the poetry be pleaſing, the whole fiction, unleſs to amuſe the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of deſign however, is neither claimed by Arioſto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoens. To give a landſcape of the face of the country which is the ſcene of action, or to deſcribe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful deſcription of Eden, and the admirable painting of the ſhield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a ſuit of cloaths, a part of the ſubject, and injure not the gracefulneſs of the make; or in other words, deſtroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be obſerved, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the ſhield of Achilles, conſidered by themſelves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If ſix of the apartments may be ſaid to rouſe the hero to war, the other ſix may with equal juſtice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn huſbandman. In that part of the Eneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his maſter, in the viſions of his future race which Anchiſes gives to Eneas in Elyſium, the buſineſs of the poem is admirably ſuſtained, and the hero is inſpired to encounter every danger on the view of ſo great a reward. The deſcription of the ſhield of Eneas however is leſs connected with the conduct of the fable. Virgil indeed intended that his poem ſhould contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the ſhield of his hero with what parts of the Roman hiſtory were omitted in the viſion of Elyſium. But ſo foreign are theſe pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himſelf tells us Eneas was ignorant of the hiſtory which they contained.

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis
Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

Theſe obſervations, which the tranſlator believes have eſcaped the critics, were ſuggeſted to him by the conduct of Camoens, whoſe deſign, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the ſhield of Eneas ſupplies what could not be introduced in the viſion of Elyſium, ſo the enſigns of Gama complete the purpoſe of the third and fourth Luſiads. The uſe of that long epiſode, the converſation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the ſubject, have been already obſerved. The ſeeming epiſode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promiſe,

And all my country's wars the ſong adorn—

is alſo admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally deſire to be informed of the country, the hiſtory, and

The various wealth of every diſtant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.
The ocean's great Diſcoverer he ſhines;
Nor leſs his honours in the martial lines:
The painted flag the cloud-wrapt ſiege diſplays,
There Ceuta's rocking wall its truſt betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the point of many a ſpear
Gleams through the ſmoke; loud ſhouts aſtound the ear.
Whoſe ſtep firſt trod the dreadful paſs? whoſe ſword
Hew'd its dark way, firſt with the foe begored?
'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, firſt to dare
The dreadful paſs, and thine to cloſe the war.

and power of their foreign viſitors, and Paulus ſets it before their eyes. In every progreſſion of the ſcenery the buſineſs of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are ſtruck with the warlike grandeur and power of the ſtrangers, and to accept of their friendſhip, or to prevent the forerunners of ſo martial a nation to carry home the tidings of the diſcovery of India, becomes the great object of their conſideration. And from the paſſions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great cataſtrophe of the Luſiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to ſome perhaps the expreſſions

And the tired ox lows on his weary way ——
—— loud ſhouts aſtound the ear——

And the abrupt ſpeech of an enraged warrior, aſcribed to a picture,

—— Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its baſe, my native king alone
Shall reign ——

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be aſſured, is the language of the genuine ſpirit of poetry, when the productions of the ſiſter muſe are the object of deſcription. Let one very bold inſtance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the ſhield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope;

Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.
Il. xviii.

Sometimes when deſcribing a picture, poetry will ſay, the figures *ſeem* to move, to tremble, or to ſing. Homer has once or twice, on the ſhield of his hero, given this hint how to underſtand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite oppoſite to the bold and free ſpirit of poeſy, which delights in perſonification, and in giving life and paſſion to every thing it deſcribes. It is owing to the ſuperior force of this ſpirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landſcape-views, that the ſhield of Achilles, in poetical merit, ſo greatly excels the buckler of Eneas, though the divine workman of the latter, had the former as a pattern before him.

Taught

Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boaſtful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though theſe, more numerous warriors ſhine
Th' illuſtrious glory of the Luſian line.
But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous [h] pride!
Friendleſs the maſter of the pencil died;
Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags contain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and ſtill again untired,
The wondering Regent of the wars enquired;
Still wondering heard the various pleaſing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold ſighed the evening gale:
The falling darkneſs dimm'd the eaſtern ſhore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the weſt, when with his noble band
The thoughtful Regent ſought his native ſtrand.

[h] *But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous pride*——In the original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

"But the pencil was wanting, colours were "wanting, honour, reward, favour, the "nouriſhers of the arts." This ſeemed to the tranſlator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpoſe of the whole ſpeech of Paulus, which was to give the Catual a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painter, the Luſian poet gives us the picture of his own, and reſentment wrung this impropriety from him. The ſpirit of the complaint however is preſerved in the tranſlation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

is not in the original. It is the ſigh of indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camoens.

O'er

O'er the tall mountain-foreſt's waving boughs
Aſlant the new moon's ſlender horns aroſe;
Near her pale chariot ſhone a twinkling ſtar,
And, ſave the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding ſilence reign'd; each labour cloſed,
In ſleep's ſoft arms the ſons of toil repoſed.
And now no more the moon her glimpſes ſhed,
A ſudden black-wing'd cloud the ſky o'erſpread,
A ſullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-ſwoln ſighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;
Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering ſhower,
Increaſed the horrors of the evil hour.
Thus when the great Earthſhaker rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary ſound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With diſmal note the cock unuſual crows,
A ſhrill-voiced howling trembles thro' the air
As paſſing ghoſts were weeping in deſpair;
In diſmal yells the dogs confeſs their fear,
And ſhivering own ſome dreadful preſence near.
So lower'd the night, the ſullen howl the ſame,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom ſtern Bacchus came;
The form and garb of Hagar's ſon he took,
The ghoſt-like aſpect, and the threatening [1] look.

[1] *The ghoſt-like aſpect and the threatening look.*—Mohammed, by all hiſtorians, is deſcribed as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aſpectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aſpect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious prieſt,
Whoſe burning zeal the Koran's lore profeſt,
Revealed he ſtood conſpicuous in a dream,
His ſemblance ſhining as the moon's pale gleam:
And guard, he cries, my ſon, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful ſnare prepar'd:
And canſt thou careleſs unaffected ſleep,
While theſe ſtern lawleſs rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native ſhore a foreign throne,
Before whoſe ſteps thy lateſt race ſhall groan!
He ſpoke; cold horror ſhook the Mooriſh prieſt;
He wakes, but ſoon reclines in wonted reſt:
An airy phantom of the ſlumbering brain
He deem'd the viſion; when the Fiend again,
With ſterner mien and fiercer accent ſpoke;
Oh faithleſs! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And knoweſt thou not thy prophet ſent by heaven,
By whom the Koran's ſacred lore was given,
God's chiefeſt gift to men: And muſt I leave
The bowers of Paradiſe, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtleſs of your woe
Ye ſleep, the careleſs victims of the foe;
The foe, whoſe rage will ſoon with cruel joy,
If unoppoſed, my ſacred ſhrines deſtroy.
Then while kind heaven th' auſpicious hour beſtows,
Let every nerve their infant ſtrength oppoſe.

When

When ſoftly uſhered by the milky [k] dawn
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the daiſied lawn
His ſilver luſtre, as the ſhining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkneſs ſtrikes the conquer'd ſight,
That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.
Such, if on India's ſoil the tender ſhoot
Of theſe proud cedars fix the ſtubborn root,
Such ſhall your power before them ſink decay'd,
And India's ſtrength ſhall wither in their ſhade.

He ſpoke; and inſtant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repoſe, the dæmon fled;

[k] *When ſoftly uſher'd by the milky dawn*
The ſun firſt riſes.——" I deceive myſelf greatly, ſays Caſtera, if this ſimile is not the moſt noble and the moſt natural that can be found in any poem. It has been imitated by the Spaniſh comedian, the illuſtrious Lopez de Vega, in his comedy of Orpheus and Eurydice, Act I. Scene I.

Como mirar puede ſer
El ſol al amanecer,
I quando ſe enciende, no."

Caſtera adds a very looſe tranſlation of theſe Spaniſh lines in French verſe. The literal Engliſh is, *As the ſun may be beheld at its riſing, but when i luſtriouſly kindled, cannot.* Naked however as this is, the imitation of Camoens is evident. As Caſtera is ſo very bold in his encomium of this fine ſimile of the ſun, it is but juſtice to add his tranſlation of it, together with the original Portugueſe, and the tranſlation of Fanſhaw. Thus the French tranſlator.

Les yeux peuvent ſoûtenir la clarté du ſoleil naiſſant, mais lorſqu'il s'eſt avancé dans ſa carriere lumineuſe, & que ſes rayons répandent les ardeurs du midi, on tacheroit en vain de l'enviſager; un prompt aveuglement ſeroit le prix de cette audace.

Thus elegantly in the original;

Em quanto he fraca a força deſta gente,
Ordena como em tudo ſe reſiſta,
Porque quando o Sol ſae, facilmente
Se póde nelle por a aguda viſta:
Porem depois que ſobe claro, & ardente,
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquiſta
Tao cega fica, quando ficareis,
Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanſhaw;

Now whilſt this people's ſtrength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may reſiſt them by all ways.
For when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,
Upon his *morning beauty* Men may gaze;
But let him once up to his *zenith* git,
He ſtrikes them *blind* with his *meridian rays*;
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit theſe *cedars* to take root.

Again cold horror ſhook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Meſſiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace ſped the dæmon's flight.
Sleepleſs the king he found in dubious thought;
His conſcious fraud a thouſand terrors brought:
All gloomy as the hour, around him ſtand
With haggard looks the hoary magi [l] band;
To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard of Spain,
Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:
Muttering their charms and ſpells of dreary ſound,
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With diſmal hollow groans the victim falls;
With earneſt eyes the prieſtly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living gore.
And lo, permitted by the power divine,
The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful [m] ſign.

[l] ——————*Around him ſtand*
With haggard looks the hoary magi band—Or the Brahmins, the diviners of India Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23, ſays, that the Perſian Magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arrianus, l. 7. expreſly gives the Brahmins the name of Magi. The Magi of India, ſays he, told Alexander on his pretenſions to divinity, that In every thing he was like other men, except that he took leſs reſt, and did more miſchief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called Magi.

[m] *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful ſign.*—This has an alluſion to the truth of hiſtory. Barros relates, that an Augur being brought before the Zamorim, "*Em hum vaſo de agua l'he moſtrara hunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a gente d'ellas ſeria total deſtruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.* In a veſſel of water he ſhewed him ſome ſhips which from a great

Here furious War her gleamy faulchion draws,
Here lean ribb'd Famine writhes her falling jaws;
Dire as the fiery peſtilential ſtar
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern Tyranny ſweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round;
Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke——loud ſhrieking at the [n] ſight
The ſtarting wizards from the altar fly,
And ſilent horror glares in every eye:
Pale ſtands the Monarch, loſt in cold diſmay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aſpect roſe the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears flow'd ſlowly o'er the lawn;
The Mooriſh Prieſt with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred ſought;

great diſtance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter ſubverſion of the Moors." Camoens has certainly choſen a more poetical method of deſcribing this divination, a method in the ſpirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inferior to his great maſter. The ſupernatural flame which ſeizes on Lavinia, while aſſiſting at the ſacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean foreſt, whither he went to conſult his anceſtor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouring, cannot come in compariſon with the divination of the Magi, and the appearance of the Dæmon in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt.

[n] *Th' eternal yoke*—This picture, it may perhaps be ſaid, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the Luſiad, and the fruits of their diſcovery. A little conſideration however will vindicate Camoens. It is the Dæmon and the enemies of the Portugueſe who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpoſe to determine the Zamorim to deſtroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conqueſt of India, (when the Catual deſcribes the ſculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to aſcribe the happieſt effects to the diſcovery of his heroes:

Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India ſmiled.

Would to God this may come to paſs! But the prophecy of the Devil has hitherto, alas, been the true one.

Appall'd

Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In ſecret council met, his tale they hear;
As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate
Of various means they ponder and debate,
Againſt the Luſian train what arts employ,
By force to ſlaughter, or by fraud deſtroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevail'd, or boding fear;
Beneath their ſhady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one ſoft gleam beſpeaks the generous ſoul;
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death;
Nor unreſolved the power of gold to try
Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie——
Ah, what the wiſdom, what the ſleepleſs care
Efficient to avoid the traytor's ſnare!
What human power can give a king to know
The ſmiling aſpect of the lurking foe!
So let the tyrant * plead——the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues ſpring;
From inward worth, from conſcience firm and bold,
Not from the man whoſe honeſt name is ſold,

* *So let the tyrant plead* —— In this ſhort declamation, a ſeeming excreſcence, the buſineſs of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime miniſter, the Catual, are artfully characteriſed in it; and the aſſertion

Lured was the Regent with the Mooriſh gold,

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

He

He hopes that virtue, whoſe unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unveering with the ſtorms of ſtate.

Lured was the Regent with the Mooriſh gold,
And now agreed their fraudful courſe to hold,
Swift to the king the Regent's ſteps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in ſacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful ſervice of the [p] ſtate;
For ages long, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:

[p] *The Moors——their ancient deeds relate,*
Their ever faithful ſervice of the ſtate—An explanation of the word *Moor* is here neceſſary. When the Eaſt afforded no more field for the ſword of the conqueror, the Saracens, aſſiſted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the fineſt countries in Europe in blood and deſolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the profeſſors of the Mohammedan religion. In the ſame manner the eaſtern nations blended all the armies of the Cruſaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was moſtly compoſed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the Weſt. The appellation even reached China. When the Portugueſe firſt arrived in that Empire, the Chineſe ſoftening the r into l, called both them and their cannon, by the name of *Falanks*, a name which is ſtill retained at Canton, and other parts of the Chineſe dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already obſerved, all the traffic of the Eaſt, from the Ethiopian ſide of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the pagan natives, had their colonies eſtabliſhed in every country commodious for commerce. Theſe the Portugueſe called Moors; and at preſent the Mohammedans of India, are called the Moors of Hindoſtan by the lateſt of our Engliſh writers. The intelligence theſe Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama, the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whoſe rivalſhip they dreaded as the deſtruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe, and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim, are all according to the truth of hiſtory. The ſpeeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are alſo founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphraſes of the ſpeeches aſcribed by Oſorius, to the Indian ſovereign and the Portugueſe admiral. Where the ſubject was ſo happily adapted to the epic Muſe, to neglect it would have been reprehenſible: and Camoens, not unjuſtly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his diſcourſe with the king of Melinda, finiſhes the deſcription of his voyage, he makes a ſpirited apoſtrophe to Homer and Virgil; and aſſerts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoens alſo, in other parts of the poem, avails himſelf of the ſame aſſertion.

For

For thee we dared each horror of the wave;
Whate'er thy treaſures boaſt our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawleſs crew?
The race they boaſt, as tygers of the wold
Bear their proud ſway by juſtice uncontroull'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
Theſe, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's ſhores they came
And ſpread, where'er they paſt, devouring flame;
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in ſheets of fire,
Blazed to the ſky, her own funereal pyre.
Imperial Calicut ſhall feel the ſame,
And theſe proud ſtate-rooms feed the funeral flame;
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the ſkies.
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate ſhall never blend:
Ere o'er the eaſt ariſe the ſecond dawn
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wiſer thou with us thy powers employ
Soon ſhall our powers the robber-crew deſtroy,
By their own arts and ſecret deeds o'ercome
Here ſhall they meet the fate eſcaped at home.

While

While thus the Prieſt detain'd the Monarch's ear,
His cheeks confeſt the quivering pulſe of fear.
Unconſcious of the worth that fires the brave,
In ſtate a monarch, but in heart a ſlave,
He view'd brave Vasco and his generous train,
As his own paſſions ſtamp'd the conſcious ſtain:
Nor leſs his rage the fraudful Regent fired;
And valiant Gama's fate was now conſpired.

Ambaſſadors from India Gama ſought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendſhip brought;
The glorious tale, 'twas all he wiſh'd, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was ſeal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The Monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then ſhall my bounteous grace thy pardon ſeal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'ſt to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'ſt no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawleſs robber, every man thy foe.
And think'ſt thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the ſovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmoſt weſtern ſhore,
To bid his fleets the utmoſt eaſt explore.

Great is thy monarch, ſo thy words declare;
But ſumptuous gifts the proof of greatneſs bear:
Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur ſhew;
Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wiſe afford?
What monarch truſt the wandering ſeaman's word?
No ſumptuous gift Thou [q] bring'ſt — Yet, though ſome crime
Has thrown thee baniſh'd from thy native clime,
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unſeen:
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pyrates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread ſtorm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearleſs of death or ſhame confeſs ſincere:
My Name ſhall then thy dread protection be,
My captain Thou, unrivall'd on the ſea.

Oh now, ye Muſes, ſing what goddeſs fired
Gama's proud boſom, and his lips inſpired.

[q] *No ſumptuous gift Thou bring'ſt*—"As the Portugueſe did not expect to find any people but ſavages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them ſome preſerves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glaſs, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts flouriſhed; who wanted nothing; who were poſſeſſed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we value ourſelves. The king of Melinda had the generoſity to be contented with the preſent which Gama made; but the Zamorim, with a diſdainful eye, beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The preſent was thus: Four mantles of ſcarlet, ſix hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turky carpets, ſeven drinking cups of braſs, a cheſt of ſugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey." *Caſtera.*

Fair

Fair Acidalia, Love's celeſtial [r] queen,
The goddeſs of the fearleſs, graceful mien,
Her graceful freedom on his look beſtow'd,
And all collected in his boſom glow'd.
Sovereign, he cries, oft witneſs'd, well I know
The rageful falſhood of the Mooriſh foe,
Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poiſon'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what ſhade the courtier's mirrour gives,
That light, that ſhade the guarded king receives.
Me haſt thou view'd in colours not mine own,
Yet bold I promiſe ſhall my truth be known.
If o'er the ſeas a lawleſs peſt I roam,
A blood-ſtain'd exile from my native home,
How many a fertile ſhore and beauteous iſle,
Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded ſmile,
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring ſail unfurl'd!
And have I left theſe beauteous ſhores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with froſt,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coaſt?

[r] *Fair Acidalia, Love's celeſtial queen*— Caſtera derives Acidalia from ἀκηδὴς, which, he ſays, implies to act without fear or reſtraint. Acidalia, is one of the Names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain ſacred to her in Bœotia.

Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promiſe of a nameleſs day.
Dread and ſtupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compas, more than wiſdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers riſe:
Ah! Liſbon's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way
No dangers move them, and no toils diſmay.
Long have the kings of Luſus' daring race
Reſolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the fartheſt waves,
And pierce the fartheſt ſhore old Ocean laves.
Sprung from the * Prince, before whoſe matchleſs power
The ſtrength of Afric wither'd as a flower
Never to bloom again, great Henry ſhone,
Each gift of nature and of art his own;
Bold as his ſire, by toils on toils untired,
To find the Indian ſhore his pride aſpired.
Beneath the ſtars that round the Hydra ſhine,
And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly ſign,
Where thirſt and fever burn on every gale
The dauntleſs Henry rear'd the Luſian ſail.
Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-ſpread ſhores and numerous iſles,

* *Sprung from the Prince*——John I.

Where

Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way;
That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,
That barbarous race beneath the ſouthern ſtar,
Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blaſt—the wave
Boils to the ſky, the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-ſtruck ear
Great Nature ſeem'd to call, Approach not here——
At Lisbon's court they told their dread eſcape,
And from her raging tempeſts, named the [t] Cape.
" Thou ſouthmoſt point," the joyful king exclaimed,
" Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!
" Onward my fleets ſhall dare the dreadful way,
" And find the regions of the infant day."
In vain the dark and ever-howling blaſt
Proclaimed, This ocean never ſhall be paſt;
Through that dread ocean, and the tempeſts' roar,
My king commanded, and my courſe I bore.
The pillar thus of deathleſs [u] fame, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the riſing ſun

[t] *And from her raging tempeſts named the Cape.*—Bartholomew Diaz, was the firſt who diſcovered the ſouthmoſt point of Africa. He was driven back by the ſtorms, which on theſe ſeas were thought always to continue, and which the learned of former ages, ſays Oſorius, thought impaſſable. Diaz, when he related his voyage to John II. called the ſouthmoſt point the Cape of Tempeſts. The expectation of the king, however, was kindled by the account, and with inexpreſſible joy, ſays the ſame author, he immediately named it the Cape of Good Hope.

[u] *The pillar thus of deathleſs fame, begun By other chiefs*, &c.——

Till I now ending what thoſe did begin,
The furtheſt pillar in thy realm advance;
Breaking the element of molten tin,
Through horrid ſtorms I lead to thee the dance.
FANSHAW.

In

In thy great realm now to the ſkies I raiſe,
The deathleſs pillar of my nation's praiſe.
Through theſe wild ſeas no coſtly gift I brought;
Thy ſhore alone and friendly peace I ſought.
And yet to thee the nobleſt gift I bring
The world can boaſt, the friendſhip of my King.
And mark the word, his greatneſs ſhall appear
When next my courſe to India's ſtrand I ſteer,
Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of ſtrife or peaceful friendſhip bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth ſhall ever boaſt, at laſt, reſiſtleſs might.

Boldly the Hero ſpake with brow ſevere,
Of fraud alike unconſcious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth impreſt
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the Monarch's breaſt,
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illuſtrious Spain.
Yet as the ſick man loaths the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, ſelf-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now haſtes to quaff the drug, and now delays;
Reluctant thus as wavering paſſion veer'd,
The Indian Lord the dauntleſs Gama heard:

The Mooriſh threats yet ſounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.
With ſolemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the Regent's care
Commends brave Gama, and with pomp retires:
The Regent's hearths awake the ſocial fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feaſt is ſpread,
And fair embroidered ſhines De Gama's bed.
The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor * lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, ſhew;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling ſteps forlorn!
The Dæmon's rage you ſaw, and markt his flight
To the dark manſions of eternal night:
You ſaw how howling through the ſhades beneath
He waked new horrors in the realms of death.
What trembling tempeſts ſhook the thrones of hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muſes, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerleſs hate, with tenfold flames conſpire;

* *The Regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay,*
Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.

—The reſemblance of this couplet to many paſſages in Homer, muſt be obvious to the intelligent critic.

From

From every eye the tawney lightnings glare,
And hell, illumined by the ghaſtly flare,
A drear blue gleam, in tenfold horror ſhews
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon roſe
Stern Mahomet, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the lightnings blue;
Convulſed with rage the dreadful Shade demands
The laſt aſſiſtance of th' infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, ſudden burſting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air;
So roſe the legions of th' infernal ſtate,
Dark Fraud, baſe Art, fierce Rage, and burning Hate:
Wing'd by the Furies to the Indian ſtrand
They bend; the Dæmon leads the dreadful band,
And in the boſoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living ſtrength he pours.
One breaſt alone againſt his rage was ſteel'd,
Secure in ſpotleſs Truth's celeſtial ſhield.

One evening paſt, another evening cloſed,
The Regent ſtill brave GAMA's ſuit oppoſed;
The Luſian Chief his guarded gueſt detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendſhip feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep diſguiſe,
Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.

As

As in the ſun's bright [1] beam the gameſome boy
Plays with the ſhining ſteel or chryſtal toy,
Swift and irregular, by ſudden ſtarts,
The living ray with viewleſs motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The ſun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.
In quick ſucceſſion thus a thouſand views
The ſapient Luſian's lively thought purſues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fixt are his dread reſolves.
O'er India's ſhore the ſable night deſcends,
And GAMA, now, ſecluded from his friends,

[1] *As in the ſun's bright beam*——Imitated from Virgil, who, by the ſame ſimilie, deſcribes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Eneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

——Laomedontius heros
Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca: jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
Thinks, and rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
Explores himſelf in vain, in every part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted heart:
So when the ſun by day or moon by night
Strike on the poliſh'd braſs their trembling light,
The glitt'ring ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flaſh the glaring day.

Arioſto has alſo adopted this ſimilie in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioſo:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percoſſa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và con lungo ſalto
A deſtra, ed a ſiniſtra, e baſſo, ed alto.
So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the ſilver ray of night,
Along the ſpacious rooms with ſplendor plays,
Now high, now low, and ſhifts a thouſand ways.
HOOLE.

But the happieſt circumſtance belongs to Camoens. The velocity and various ſhiftings of the ſun-beam, reflected from a piece of chryſtal or poliſhed ſteel in the hand of a boy, give a much ſtronger idea of the violent agitation and ſudden ſhiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the ſun or moon reflected from a veſſel of water. The brazen veſſel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor muſt another inaccuracy paſs unobſerved. That the reflection of the moon *flaſhed the glaring day* is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of theſe, will infer any diſreſpect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: If ſo great a maſter as Dryden has erred, let the critic remember, that other tranſlators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the ſpecimens of any compoſition.

Detain'd a captive in the room of ſtate,
Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;
For juſt Mozaide no generous care delays,
And Vasco's truſt with friendly toils repays.

We have already ſeen the warm encomium paid by Taſſo to his cotemporary, Camoens. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has alſo teſtified his approbation by ſeveral imitations of the Luſiad. Virgil, in no inſtance, has more cloſely copied Homer, than Taſſo has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil Dæmon, in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt. The enchanter Iſmeno thus appears to the ſleeping Solyman:

Soliman' Solimano, i tuoi ſilenti
Ripoſi à miglior tempo homai riſerva:
Che ſotto il giogo de ſtraniere genti
La patria, ove regnaſti, ancor' e ſerva.
In queſta terra dormi, e non rammenti,
Ch' inſepolte de' tuoi l'oſſa conſerva?
Ove ſi gran' veſtigio e del tuo ſcorno,
Tu neghittoſo aſpetti il novo giorno?

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Mr. Hoole,

Oh! Solyman, regardleſs Chief, awake!
In happier hours thy grateful ſlumber take:
Beneath a foreign yoke thy ſubjects bend,
And ſtrangers o'er thy land their rule extend:
Here doſt thou ſleep? here cloſe thy careleſs eyes,
While uninterr'd each lov'd aſſociate lies?
Here where thy fame has felt the hoſtile ſcorn,
Canſt thou, unthinking, wait the riſing morn?

END of the Eighth BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IX.

RED roſe the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring ſky,
The ſcattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-ſpring ſtruggled with the gloom,
The Indian Monarch ſought the Regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Aſian ſtate
High on a ſtar-gemm'd couch the Monarch ſate;
Then on th' illuſtrious Captive, bending down
His eyes, ſtern darken'd with a threatening frown,
Thy truthleſs tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confeſt inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet ſtill if friendſhip, honeſt, thou implore,
Yet now command thy veſſels to the ſhore:

Generous as to thy friends thy ſails reſign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withſtands,
Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will [a] demands:
Such be the teſt, thy boaſted truth to try,
Each other teſt depiſed, I fixt deny.
And has my Regent ſued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud Chief, Ourſelf ſhall ſue
From thee the honour to my friendſhip due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to reſign,
Freely to truſt our friendſhip, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he ſpake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breaſt what ſtarting paſſions warr'd.
No feature mov'd on Gama's face was ſeen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,
In me my Sovereign repreſented ſee,
His ſtate is wounded, and he ſpeaks in me;
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroul'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy juſtice holds the righteous ſcale,
The arts of falſhood and the Moors prevail;

[a] *Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will demands*——According to Hiſtory. See the life of Gama in the Preface.

I ſee

I ſee the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I ſtand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of ſcorn the brave diſdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.
My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your [b] ſway;
Safe ſhall my fleet to Liſboa's ſtrand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric ſurrounded, and the Indian ſhore
Diſcovered——Theſe I pledged my life to gain,
Theſe to my country ſhall my life maintain.
One wiſh alone my earneſt heart deſires,
The ſole impaſſion'd hope my breaſt reſpires;
My finiſh'd labours may my Sovereign hear!
Beſides that wiſh, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I [c] ſtand,
And bare my boſom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he ſpake. In ſtern diſdain,
My threats, the Monarch cries, were never vain:
Swift give the ſign——Swift as he ſpake, appear'd
The dancing ſtreamer o'er the palace rear'd;
Inſtant another enſign diſtant roſe,
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws

[b] *My Sovereign's fleet I yield not to your ſway*——The circumſtance of Gama's refuſing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanſhaw;

The Malabar proteſts that he ſhall rot
In priſon, if he ſend not for the *ſhips*.
He (*conſtant*, and with noble *anger* hot)
His haughty *menace* weighs not at *two chips*.

A ridge

A ridge enormous, and on either ſide
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant Monarch ſate,
And awful ſilence fill'd the room of ſtate.
With ſecret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where Gama's navy rode,
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending ſhore.
Soon o'er the palms a maſt's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the ſun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far ſtreaming to the ſkies,
Vanes after vanes in ſwift ſucceſſion riſe,
And through the opening foreſt-boughs of green
The ſails' white luſtre moving on is ſeen;
When ſudden ruſhing by the point of land
The bowſprits nod, and wide the ſails expand;
Full pouring on the fight, in warlike pride,
Extending ſtill the riſing ſquadrons ride:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen ſpear-points blaze;
Each prore ſurrounded with an hundred oars,
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number Gama's might,
Proudly their boaſtful ſhouts provoke the fight;
Far round the ſhore the ecchoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an anſwering ſhout reſounds:

Still

Still by the point new-ſpreading ſails appear,
Till ſeven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the ſhout triumphant ſhakes the bay;
Form'd as a creſcent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleet's wide horns the Luſian ſhips inclaſp,
Prepared to cruſh them in their iron graſp.
Shouts eccho ſhouts —— with ſtern diſdainful eyes
The Indian King to manly GAMA cries,
Not one of thine on Liſboa's ſhore ſhall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.
With alter'd viſage, for his eyes flaſh'd fire,
God ſent me here, and God's avengeful ire
Shall ſmite thy perfidy, great VASCO cried,
And humble in the duſt thy withered pride.
A prophet's glow inſpired his panting breaſt,
Indignant ſmiles the Monarch's ſcorn confeſt.
Again deep ſilence fills the room of ſtate,
And the proud Moors, ſecure, exulting wait:
And now inclaſping GAMA's in a ring,
Their fleet nods on —— loud whizzing from the ſtring
The black-wing'd arrows float along the ſky,
And riſing clouds the falling clouds ſupply.
The lofty crowding ſpears that briſtling ſtood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend ſudden, levell'd for the cloſing fight,
The points wide-waving ſhed a gleamy light.

Elate

Elate with joy the king his aſpect rears,
And valiant Gama, thrill'd with tranſport, hears
His drums' bold rattling raiſe the battle ſound;
Eccho deep-toned hoarſe vibrates far around;
The ſhivering trumpets tear the ſhrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flaſhing lightnings flare,
The ſmoke rolls wide, and ſudden burſts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the ſhore
Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flaſhing arms; louder the thunders raiſe
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended ſkies
The burſt inceſſant; awe-ſtruck Eccho dies
Faultering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkneſs, floats,
Curling their ſulphrous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And rowl wide o'er the ſky; wide as the ſight
Can meaſure heaven, ſlow rowls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the ſmoky blackneſs ſpreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breaſt; the fierce red glare
Chequering the rifted darkneſs, fires the air,
Each moment loſt and kindled, while around,
The mingling thunders ſwell the lengthen'd ſound.
When piercing ſudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling ſhrieks of thouſands ſtrike the ſhore:

Preſaging

Preſaging horror through the Monarch's breaſt
Crept cold, and gloomy o'er the diſtant eaſt,
Through Gata's hills the whirling tempeſt [d] ſigh'd,
And weſtward ſweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it paſt,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight caſt;
Then, furious ruſhing to the darken'd [e] bay,
Reſiſtleſs ſwept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathleſs ſide
Some traveller ſtrays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the ſable night deſcend,
And gathering tempeſt with the darkneſs blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath, aghaſt
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blaſt;
Above, reſounds the craſh, and down the ſteep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering ſweep;
Aghaſt he ſtands amid the ſhades of night,
And all his ſoul implores the friendly light:

[d] *Through Gata's hills*——The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eaſtern ſide of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
LUSIAD, VII.

[e] *Then furious ruſhing to the darken'd bay*——For the circumſtances of the battle, and the tempeſt which then happened, ſee the life of Gama.

Dire ſhines the ray, the lightning's quivering blaze
The yawning depth beneath his ſtep betrays,
But one half footſtep faithful to the tread;
Torn from the rock, the fragment o'er his head
Nods craſhing——loſt in horror at the ſight,
His knees no more ſupport their ſickly weight,
Powerleſs he ſinks, no more his heart-blood flows;
So ſunk the Monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So ſunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The ruſhing whirlwind pour'd the ſudden day:
Diſaſter's giant arm in one wide ſweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The ſheeted maſts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks rowl'd tumbling on the ſide;
Some ſhatter'd plank each heaving billow toſt,
And by the hand of heaven daſh'd on the coaſt
Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the laſhing ſurges rave
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the ſwelling wave
Kiſſes the lofty maſt's reclining head;
And far at ſea ſome few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful ſcene triumphant rode
The Luſian war-ſhips, and their aid beſtow'd:
Their ſpeedy boats far round aſſiſting ply'd,
Where plunging, ſtruggling, in the rolling tide,
Graſping the ſhatter'd wrecks, the vanquiſh'd foes
Rear'd o'er the daſhing waves their haggard brows.

No

No word of ſcorn the lofty GAMA ſpoke,
Nor India's King the dreadful ſilence broke.
Slow paſt the hour, when to the trembling ſhore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowſprits bend,
And the red ſtreamers other war portend:
Soon burſts the roar; the bombs tremendous riſe,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the ſkies;
O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a ſulphrous ſhower.
'Tis o'er——In threatening ſilence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every ſtreet;
Ten thouſands pouring round the palace [f] gate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
Give juſtice, juſtice to the ſtrangers yield——
Our friends, our huſbands, ſons, and fathers ſlain!
Happier, alas, than theſe that yet remain——
Curſt be the counſels, and the arts unjuſt——
Our friends in chains——our city in the duſt——
Yet, yet prevent——

—— The ſilent VASCO ſaw
The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe

[f] *Ten thouſands pouring round the palace gate,*
In clamorous uproar——See the hiſtory in the life of Gama.

That ſhook the Moors, that ſhook the Regent's knees,
And ſunk the Monarch down——By ſwift degrees
The popular clamour riſes. Loſt, unmann'd,
Around the King the trembling Council ſtand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the tremblimg accent tries;
With anguiſh ſicken'd, and of ſtrength bereft,
Earneſt each look enquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of ſhame and grief aghaſt,
The Monarch, faultering, takes the word at laſt:
By whom, great Chief, are theſe proud war-ſhips ſway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great Chief, let gifts of price reſtrain
Thy juſt revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!——
Oh ſpare my people and their doom'd abodes——
Prayers, vows, and gifts appeaſe the injured gods:
Shall man deny——Swift are the brave to ſpare:
The weak, the innocent confeſs their care——
Helpleſs as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold theſe thouſands bend the ſuppliant knee——
Thy navy's thundering ſides black to the land
Diſplay their terrors—yet mayſt thou command——

O'erpower'd he pauſed. Majeſtic and ſerene
Great Vasco roſe, then pointing to the ſcene

Where

Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud King, behold
O'er ocean and the ſtrand in carnage roll'd!
So ſhall this palace ſmoking in the duſt,
And yon proud city weep thy arts unjuſt.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,
I left my fixt command my navy's [g] guard:
Whate'er from ſhore my name or ſeal convey'd
Of other weight, that fixt command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth deſtroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.
This morn the ſacrifice of Fraud I ſtood,
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whoſe cares conjoin'd controul
Theſe floating towers, both brothers of my ſoul.
If thrice, I ſaid, ariſe the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark Fraud with all her Mooriſh arts withſtands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and ſwift unfurl the homeward ſail,
Catch the firſt breathing of the eaſtern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's [h] ſhore:
Let but my Monarch know, I wiſh no more ——
Each, panting while I ſpoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop burſting in their manly eyes,

[g] *I left my fixt command my navy's guard:* ——See the life of Gama.

[h] *Unmindful of my fate on India's ſhore*— This moſt magnanimous reſolution, to ſacrifice his own ſafety or his life for the ſafe return of the fleet, is ſtrictly true. See the life of Gama.

In

In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous ſway:
Without thee never ſhall our ſails return;
India ſhall bleed, and Calicut ſhall burn——
Thrice ſhall the morn ariſe; a flight of bombs
Shall then ſpeak vengeance to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pauſe; then ſhall our thunders roar,
And deſolation ſweep the treacherous ſhore——
Behold, proud King, their ſignal in the ſky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening ſhade
Shall ſpread her peaceful wings, my wrath unſtaid;
Dire through the night her ſmoking duſt ſhall gleam,
Dire thro' the night ſhall ſhriek the female ſcream.

Thy worth, great Chief, the pale-lipt Regent cries,
Thy worth we own; Oh, may theſe woes ſuffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we ſend;
Ambaſſadors, of nobleſt race, attend——
Slow as he faulter'd, Gama catch'd the word,
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough ſhall reach the Luſian ſhore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful ſailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;

Ranged

Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the firſt movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes betipt with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguiſh'd look I ſee,
The panting noſtril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the Sun: On haſty ſtrides,
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold ſlow lingering, and impatient cries,
Oh, give the ſign, illume the ſacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood——

He ſpake; and ſtern the dreadful warrior ſtood;
So ſeem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The Monarch trembled as before a God;
The treacherous Moors ſunk down in faint diſmay,
And ſpeechleſs at his feet the Council lay:
Abrupt, with outſtretch'd arms, the Monarch [h] cries,
What yet—— but dared not meet the Hero's eyes,
What yet may ſave!—Great Vasco ſtern rejoins,
Swift, undiſputing, give th' appointed ſigns:
High o'er thy loftieſt tower my flag diſplay,
Me and my train ſwift to my fleet convey:

[h] *Abrupt—the Monarch cries—What yet may ſave*——Gama's declaration, that no meſſage from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a neceſſary effect in the conduct of the poem. They haſten the cataſtrophe, and give a veriſimilitude to the abrupt and full ſubmiſſion of the Zamorim.

Inſtant

Inſtant command—behold the Sun rides high——
He ſpake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Luſian ſtandard o'er the palace flow'd,
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a ſudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blaſt, enraged, withdrew
The vanquiſh'd Dæmon—Soon in luſtre mild,
As April ſmiles, the Sun auſpicious ſmiled:
Elate with joy, the ſhouting thouſands trod,
And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eaſtern gale on balmy wings:
Each joyful ſailor to his labour ſprings;
Some o'er the bars their breaſts robuſt recline,
And with firm tugs the [i] rollers from the brine,
Reluctant dragg'd, the ſlime-brown'd anchors raiſe;
Each gliding rope ſome nimble hand obeys;
Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high
With nimble hands the canvas wings untye,
The flapping ſails their widening folds diſtend,
And meaſured ecchoing ſhouts their ſweaty toils attend.

[i] ——— *the rollers* ——The capſtones.—The capſtone is a cylindrical windlaſs, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round. It is uſed to weigh the anchors, raiſe maſts, &c. The name *roller* deſcribes both the machine and its uſe, and it may be preſumed, is a more poetical word than capſtone. The verſification of this paſſage in the original affords a moſt noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas naos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabreſtante, & repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros quebrao co peito duro a barra.

Nor

Nor had the captives loſt the Leader's care,
Some to the ſhore the Indian barges bear;
The nobleſt few the Chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Luſian throne;
To own the conqueſt of the Indian ſhore:
Nor wanted every proof of India's ſtore.
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd:
Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the ſable clove;
The clove, whoſe odour on the breathing gale
Far to the ſea Malucco's plains exhale;
All theſe provided by the faithful Moor,
All theſe, and India's gems, the navy bore:
The Moor attends, Mozaide, whoſe zealous care
To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treachrous [1] ſnare:
So burn'd his breaſt with heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Meſſiah's name.
Oh, favour'd African, by heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary ſhades of error's night;
What man may dare his ſeeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of heaven's deſigns explain!

[1] ——— *Mozaide, whoſe zealous care*
To Gama's eyes reveal'd each treachrous ſnare
—Had this been mentioned ſooner, the intereſt of the cataſtrophe of the poem muſt have languiſhed. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama, bears a much more conſiderable part in the action of the Luſiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the buſineſs of the Eneid.

Far didſt thou from thy friends a ſtranger roam,
There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial [k] home.

Now ſwell'd on every ſide the ſteady ſail;
The lofty maſts reclining to the gale
On full ſpread wings the navy ſprings away,
And far behind them foams the Ocean grey:
Afar the leſſening hills of Gata fly,
And mix their dim blue ſummits with the ſky:
Beneath the wave low ſinks the ſpicy ſhore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, Great Nature's ſouthmoſt bound,
The Cape of Tempeſts, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Liſboa's ſhore to tell
Inſpires each boſom with a rapt'rous ſwell;
Now through their breaſts the chilly tremors glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd ——

[k] *There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial home*——This exclamatory addreſs to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digreſſive, has a double propriety. The converſion of the Eaſtern world is the great purpoſe of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the firſt fruits of that converſion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an Epic Poem intereſt us and pleaſe. It might have been ſaid, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apoſtacy. Camoens has therefore wiſely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendſhip of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Luſiad might have ſhared the fate of the wiſe Ulyſſes of the Iliad, againſt whom, as Voltaire juſtly obſerves, every reader bears a ſecret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unſupported by hiſtory. He was not an Arab Moor, ſo he did not deſert his countrymen. By force theſe Moors had determined on the deſtruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and eſteemed him, and therefore generouſly revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he loſt all his effects in India, a circumſtance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs muſt have certainly foreſeen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loſs he thus voluntarily ſuſtained, and by his after conſtancy, his ſincerity is undoubtedly proved.

Soon to the winds are theſe cold fears reſign'd,
And all their country ruſhes on the mind;
How ſweet to view their native land, how ſweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While liſtening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word,
How ſweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various ſhore!
Theſe thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And ſwell each boſom with unutter'd [1] joy.

The Queen of Love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddeſs of the Luſian race;
The Queen of Love, elate with joy, ſurveys
Her heroes, happy, plow the watry maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;

[1] *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India*——We are now come to that part of the Luſiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great cataſtrophe of the Iliad, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addreſſes the Grecian army,

—— Ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Hector, and your *Pæans* ſing:
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
" *Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Our Portugueſe Poet, who in his machinery, and many other inſtances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forſakes him. In a very bold and maſterly ſpirit he now models his poem by the ſteps of Homer. What of the Luſiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumſtances, exactly reſembles the latter part of the Iliad. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the ſame manner, the reward of the heroes, and the conſequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Luſiad. I cannot ſay it appears that Milton ever read our Poet; (though Fanſhaw's tranſlation was publiſhed in his time) yet no inſtance can be given of a more ſtriking reſemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoens, and of the Paradiſe Loſt. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

Theſe toils, theſe woes, her yearning cares employ,
To bathe, to balſom in the ſtreams of joy.
Amid the boſom of the watry waſte,
Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were [m] placed,
An iſle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragrant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repaſt and ſweet repoſe;
And there before their raptured view to raiſe
The heaven-topt column of their deathleſs praiſe.

The Goddeſs now aſcends her ſilver car,
Bright was its hue as Love's tranſlucent ſtar;
Beneath the reins the ſtately birds, that ſing
Their ſweet-toned death-ſong, ſpread the ſnowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot ſigh,
And virgin bluſhes purple o'er the ſky:
On milk white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as ſhe moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kiſſes join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddeſs rode,
And by her altars ſought Idalia's god:

[m] *Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were placed*——Between the mouths of the Ganges and Euphrates.

The

The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt [n] care.
His bands he muſters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little Loves.
Againſt the world, rebellious and aſtray,
He means to lead them, and reſume his ſway:
For baſe-born paſſions, at his ſhrine 'twas told,
Each nobler tranſport of the breaſt controul'd.
A young Actæon, ſcornful of his [o] lore,
Morn after morn purſues the foamy boar,

[n] *His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt care*——This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the digreſſive hiſtories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful deſcription of the feaſt of the Gods with the blameleſs Ethiopians. It alſo contains a maſterly commentary on the machinery of the Luſiad. The Divine Love conducts Gama to India. The ſame Divine Love is repreſented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to beſtow a foretaſte of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which diſcovered the Eaſtern World. Nor do the wild phantaſtic loves, mentioned in this little epiſode, afford any objection againſt this explanation, an explanation which is expreſsly given in the epiſode itſelf. Theſe wild phantaſtic amours ſignify, in the allegory, the wild ſects of different enthuſiaſts, which ſpring up under the wings of the beſt and moſt rational inſtitutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the ſame ſource.

[o] *A young Actæon*——The French tranſlator has the following characteriſtical note: "This paſſage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camoens, and at the ſame time a proof of the imprudence of Poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which ſometimes blinds them, notwithſtanding all the light of their genius. The modern Actæon, of whom he ſpeaks, was king Sebaſtian. He loved the chace; but that pleaſure, which is one of the moſt innocent, and one of the moſt noble we can poſſibly taſte, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs of ſtate, and did not render him ſavage as our author pretends. On this point the Hiſtorians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us venerate the amuſements of our Sovereigns; let us believe that the auguſt cares for our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very boſom of their pleaſures."

Many are the ſtrokes in the Luſiad which muſt endear the character of Camoens to every reader of ſenſibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greateſt names of Greece or Rome. While the ſhadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greateſt men of that nation, in the days of Luſian heroiſm, thought and conducted themſelves in the ſpirit of Camoens. A noble anecdote of this brave ſpirit offers itſelf. Alonzo IV. ſurnamed *the Brave*, aſcended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleaſures of the chace engroſſed all his attention. His confidents and favourites encouraged, and allured

In deſart wilds devoted to the chace;
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he ſees,
And ſweet, and dread his puniſhment decrees.
Before his raviſh'd ſight, in ſweet ſurpriſe,
Naked in all her charms ſhall Dian riſe;
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall [P] burn,
Coldly his ſuit, the nymph, unmoved, ſhall ſpurn.

allured him to it. His time was ſpent in the foreſts of *Cintra*, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep their ſovereign in ignorance. His preſence, at laſt, being neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered the council with all the briſk impetuoſity of a young ſportſman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the hiſtory of a whole month ſpent in hunting, in fiſhing, and ſhooting. When he had finiſhed his narrative, a nobleman of the firſt rank roſe up: Courts and camps, ſaid he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deſerts. Even the affairs of private men ſuffer when recreation is preferred to buſineſs. But when the whims of pleaſure engroſs the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is conſigned to ruin. We came here for other purpoſes than to hear the exploits of the chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majeſty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient ſubjects; if not —— The king, ſtarting with rage, interrupted him, If not, what —— If not, reſumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the higheſt tranſport of paſſion, expreſſed his reſentment, and haſted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled; I perceive, ſaid he, the truth of what you ſay. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good ſubjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the ſportſman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majeſty was as good as his promiſe, and became as a warriour and politician, one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

[P] *With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall burn*—"It is ſaid, that upon the faith of a portrait Don Sebaſtian fell in love with Margaret of France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was refuſed. The Spaniards treated him no leſs unfavourably, for they alſo rejected his propoſals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author conſiders theſe refuſals as the puniſhment of Don Sebaſtian's exceſſive attachment to the chace; but this is only a conſequence of the prejudice with which he viewed the amuſements of his prince. The truth is, theſe princeſſes were refuſed for political reaſons, and not with any regard to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leiſure."

Thus Caſtera, who, with the ſame ſpirit of ſagacity, ſtarts and anſwers the following objections: "But here is a difficulty: Camoens wrote during the life of Don Sebaſtian, but the circumſtance he relates *(the return of Gama)* happened ſeveral years before, under the reign of Emmanuel. How therefore could he ſay that Cupid then ſaw Don Sebaſtian at the chace, when that prince was not then born? The anſwer is eaſy: Cupid, in the allegory of this work, repreſents the love of God, the Holy Spirit, who is God himſelf. Now the Divinity admits of no diſtinction of time; one glance of his eye beholds the paſt, the preſent, and the future; every thing is preſent before him."

This

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the [q] ſhame
Of human race, aſſume the titled name;
And each, for ſome baſe intereſt of his own,
With Flattery's manna'd lips aſſail the throne.
He ſees the men, whom holieſt ſanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;

This defence of the fiction of Actæon, is not more abſurd than uſeleſs. The free and bold ſpirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might eaſily have ſaid, that Cupid *foreſaw*; but had he ſaid ſo his ſatire had been much leſs genteel. As the ſentiments of Caſtera on this paſſage are extremely characteriſtical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several Portugueſe writers have remarked, ſays he, that the wiſh

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah! may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

Had in it an air of prophecy; and Fate in effect, ſeemed careful to accompliſh it, in making the preſaged woes to fall upon Don Sebaſtian. If he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however ſay that he was devoured by his favourites, who miſled his youth and his great ſoul. But at any rate our poet has carried the ſimilitude too far. It was certainly injurious to Don Sebaſtian, who nevertheleſs had the bounty not only not to puniſh this audacity, but to reward the juſt elogies which the author had beſtowed on him in other places. As much as the indiſcretion of Camoens ought to ſurpriſe us, as much ought we to admire the generoſity of his maſter."

This foppery, this ſlavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouſe the indignation of every manly breaſt, when the facts are fairly ſtated. Don Sebaſtian, who aſcended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great ſpirit, but his youth was poiſoned with the moſt romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of ſtate were left to his miniſters, *(for whoſe character ſee the next note)* his other ſtudies were neglected, and military exerciſes, of which he not unjuſtly eſteemed the chace a principal, were almoſt his ſole employ. Camoens beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical ſatire foreboded its conſequences. The wiſh, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite paſſion, was in vain. In a raſh, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebaſtian loſt his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which ſoon after produced the fall of the Portugueſe empire. Had the nobility poſſeſſed the ſpirit of Camoens, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotiſm of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have eſcaped the Spaniſh yoke, which ſoon followed his defeat at Alcazar; a yoke which ſunk Portugal into an abys of miſery, from which, in all probability, ſhe will never emerge in her former ſplendor.

[q] *Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the ſhame Of human race, aſſume the titled name.*— "After having ridiculed all the pleaſures of Don Sebaſtian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done no injuſtice. Thoſe who are acquainted with the Portugueſe hiſtory, will readily acknowledge this." *Caſtera.*

While

While ſoft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms diſplay,
He ſees with luſt of gold their eyes on fire,
And every wiſh to lordly ſtate aſpire;
He ſees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the peoples' cauſe,
Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt ſwords was dry.

Nor theſe alone, each rank, debaſed and rude,
Mean objects, worthleſs of their love, purſued:
Their paſſions thus rebellious to his lore,
The God decrees to puniſh and reſtore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their ſilk bow-ſtrings, and their aims prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power reſiſtleſs to inflame the heart;
Their arrow heads they tip with ſoft deſires,
And all the warmth of love's celeſtial fires;
Some ſprinkle o'er the ſhafts the tears of woe,
Some ſtore the quiver, ſome relax the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful ſtrain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain;

Charm'd

Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the ſong divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,
The witneſs of the God's benignant care;
On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn [r] crowd
An arrowy ſhower the bowyer train beſtow'd;
Pierced by the whizzing ſhafts deep ſighs the air,
And anſwering ſighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph ſeems lovelieſt in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers ſped,
Ten thouſand wild fantaſtic loves are bred:
In wildeſt dreams the ruſtic hind aſpires,
And haughtieſt lords confeſs the humbleſt fires.

The ſnowy ſwans of Love's celeſtial Queen
Now land her chariot on the ſhore of green;
One knee diſplay'd ſhe treads the flowery ſtrand,
The gather'd robe falls looſely from her hand;
Half-ſeen her boſom heaves the living ſnow,
And on her ſmiles the living roſes glow.

[r] *On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn crowd*——There is an elegance in the original of this line, which the Engliſh language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.——

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

The bowyer God whoſe ſubtle ſhafts ne'er fly
Miſaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or ſky,
With roſy ſmiles the Mother Power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,
The vaſſal Loves in fond contention join
Who firſt and moſt ſhall kiſs her hand divine.
Swift in her arms ſhe caught her wanton Boy,
And, Oh, my ſon, ſhe cries, my pride, my joy,
Againſt thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Againſt thy ſhaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd;
Unleſs thine arrow wake the young deſires,
My ſtrength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My ſon, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon, thy mother ſues, delay'd:
Where-e'er, ſo will th' Eternal Fates, where-e'er
The Luſian race the victor ſtandards rear,
There ſhall my hymns reſound, my altars flame,
And heavenly Love her joyful lore proclaim.
My Luſian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
Long toſt, long hopeleſs on the ſtorm-torn wave,
Wearied and weak, at laſt on India's ſhore
Arrived, new toils, repoſe denied, they bore;
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage purſued
My dauntleſs ſons, but now his might ſubdued,
Amid theſe raging ſeas, the ſcene of woes,
Theirs ſhall be now the balm of ſweet repoſe;

Theirs

Theirs every joy the nobleſt heroes claim,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.
Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
The lovely daughters of the azure main;
And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the iſle which all my ſmiles inſpire:
Soon ſhall my care that beauteous iſle ſupply,
Where Zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap ſhall ſigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And ſtrew the pink and roſe beneath their feet:
In chryſtal halls the feaſt divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal ſong:
Let every nymph the ſnow white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, reſign her boſom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Reſign each hidden charm with deareſt grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall riſe, and o'er the Eaſt illuſtrious [s] ſhine;
Thus ſhall the rebel world thy proweſs know,
And what the boundleſs joys our friendly powers beſtow.

She ſaid; and ſmiling view'd her mighty Boy;
Swift to the chariot ſprings the god of joy;

[s] *Thus from my native waves a hero line*
Shall riſe, and o'er the Eaſt illuſtrious ſhine—
"By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portugueſe with the Nereids, is to be underſtood the other Portugueſe, who, following the ſteps of Gama, eſtabliſhed illuſtrious colonies in India."—
Caſtera.

His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the ſun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their ſilver harneſs ſhining to the day
The ſwans on milk-white pinions ſpring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;
And Fame, [1] ſo will'd the God, before them flew:
A giant goddeſs, whoſe ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;
Oft had her lips the god of love blaſphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praiſe his conqueſts nam'd:
An hundred eyes ſhe rolls with ceaſeleſs care,
A thouſand tongues what theſe behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing ſhe rides,
And though ſhe ſhifts her colours ſwift as glides
The April rainbow, ſtill the croud ſhe guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice ſhe rais'd,
And with a thouſand glowing tongues ſhe prais'd
The bold Diſcoverers of the eaſtern world ——
In gentle ſwells the liſtening ſurges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the ſounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowſy Power on whoſe ſmooth eaſy mein
The ſmiles of wonder and delight are ſeen,

[1] *And Fame——a giant-goddeſs*——This paſſage affords a ſtriking inſtance of the judgment of Camoens. Virgil's celebrated deſcription of Fame, (ſee p. 206.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his beſt imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts ſome circumſtances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which juſtly may be called his own.

Whoſe

Whoſe gloſſy ſimpering eye beſpeaks her name,
Credulity, attends the goddeſs Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praiſe, the watery gods [u],
With ardent ſpeed forſake their deep abodes;
Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now ſtung remorſe, and love ſucceeds to hate.
Ah, where remorſe in female boſom bleeds,
The tendereſt love in all its glow ſucceeds.
When fancy glows, how ſtrong, O Love, thy power!
Nor ſlipt the eager God the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a ſhaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breaſt inſpires,
The voice of fame awakes the ſoft deſires.
While from the bow-ſtring ſtart the ſhafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns inceſſant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy ſhowers.
E'en Thetis' ſelf confeſt the tender ſmart,
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart:

[u] —— *The watery gods*——To mention the gods in the maſculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quayſquer propoſitos tomados.—

The eaſe with which the female breaſt changes its reſolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehenſible. The expreſſion however is claſſical, and therefore retained. Virgil uſes it, where Eneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Deſcendo, ac ducente *Deo*, flammam inter et hoſtes
Expedior ——

This is in the manner of the Greek Poets, who uſe the word Θεὸς for God or Goddeſs.

Soft

Soft o'er the billows pants the amourous ſigh;
With wiſhful langour melting on each eye
The love-ſick nymphs explore the tardy ſails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low ſubſide,
Smooth as the level plain, your ſwelling pride,
Lo, Venus comes! Oh, ſoft, ye ſurges, ſleep,
Smooth be the boſom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-ſick pain.
White as her ſwans[w], and ſtately as they rear
Their ſnowy creſts when o'er the lake they ſteer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the diſtant billow onward ſteers.
The beauteous Nereids flufh'd in all their charms
Surround the Goddeſs of the ſoft alarms:
Right to the iſle ſhe leads the ſmiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;
The fearful langour of the aſking eye,
The lovely bluſh of yielding modeſty,
The grieving look, the ſigh, the favouring ſmile,
And all th' endearments of the open wile,

[w] *White as her ſwans*——A diſtant fleet compared to ſwans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The alluſion to the pomp of Venus, whoſe agency is immediately concerned, gives it beſides a peculiar propriety. This ſimilie however is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon liberty taken by Fanſhaw;

The pregnant *ſayles* on Neptune's ſurface creep,
Like her own *Swans*, in *gate*, *out-cheſt*, and *fether*.

She

She taught the nymphs——in willing breaſts that heaved
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native ſhore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earneſt the pilot's eyes ſought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;
Sought cape or iſle from whence their boats might bring
The healthful bounty of the chryſtal ſpring:
When ſudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Iſle of Love its glowing breaſt diſplay'd.
O'er the green boſom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the ſilver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing luſtre ſhare,
Arabia's balm was ſprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating iſle fair Acidalia drew:
Soon as the floating verdure caught their [x] ſight,
She fixt, unmov'd, the iſland of delight.
So when in child-birth of her Jove-ſprung load,
The ſylvan goddeſs and the bowyer god,

[x] *Soon as the floating verdure caught their ſight*——As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (ſee his life) he put into one of the beautiful iſlands of Anchediva for freſh water. While he was here careening his ſhips, ſays Faria, a pirate named Timoja, attacked him with eight ſmall veſſels, ſo linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating iſland. This, ſays Caſtera, afforded the fiction of the floating iſland of Venus. "The fictions of Camoens, ſays he, *ſont d'autant plus merveilleuſes, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'hiſtoire*, are the more marvellous, becauſe they are all founded in hiſtory. It is not difficult to find why he makes his iſland of Anchediva to wander on the waves; it is in alluſion to a ſingular event related by Barros." He then proceeds to the ſtory of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoens ſtood in need of ſo weak an aſſiſtance.

In

In friendly pity of Latona's woes[y],
Amid the waves the Delian iſle aroſe.
And now led ſmoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the iſle of joy the veſſels glide:
The bay they enter, where on every hand,
Around them claſps the flower-enamell'd land;
A ſafe retreat, where not a blaſt may ſhake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the ſtilly lake.
With purple ſhells, transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow ſands celeſtial Venus ſtains.
With graceful pride three hills of ſofteſt green
Rear their fair boſoms o'er the ſylvan ſcene;
Their ſides embroider'd boaſt the rich array
Of flowery ſhrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the ſnowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every ſlope adorn.
From the green ſummits of the leafy hills
Deſcend with murmuring lapſe three limpid rills;
Beneath the roſe-trees loitering ſlow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er ſome rock their chryſtal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the ſecret ſhade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted ſilver ſtream,

[y] *In friendly pity of Latona's woes*—— Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was perſecuted by Juno, who ſent the ſerpent Python in purſuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her diſtreſs, raiſed the iſland of Delos for her refuge, where ſhe was delivered of Apollo and Diana.——Ovid. Met.

Edging

Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freſhneſs on the flowers.
Where bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow ſands the waters ſleep
The primroſed banks, inverted, dew drops weep;
Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the ſtream
The ſilver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let ſtrays,
Till cloſing now their long meandring maze,
Where in a ſmiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a chryſtal lake the waters blend [z]:
Fring'd was the border with a woodland ſhade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between
The dark aſh-verdure and the ſilvery green.
The trees now bending forward ſlowly ſhake
Their lofty honours o'er the chryſtal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reſerve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the ſummer dreſt,
Smooth-gloſs'd and ſoftened in the mirror's breaſt.

[z] *Form'd in a chryſtal lake the waters blend.* — Caſtera alſo attributes this to hiſtory. "The Portugueſe actually found in this iſland, ſays he, a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn ſtones and magnificent aqueducts; an ancient and ſuperb work, of which no body knew the author."

In 1505 Don Franciſco Almeyda built a fort in this iſland. In digging among ſome ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portugueſe conjectured, ſays Oſorius, that the Anchedivian iſlands had in former ages been inhabited by Chriſtians. Vid. Oſor. L. iv.

So by her glaſs the wiſhful virgin ſtays,
And oft retiring ſteals the lingering gaze.
A thouſand boughs aloft to heaven diſplay
Their fragrant apples ſhining to the day;
The orange here perfumes the buxom [a] air,
And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Near to the ground each ſpreading bough deſcends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon ſcents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breaſts the gentle ſwell avow,
So the twin fruitage ſwell on every bough.
Wild foreſt trees the mountain ſides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic ſhade:
Here ſpreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,

[a] *The orange here perfumes the buxom air,*
And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.—
Frequent alluſions to the fables of the antients form a characteriſtical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A proſuſion of it is pedantry; a moderate uſe of it however in a poem of theſe times pleaſes, becauſe it diſcovers the ſtages of compoſition, and has in itſelf a fine effect, as it illuſtrates its ſubject by preſenting the claſſical reader with ſome little landſcapes of that country through which he has travelled. The deſcription of foreſts is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Taſſo, and Spenſer, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired paſſage in Statius;

——— Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuandaque ſulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus.

In rural deſcriptions three things are neceſſary to render them poetical; the happineſs of epithet, of pictureſque arrangement, and of little landſcape views. Without theſe, all the names of trees and flowers, though ſtrung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurſeryman or a floriſt's catalogue. In Statius, in Taſſo and Spenſer's admired foreſts, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. 1. C. 1. St. 8, 9.) the poetry conſiſts entirely in the happineſs of the epithets. In Camoens, all the three requiſites are admirably attained, and blended together.

The

The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide ſpread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her ſable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whiſpering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs ſhine;
Here towers the cypreſs, preacher to the wiſe,
Leſs'ning from earth her ſpiral honours riſe,
Till, as a ſpear-point rear'd, the topmoſt ſpray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her foſtering elm the ſmiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine,
The numerous cluſters pendant from the boughs,
The green here gliſtens, here the purple glows;
For here the genial ſeaſons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for winter here;
His griſly viſage from the ſhore expell'd,
United ſway the ſmiling ſeaſons held.
Around the ſwelling fruits of deepening red,
Their ſnowy hues the fragrant bloſſoms ſpread;
Between the burſting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermillion bluſh is ſeen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand beſtows
In cultur'd garden, free, uncultur'd flows,

The flavour ſweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foſter'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in ſhining crimſon glows;
And ſtain'd with lover's blood [b], in pendant rows,
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;
The bending boughs careſs'd by Zephyr nod.
The generous peach, that ſtrengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Perſian ſoil,
The velvet peach of ſofeſt gloſſy blue
Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue,
Whoſe open heart a brighter red diſplays
Than that which ſparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,
Delicious as profuſe, the tapering pear.
For thee, fair fruit, the ſongſters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feaſt of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow ſide.
A thouſand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the ſhadowy [c] vale their carpets ſpread,

[b] *And ſtain'd with Lover's blood.*——Pyramus and Thiſbe:

Arborei fœtus aſpergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque ſanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu quo ramis arbor miſerabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pulloſque et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris.
Ovid. Met.

[c] ——— *The ſhadowy vale* —— Literal from the original,——*O ſombrio valle*,—— which Fanſhaw however has tranſlated, "the gloomy

Of fairer tapeſtry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Perſia's boaſted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery ſhone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narciſſus, ſelf-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celeſtial tears,
The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis [d] rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign,
When loſt Adonis ſhall revive again.
At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies,
Which from each other ſtole the beauteous [e] dyes:

gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal, where the author intended a feſtive landſcape. It muſt be confeſſed however, that the deſcription of the iſland of Venus, is infinitely the beſt part all of Fanſhaw's tranſlation. And indeed the dulleſt proſe tranſlation might obſcure, but could not poſſibly throw a total eclipſe over ſo admirable an original.

[d] *The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love.*——The Aenemone. "This, ſays Caſtera, is applicable to the celeſtial Venus, for according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which nature bears to the ſun." The fables of antiquity have generally a threefold interpretation, an hiſtorical alluſion, a phyſical and a metaphyſical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celeſtial Venus. A divine youth is outrageouſly ſlain, but ſhall revive again at the reſtoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the myſteries, or the death and reſurrection of Adonis; among whom were the Britiſh Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the ſame manner Cupid, in the fable of Phyche, is interpreted by mythologiſts, to ſignify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

[e] *At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies, who from each other ſtole the beauteous dyes.*—On this paſſage Caſtera has the following ſenſible though turgid note: "This "thought, ſays he, is taken from the idyl- "lium of Auſonius on the roſe;

"Ambigeres raperetne roſis Aurora ruborem,
"An daret, & flores tingere torta dies.

"Camoens who had a genius rich of itſelf, "ſtill farther enriched it at the expence of "the ancients. Behold what makes great "authors! Thoſe who pretend to give us "nothing but the fruits of their own "growth, ſoon fail, like the little rivulets "which dry up in the ſummer, very dif- "ferent from the floods, who receive in "their courſe the tribute of an hundred and "an hundred rivers, and which even in "the dog-days carry their waves triumphant "to the ocean."

The lawn in all Aurora's luſtre glows,
Aurora ſteals the bluſhes of the roſe,
The roſe diſplays the bluſhes that adorn
The ſpotleſs virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conſpire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freſhneſs, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-ſick hopeleſs maid they dye
The modeſt violet; from the curious eye
The modeſt violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed.
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The ſnow white lilly glitters o'er the lawn;
Low from the bough reclines the damaſk roſe,
And o'er the lilly's milk white boſom glows.
Freſh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her ſweeteſt ſcent exhales.
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful *Ai*[f],
And calls the tribute of Apollo's ſigh;
Still on it's bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the ſtripling's veins.

[f] *The hyacinth bewrays the doleful* Ai.—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally ſlain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

——————— Tyrioque nitentior oſtro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: ſi non,
Purpureus color huic, argenteus eſſet in illis.
Non ſatis hoc Phæbo eſt: is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipſe ſuos gemitus foliis inſcribit; & Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inſcriptum: funeſtaque littera ducta eſt.

Ovid. Met.

Pomona

Pomona fir'd with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris ſpread,
She hangs the wilding's bloſſom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daiſy ſnows
The curving ſlopes, the melon's pride ſhe throws;
Where by the ſtream the lilly of the vale,
Primroſe, and cowſlip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lilly and the cowſlip's bell
The ſcarlet ſtrawberries luxurious ſwell.
Nor theſe alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmleſs beſtial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves reſponſive thro' the branches ſing:
In ſweet vibrations thrilling o'er the ſkies,
High pois'd in air the lark his warbling tries;
The ſwan ſlow ſailing o'er the chryſtal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing ſtrain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleas'd to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearleſs deer;
The hare ſtarts trembling from the buſhy ſhade,
And ſwiftly circling, croſſes oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts diſtil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;

The dappled heifer ſeeks the vales below,
And from the thicket ſprings the bounding doe.
To his lov'd neſt, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little ſongſter brings
The food untaſted; tranſport thrills his breaſt;
'Tis nature's touch, 'tis inſtinct's heav'n-like feaſt.
Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers,
And ſong and joy imparadiſed the bowers.

And ſoon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the ſtrand
The ſecond Argonauts [g] elance to land.
Wide o'er the beauteous iſle [h] the lovely Fair
Stray through the diſtant glades, devoid of care.

[g] *The ſecond Argonauts.*——The expedition of the Golden Fleece was eſteemed in ancient poetry, one of the moſt daring adventures, the ſucceſs of which was accounted miraculous. The alluſions of Camoens to this voyage, though in the ſpirit of his age, are by no means improper.

[h] *Wide o'er the beauteous iſle the lovely Fair.*——We now come to the paſſage condemned by Voltaire as ſo laſcivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portugueſe and Italians could bear it. But the author of the deteſtable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, talks of the iſland of Venus with that ſame knowledge of his ſubject with which he made Camoens, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which diſcovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I truſt, are in general fully anſwered in the preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unneceſſary ere the reader enter upon the paſſage itſelf. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In ſculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedneſs, it is the expreſſion or manner only that offends decency. It is this which conſtitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the laſcivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoens has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology in his machinery has been anathematiſed, and his iſland of Love repreſented as a brothel. Yet both accuſations are the arrogant aſſertions of the moſt ſuperficial acquaintance with his works, a *Hearſay*, ecchoed from critic to critic. His poem itſelf, and a compariſon of its parts with the ſimilar conduct of the greateſt modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both inſtances no modern Epic Writer of note has given leſs offence to true criticiſm.

Not to mention Arioſto, whoſe deſcriptions will often admit of no paliation, Taſſo, Spenſer,

From lowly valley and from mountain grove
The lovely nymphs renew the ſtrains of love.

Spenſer, and Milton, have always been eſteemed among the chaſteſt of poets, yet in that delicacy of warm deſcription, which Milton has ſo finely exemplified in the nuptials of our firſt parents, none of them can boaſt the continued uniformity of the Portugueſe Poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoens which even the genius of Taſſo has not reached; and though the iſland of Armida is evidently copied from the Luſiad, yet thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the finer feelings, will eaſily diſcover an eſſential difference between the love-ſcenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoens are detected naked in the woods and in the ſtream, and though deſirous to captivate, ſtill their behaviour is that of the virgin who hopes to be the ſpouſe. They act the part of offended modeſty; even when they yield they are ſilent, and behave in every reſpect like Milton's Eve in the ſtate of innocence, who

—— —— What was honour knew——
And who diſplayed
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unſought be won.

To ſum up all, the nuptial ſanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a maſterly allegory ſhuts up the love-ſcenes of Camoens.

How different from all this is the iſland of *Armida* in Taſſo, and its tranſlation, the bower of *Acraſia*, in Spenſer! In theſe virtue is ſeduced; the ſcene therefore is leſs delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modeſty of the bride as in Camoens, employ all the arts of the laſcivious wanton. They ſtay not to be wooed; but, as Spenſer gives it,

The amorous ſweet ſpoils to greedy eyes reveal.

One ſtanza from our Engliſh poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, ſhall here ſuffice:

Withal ſhe laughed and ſhe bluſh'd withal,
That bluſhing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall.
Now when they ſpy'd the knight to ſlack his pace,
Them to behold, and *in his ſparkling face*
The ſecret ſigns of kindled luſt appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encreaſe,
And to him becken'd to approach more near,
And ſhew'd him many ſights, that courage cold could rear.

This and other deſcriptions,

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was laid
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin——

preſent every idea of laſcivious voluptuouſneſs. The allurements of ſpeech are alſo added. Songs, which breathe every perſuaſive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.——
TASSO.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the ſmiling mead.——
HOOLE.

Theſe, and the whole ſcenes in the domains of Armida and Acraſia, are in a turn of manner the reverſe of the iſland of Venus. In theſe the expreſſion and idea are meretricious. In Camoens, though the colouring is even warmer, yet the modeſty of the Venus de Medicis is ſtill preſerved. In every thing he deſcribes there is ſtill ſomething ſtrongly ſimilar to the modeſt attitude of the arms of that celebrated ſtatue. Though prudery, that uſual maſk of the impureſt minds, may condemn him, yet thoſe of the moſt chaſte, though leſs gloomy turn, will allow, that in compariſon with others, he might ſay,—*Virginibus puerïſque canto.*

Spenſer alſo, where he does not follow Taſſo, is often groſs; and even in ſome inſtances, where the expreſſion is moſt delicate, the picture is nevertheleſs indecently laſcivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding ſtanzas, which in his ſecond edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a ſtriking example. The virgin *Britomart*, the pattern of chaſtity, ſtands by, while Sir *Scudamore* and *Amoret*,

——— With ſweet countervaile
Each other of love's bitter fruit deſpoile——

But this ſhall not here be cited; only,

That *Britomart*, half envying their bleſs,
Was much empaſſion'd in her gentle ſprite,
And to herſelf oft wiſh'd like happineſs;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd, that fate n'ould let her yet poſſeſs.

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill
The ſolemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;
Here from the ſhadows of the upland grott
The mellow lute renews the ſwelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train
Some gayly ramble o'er the flowery plain,

Nor is Spenſer's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than ſome lines of the Paradiſe Loſt. The reply of the Angel to Adam's deſcription of his nuptials, contains ſome ſtrokes intolerably diſguſtful. And the firſt effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contraſt to that delicacy of expreſſion which adorns the firſt loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus repreſenting the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, ſome of the terms of expreſſion are ſtill indefenſibly indelicate.

Nor may Thomſon, the man

——— ——— who never wrote
One line which, dying, he would wiſh to blot—

plead a greater delicacy of deſcription than Camoens. Indeed one can ſcarcely call the adventure of Damon, when he ſees his miſtreſs ſtrip and bathe, ſo handſomely managed as the ſimilar ſcenes in the iſland of Venus:

——————— deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul diſtracting view—

And,

——————— Damon drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring———

not only ſeem to want ſome of that dignity which lifts deſcription above the ludicrous, but ſeem alſo to have a *je ne ſçai quoi* of perturbation not quite delicate. The heroes of the Luſiad indeed do not kiſs the trees or write *billets doux* when they ſee the nymphs naked before them. But though Thomſon with great propriety has made his lovers fly from each other, in modeſt awe, after having left the means of diſcovery,

——————— But firſt theſe lines
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw———

Which ſhe ſnatched up, and anſwered on the ſpreading beech,

——————— She with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy———
* * * * * * * * be ſtill as now
Diſcreet; the time may come you need not fly.

Yet this difference of conduct in the two poets, affords no objection againſt either. In each circumſtance propriety is preſerved. In a word, ſo unjuſt is the cenſure of Voltaire, a cenſure which never aroſe from a compariſon of Camoens with other poets, ſo ill grounded is the charge againſt him, that we cannot but admire his ſuperior delicacy; a delicacy not even underſtood in England in his age, when the groſſeſt imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the moſt pious divines; when in the old liturgy itſelf it was eſteemed no indelicacy of expreſſion to enjoin the wife *to be buxom in bed and at board*. We know what liberties were taken by the politeſt writers of the Auguſtan age; and ſuch is the change of manners, that Shakeſpeare and Spenſer might with juſtice appeal from the judgment of the preſent, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoens, however, may appeal to the moſt poliſhed age; let him be heard for himſelf, let him be compared with others of the firſt name, and his warmeſt deſcriptions need not dread the deciſion.

In

In feign'd purſuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mein and beauteous limbs to ſhew;
Now ſeeming careleſs, fearful now and coy,
So taught the goddeſs of unutter'd joy,
And gliding through the diſtant glades diſplay
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careleſs freedom take
Their playful revels in the chryſtal lake;
One trembling ſtands no deeper than the knee
To plunge reluctant, while in ſportful glee
Another o'er her ſudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wiſhful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breaſts of ſnow;
Beneath the wave another ſeems to glow;
The amorous waves her boſom fondly kiſs'd,
And roſe and fell, as panting, on her breaſt.
Another ſwims along with graceful pride,
Her ſilver arms the gliſtening waves divide,
Her ſhining ſides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
Her hair, of mildeſt yellow, flows from ſide
To ſide, as o'er it plays the wanton tide,
And careleſs as ſhe turns, her thighs of ſnow
Their tapering rounds in deeper luſtre ſhew.

Where ſome bold Luſians ſought the woodland prey,
And thro' the thickets forc'd the pathleſs way;
Where ſome in ſhades impervious to the beam,
Supinely liſten'd to the murmuring ſtream:
Bright ſudden through the boughs the various dyes
Of pink, of ſcarlet, and of azure riſe.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers ſpring,
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn ſtring:
Soon they behold 'twas not the roſe's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the panſie's blue:
Dazzling the ſhades the nymphs appear——the zone
And flowing ſcarf in gold and azure ſhone.
Naked as Venus ſtood in Ida's bower,
Some truſt the dazzling charms of native power;
Through the green boughs and darkling ſhades they ſhew
The ſhining luſtre of their native ſnow,
And every tapering, every rounded ſwell
Of thigh, of boſom, as they glide, reveal.
As viſions cloath'd in dazzling white they riſe,
Then ſteal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They ſhine and wanton o'er the ſmiling lawn.
Amazed and loſt in rapture of ſurprize,
All joy, my friends, the brave Veloso cries,
Whate'er of goddeſſes old fable told,
Or poet ſung of ſacred groves, behold.

Sacred

Sacred to goddeſſes divinely bright
Theſe beauteous foreſts own their guardian might.
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,
To us, behold, all Paradiſe reveal'd!
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,
Or living charms appear, divinely fair!
Swift at the word the gallant Luſians bound,
Their rapid footſteps ſcarcely touch the ground;
Through copſe, through brake, impatient of their prey,
Swift as the wounded deer they ſpring away:
Fleet through the winding ſhades in rapid flight
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their ſight;
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,
And dimpling ſmile their ſeeming fear deny.
Fleet through the ſhades in parted rout they glide:
If winding path the choſen pairs divide,
Another path by ſweet miſtake betrays,
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
The laugh, the ſhriek, confeſs the charmer there.

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.
Fleet as the Fair Ones ſpeed, the buſy gale
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;

White

White though the veil, in fairer brighter glow,
The lifted robe diſplays the living ſnow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then inſtant to the glance each charm reveals;
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the ſhade inflames deſire.
One as her breathleſs lover haſtens on,
With wily ſtumble ſudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd, ſhe riſes with a bluſhing ſmile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tript by the Fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager ſpeed.

Afar, where ſport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the ſhriek, the revel and the toy,
Beſpeak the innocence of youthful joy.
The laugh, the ſhriek, the gallant Luſians hear
As through the foreſt glades they chace the deer;
For arm'd to chace the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the tranſport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods reſound the ſhriek of fear.
Some feign ſuch terror of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modeſty to this gives place,

Naked

Naked they ſpring to land and ſpeed away
To deepeſt ſhades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous hands their fear denies.
Some well aſſume Diana's virgin ſhame,
When on her naked ſports the hunter [1] came
Unwelcome——plunging in the chryſtal tide,
In vain they ſtrive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, beſtow
A milder luſtre and a ſofter glow.
As loſt in earneſt care of future need,
Some to the banks to ſnatch their mantles ſpeed,
Of preſent view regardleſs; every wile
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,
Diſplay'd, in various force, was every charm.
Nor idle ſtood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the Fair they ſpring;
Some to the copſe purſue their lovely prey;
Some cloath'd and ſhod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the ſtings of fierce deſire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench their fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow ſteel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere burſts the flaſhing roar,
Fierce for the prey ſprings headlong from the ſhore,

[1] *The hunter.*——Acteon.

And

And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow ſprings each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whoſe eyes from all the reſt
By ſingling him her ſecret wiſh confeſt.

A ſon of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye ſpoke ſimpleſt truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accompliſh'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever ſpurn'd his vows; yet ſtill his heart
Would hope, and nouriſh ſtill the tender ſmart:
The pureſt delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudeſt honour nurs'd his fond deſires.
Not on the firſt that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the firſt the youth his love beſtow'd.
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting tranſport o'er him ſtole,
And Love's all generous glow intranced his ſoul;
Of ſelfiſh joy unconſcious, every thought
On ſweet delirium's ocean ſtreamed afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre ſhine,
Nor leſs ſhe wiſh'd theſe beauties to reſign:

More than her ſiſters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet ſwifter fled ſhe o'er the ſmiling field.
The youth now panting with the hopeleſs chace,
Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face:
Falſe to themſelves can charms like theſe conceal
The hateful rigour of relentleſs ſteel;
And did the ſtream deceive me when I ſtood
Amid my peers reflected in the flood?
The eaſieſt port and faireſt bloom I bore——
Falſe was the ſtream——while I in vain deplore,
My peers are happy; lo, in every ſhade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns purſue
A cruel Fair——Ah, ſtill my fate proves true,
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee
Reveal'd, 'twas I that ſued! unhappy me!
Born to be ſpurn'd though honeſty inſpire——
Alas, I faint, my languid ſinews tire;
Oh ſtay thee——powerleſs to ſuſtain their weight
My knees ſink down, I ſink beneath my fate!
He ſpoke; a ruſtling urges thro' the trees,
Inſtant new vigour ſtrings his active knees,
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
And muſt another ſnatch my lovely prize!
In ſavage graſp thy beauteous limbs conſtrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!

Oh loſt, thou fly'ſt the ſafety of my arms,
My hand ſhall guard thee, ſoftly ſeize thy charms,
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die ſhall thy raviſher——Oh goddeſs, turn,
And ſmiling view the error of my fear;
No brutal force, no raviſher is near;
A harmleſs roebuck gave the ruſtling ſounds,
Lo, from the thicket ſwift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace!
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.
Vain are thy fears; were ev'n thy will to yield
The harveſt of my hope, that harveſt field
My fate would guard, and walls of braſs would rear
Between my ſickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; ſo may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wings of time.
Yet hear, the laſt my panting breath can ſay,
Nor proudeſt kings, nor mightieſt hoſts can ſway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph, divine,
Yet thou canſt more, yet thou canſt conquer mine.
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I ſee;
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee——Oh, every tranſport of deſire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee reſpires——alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing extacy:

By

By all the flames of ſympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed tranſport flows
That ſevered rages, and for union glows;
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare:
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him ſofty tread.
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I ſee, I ſee thee ruſhing to his arms,
And ſinking on his boſom, all thy charms
To him reſigning in an eager kiſs,
All I implor'd, the whelming tide of bliſs!
And ſhall I ſee him riot on thy charms,
Diſſolved in joy exulting in thine arms——
Oh burſt, ye lightnings, round my deſtin'd head,
Oh pour your flaſhes——madning [1] as he ſaid,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footſteps ſtill the nymph purſued.

[1] —— *Madning as he ſaid* — At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the inſtances of imitative and ſentimental harmony contained in his tranſlations. He has alſo often in his notes pointed out the adoption of ſound to ſenſe. The Tranſlator of the Luſiad hopes he may for once ſay, that he has not been inattentive to this great eſſential of good verſification; how he has ſucceeded the judicious only muſt determine. The ſpeech of Leonard to the curſory reader may perhaps ſometimes appear careleſs, and ſometimes turgid and ſtiff. That ſpeech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and ſentimental harmony, and with the judicious he reſts its fate. As the tranſlation in this inſtance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purſy Abbé, (and Critics are apt to judge by themſelves) may indeed be ſurprized that a man out of breath with running ſhould be able to talk ſo long. But had he conſulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a ſtout and young Cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chace of a couple of miles, provided the ſuppoſition is allowed, that he treads on the laſt ſteps of his flying miſtreſs.

Wooed to the flight ſhe wing'd her ſpeed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now ſhe turns the wild walk's ſerpent maze;
A roſeate bower its velvet couch diſplays;
The thickeſt moſs its ſofteſt verdure ſpread,
Crocus and mingling panſie fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roſes crown'd the ſweet alcove.
Here as ſhe haſtens, on the hopeleſs boy
She turns her face all bathed in ſmiles of joy;
Then, ſinking down, her eyes, ſufficed with love
Glowing on his, one moment loſt reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wiſh'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms ſoft ſinks the ſtripling down——
Ah, what ſoft murmurs panting thro' the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours;
The wiſhful ſigh and melting ſmile conſpire,
Devouring kiſſes fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with dreareſt grace aſſails,
Soft o'er the purpoſed frown the ſmile prevails,
The purpoſed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the riſing threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And tranſport murmurs thro' the ſacred grove.
The joy of pleaſing adds its ſacred zeſt,
And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the ſcenes of joy;
Nor, ſultry noon, mayſt thou the bowers annoy;
The ſultry noon-beam ſhines the lover's aid,
And ſends him glowing to the ſecret ſhade.
O'er every ſhade and every nuptial bower
The love-ſick ſtrain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,
The Luſian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets, bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd:
By every ſpouſal holy ritual ty'd,
No chance they vow ſhall e'er their hands divide,
In life, in death attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's ſovereign Dame:
The Dame, (from Heaven and holy Veſta ſprung,
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the Chief whoſe deathleſs name
The wondering world and conquer'd ſeas proclaim.
With ſtately pomp ſhe holds the Hero's hand,
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By ſpouſal ties confirm'd; nor paſt untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vaſt globe in radiant ſphere ſhe ſhew'd,
The ſhores immenſe, and ſeas unknown, unplow'd;
The ſeas, the ſhores, due to the Luſian keel
And Luſian ſword, ſhe haſtens to reveal.

The glorious Leader by the hand ſhe takes,
And dim below the flowery bowers forſakes.
High on a mountain's ſtarry top divine
Her palace walls of living chryſtal ſhine;
Of gold and chryſtal blaze the lofty towers;
Here bathed in joy they paſs the bliſsful hours:
Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the ſovereigns in the palace reign,
Like tranſport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence, ye [m] profane——the ſong melodious roſe,
By mildeſt zephyrs wafted through the boughs,
Unſeen the warblers of the holy ſtrain——
Far from theſe ſacred bowers, ye leud profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaſte and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's Queen.
The iſle angelic, every raptured ſcene

[m] *Hence, ye profane*——We have already obſerved, that in every other poet the love-ſcenes are generally deſcribed as thoſe of guilt and remorſe. The contrary character of thoſe of Camoens, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the fiction of the ſpouſal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are moſt happily conducted. See the Introduction.

The

The charms of honour and its meed confeſs,
Theſe are the raptures, theſe the wedded bliſs:
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever bloſſom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
Theſe are the tranſports of the Iſle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever juſt,
To arts and valour rear'd the worſhipp'd buſt.
High, ſteep and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immenſe is virtue's road;
But ſmooth at laſt the walks umbrageous ſmile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our iſle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, ſtrove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove:
Like you to bleſs mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waſte deſert Bacchus ſpread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harveſt field to ſhine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the bleſt abodes
She raiſed, and hail'd them gods and ſprung of gods.

The love of Fame, by heaven's own hand impreſt,
The firſt and nobleſt paſſion of the breaſt,

May yet miſlead——Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours falſe and vain,
No tinſel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each reſpect you hold:
To your loved King return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppreſſion guard the peaſant's cauſe.
If youthful fury pant for ſhining arms,
Spread o'er the Eaſtern World the dread [n] alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hoſtile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant ſceptre o'er his chains.
On adamantine pillars thus ſhall ſtand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Luſian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us ſhare our Iſle Divine.

[n] *Spread o'er the Eaſtern World the dread alarms.*—This admonition places the whole deſign of the poem before us. To extirpate Mohammediſm and propagate Chriſtianity were profeſſed as the principal purpoſe of the diſcoveries of Prince Henry and King Emmanuel. In the beginning of the Seventh Luſiad, the nations of Europe are upbraided for permitting the Saracens to erect and poſſeſs an empire, whoſe power alike threatened Europe and Chriſtianity. The Portugueſe, however, the patriot poet concludes, will themſelves overthrow their enormous power: an event which is the propoſed ſubject of the Luſiad, and which is repreſented as, in effect, compleated in the laſt book. On this ſyſtem, adopted by the poet, and which on every occaſion was avowed by their Kings, the Portugueſe made immenſe conqueſts in the Eaſt. Yet, let it be remembered, to the honour of Gama and the firſt commanders who followed his route, that the plots of the Moors, and their various breaches of treaty, gave riſe to the firſt wars which the Portugueſe waged in Aſia. On finding that all the colonies of the Moors were combined for their deſtruction, the Portugueſe declared war againſt the eaſtern Moors and their allies wherever they found them. The courſe of human things however ſoon took place, and the ſword of victory and power ſoon became the ſword of tyranny and rapine.

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION on the FICTION of the ISLAND of VENUS.

FROM the earlieſt ages, and in the moſt diſtant nations, palaces, foreſts and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's iſland of Rhadamanthus, the deſcription is ſometimes only curſory; at other times they have laviſhed all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landſcapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyſſey, and the Elyſium in the Eneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many inſtances of theſe occur in the later writers. Theſe ſubjects however, it muſt be owned, are ſo natural to the genius of poetry, that it is ſcarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the claſſics, the innumerable deſcriptions of this kind, which abound in the old Romances. In theſe, under different allegorical names, every paſſion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or its dreary cave. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed theſe fictions from the Gothic Romancers; Arioſto borrowed from them, and Spenſer has copied Arioſto and Taſſo. In the ſixth and ſeventh books of the Orlando Furioſo, there is a fine deſcription of the iſland and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logiſtilla or Virtue. The paſſage, of this kind, however, where Arioſto has diſplayed the richeſt poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the deſcription of Paradiſe, whither he ſends Aſtolpho the Engliſh Duke, to aſk the help of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is moſt admirably fanciful. Aſtolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horſe, ſees Paradiſe, and, accompanied by the Evangeliſt, viſits the moon; the adventures in which orb are almoſt literally tranſlated in Milton's Limbo. But the paſſage which may be ſaid to bear the neareſt reſemblance to the deſcriptive part of the iſland of Venus, is the landſcape of Paradiſe, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whoſe many acts of friendſhip I am proud to acknowledge myſelf indebted, has obliged me with his tranſlation, though only ten books of his Arioſto are yet publiſhed.

O'er the glad earth the bliſsful ſeaſon pours
The vernal beauties of a thouſand flowers
In vary'd tints: there ſhew'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the ſapphire blue.
The mead appears one intermingled blaze
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays.
Not emerald here ſo bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of thoſe celeſtial fields.
On every tree the leaves unfading grow,
The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow!
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs their notes melodious ſing:
Still lakes, and murmuring ſtreams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the liſtening ear.
A ſoftening genial air, that ever ſeems
In even tenor, cools the ſolar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the bloſſoms yield
Of grateful ſcent, the ſtealing gales diſpenſe
The blended ſweets to feed th' immortal ſenſe.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame emits a ſtreamy light,
And wrapt in ſplendor of refulgent day
Outſhines the ſtrength of every mortal ray.

Aſtolpho gently now directs his ſpeed
To where the ſpacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameleſs charm that happy ſoil ſupplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary deſart and a ſeat of woe!
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath beſtow'd,
In evil hour for man's unbleſt abode.

Near and more near the ſtately walls he drew,
In ſtedfaſt gaze tranſported at the view:
They ſeem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams tranſparent rubies ſhed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Tranſcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boaſting tongues proclaim
Thoſe wonders of the world, ſo chronicled by fame!

Camoens read and admired Arioſto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his iſland of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery deſcription is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Arioſto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before the threſhold wanton damſels wait,
Or ſport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modeſty attemper'd every grace;
In veſtures green each damſel ſwept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
Theſe, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this ſweet Paradiſe of ſoft delight. . . . .
Enamour'd youths and tender damſels ſeem
To chant their loves beſide a purling ſtream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's ſhade
In ſports and dances preſs the downy glade,
While one diſcloſes to his friend, apart,
The ſecret tranſports of his amorous heart.
B. VI.

But theſe deſcriptions alſo, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the uſe of the alphabet; and indeed the greateſt part of theſe love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Aſtolpho, who was tranſformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero;

Her former lovers ſhe eſteem'd no more,
For many lovers ſhe poſſeſs'd before;
I was her joy ———
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind
In love inconſtant as the changing wind!
Scarce had I held two months the Fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place:
Rejected then I join'd the baniſh'd herd
That loſt her love, as others were preferr'd. . .
Some here, ſome there, her potent charms retain,
In diverſe forms impriſon'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd,
Or ſuch as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains ſome, and ſome in beaſts confin'd,
As ſuits the wayward Fairy's cruel mind.
Hoole, Ar. B. VI.

When incidents, character and conduct confeſs the reſemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a ſimilar ſtroke of paſſion or deſcription occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulneſs, to tell us on what paſſage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been perſecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the Athieſt, their ſyſtem is involved in the deepeſt abſurdity. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe, that men of poetical feelings, in deſcribing the ſame thing, ſhould give us the ſame picture. But that the Paradiſe Loſt, which forms one animated whole of the nobleſt poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a ſuppoſition which gives Milton a caſt of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greateſt poetical genius. When *Gaſper Pouſſin* painted clouds and trees in his landſcapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue of the leaf and the ſky from *Claud Lorain*. Neither did Camoens, when he painted his iſland of Venus, ſpend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predeceſſors, who had deſcribed the beauties of the vernal year or the ſtages of paſſion. Camoens knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; theſe formed his taſte and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landſcapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he deſcribes the agitations of that paſſion.

Nor is the deſcription of fairy bowers and palaces, though moſt favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals alſo abounds with them, yet with ſome characteriſtical differences. Like the conſtitutions and dreſs of the Aſiatics, the landſcapes of the eaſtern Muſe are warm and feeble, brilliant and ſlight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal ſameneſs. The weſtern Muſe, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, ſometimes flowery as her Italian or Engliſh fields, ſometimes majeſtically great as her Runic foreſts of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all theſe differences of feature, ſeveral Oriental fictions greatly reſemble the iſland of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of Prince *Agib*, or the third Calander, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a ſtriking likeneſs of painting and cataſtrophe.

If Arioſto however ſeem to reſemble any eaſtern fiction, the Iſland of Venus in Camoens bears a more ſtriking reſemblance to a paſſage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Aſſembly of the Fowles:

The bildir Oak, and eke the hardie Aſhe,
The pillir Elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The Boxe pipetre, the Holme to whippis laſthe,
The ſailing Firre, the Cypres deth to plaine,
The ſhortir Ewe, the Aſpe for ſhaftis plaine,
The Olive of pece, and eke the dronkin Vine,
The victor Palme, the Laurir to Divine.

A gardein

A gardein ſawe I full of bloſomed bowis,
Upon a River, in a grené Mede
There as ſweteneſs evirmore inough is,
With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere Welleſtremis, nothing dede,
That ſwommin full of ſmale fiſhis light,
With finnis rede, and ſcalis ſilver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I ſyng
With voice of angell, in ther harmonie
That buſied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan eſpie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirils, and beſtis ſmal of gentle kind.

Of inſtrumentes of ſtringis, in accorde
Herd I ſo plaie a raviſhyng ſwetneſſe,
That God, that makir is of all and Lorde,
Ne herd nevir a better, as I geſſe,
There with a winde, unneth it might be leſſe,
Made in the levis grene a noiſé ſoft
Accordant to the foulis ſong on loft.

The aire of the place ſo attempre was,
That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Under a tre beſide a well I ſeye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei ſhould ſerve,
Some for to flea, and ſome to wound and carve.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

And upon pillirs grete of Jaſpir long
I ſaw a temple of Braſſe ifoundid ſtrong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which ſome there ywere
Faire of 'hemſelf, and ſome of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all deſheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er from yere to yere,
And on the temple ſawe I white and faire
Of dovis ſittyng many a thouſande paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the ſtreams, the muſic of inſtruments and birds, the frolicks of deer and other animals; and *women inow*. In a word, the Iſland of Venus is here ſketched out, yet Chaucer was never tranſlated into Latin or any language of the Continent, nor did Camoens underſtand a line of Engliſh. The ſubject was common, and the ſame poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoens, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landſcapes and of bowers devoted to pleaſure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of iſlands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoens. The iſland of Venus contains, of all others, by much the compleateſt gradation, and fulleſt aſſemblage of that ſpecies of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullneſs. Nor can the iſland of Armida in Taſſo be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or paſſionate expreſſion; though Taſſo as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoens, as Spenſer appropriated the imagery of Taſſo, when he deſcribed the bower of Acraſia, part of which he has literally tranſlated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acraſia however are much too long to be here inſerted, and they are well known to every reader of taſte.

But the chief praiſe of our Poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of ſo beautiful a fiction, as an eſſential part of the conduct and machinery of an Epic Poem, does the greateſt honour to the invention of Camoens. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity but is compleated by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a maſterly contraſt. In the fineſt allegory the heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our Poet gives a noble imitation of the nobleſt part of the Eneid. In the tenth Luſiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis ſing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conqueſt of India: after this the Goddeſs ſhews Gama a view of the Eaſtern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furtheſt iſlands of Japan. She poetically deſcribes every region and the principal iſlands, and concludes, *All theſe are given to the Weſtern World by You.* It is impoſſible any poem can be ſummed up with greater ſublimity. The Fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the moſt maſterly fiction, fineſt compliment, and ultimate purpoſe of the Eneid, is not only nobly imitated, but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already obſerved, is paralleled, without one circumſtance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot poſſibly bear a ſtronger reſemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Luſiad, the prophetic ſong, and the viſion ſhewn to

to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the ſubject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to reſemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be reſembled by a Milton. Milton certainly heard of Fanſhaw's tranſlation of the Luſiad, though he might never have ſeen the original, for it was publiſhed fourteen years before he gave his Paradiſe Loſt to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the laſt book of the Luſiad been two thouſand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoens, is of little conſequence. That the genius of the great Milton ſuggeſted the concluſion of his immortal Poem in the manner and machinery of the Luſiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt, are in point of conduct exactly the ſame with the part of Thetis and Gama in the concluſion of the Luſiad. Yet this difference muſt be obſerved; in the narrative of his laſt book, Milton has flagged, as Addiſon calls it, and fallen infinitely ſhort of the untired ſpirit of the Portugueſe Poet.

END of the Ninth BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the weſtern ocean's diſtant bed
Apollo now his fiery courſers ſped,
Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic [a] roll'd
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

[a] *Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic.*—— The city of Mexico is environed with an extenſive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his ſecond narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of freſh, the other of ſalt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This ſituation, ſaid the Mexicans, was appointed by their God *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-hiſtories, led their fore-fathers a journey of fourſcore years, in ſearch of the promiſed land; the apiſh Devil, ſay ſome Spaniſh writers, in this imitating the journies of the Iſraelites. Four of the principal prieſts carried the Idol in a coffer of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their God in the midſt of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar. They then ſowed the land, and their ſtay or departure, without regard to the harveſt, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at laſt by his command they fixed their abode on the ſite of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is repreſented by men coming out of caves, and their different journies and encampments are pourtrayed in their picture-hiſtories; one of which was ſent to Charles V. and is ſaid to be ſtill extant in the Eſcurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their firſt emigration was about A.D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acoſta, and other Spaniſh writers.

The

The eaſtern ſky was left to duſky grey,
And o'er the laſt hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the ſultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.
Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whiſpers thro' the trees;
Refreſh'd the lilly rears the ſilver head,
And opening jeſmines o'er the arbours ſpread.
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like diſtant ſnow,
Graceful aroſe the moon, ſerenely ſlow;
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded ſplendor dreſt,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breaſt.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his ſpouſal anthem ſung;
From every bower the holy chorus roſe,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Tranſlucent twinkling through the upland grove
In all her luſtre ſhines the ſtar of love;
Led by the ſacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the reſt approved,
Each with the nymph above the reſt beloved,
They ſeek the palace of the ſovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars ſhone,
The walls were chryſtal ſtarr'd with precious ſtone.

Amid

Amid the hall aroſe the feſtive board
With nature's choiceſt gifts promiſcuous ſtor'd:
So will'd the Goddeſs to renew the ſmile
Of vital ſtrength, long worn by days of toil.
On chryſtal chairs that ſhined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of ſtate
The beauteous goddeſs and the leader ſate:
The banquet glows——Not ſuch the feaſt, when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the love-ſick [b] Roman ſpread the boaſt
Of every teeming ſea and fertile coaſt.
Sacred to nobleſt worth and Virtue's ear,
Divine as genial was the banquet here;
The wine, the ſong, by ſweet returns inſpire,
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
On gold and ſilver from th' Atlantic main,
The ſumptuous tribute of the ſea's wide reign,
Of various ſavour was the banquet piled;
Amid the fruitage mingling roſes ſmiled.
In cups of gold that ſhed a yellow light,
In ſilver ſhining as the moon of night,
Amid the banquet flow'd the ſparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambroſia in th' Olympian bower

[b] *Before the love-ſick Roman.*——Mark Anthony.

To

To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divineſt tranſport this alone inſpires.
The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breaſt
The chryſtal fountain's cooling aid [c] confeſt;
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient diſcourſe, the banquet of the ſoul,
Of richeſt argument and brighteſt glow,
Array'd in dimpling ſmiles, in eaſieſt flow
Pour'd all its graces: nor in ſilence ſtood
The powers of muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued
The horrid frown of Hell's profound [d] domains,
And ſooth'd the tortur'd ghoſts to ſlumber on their chains.
To muſic's ſweeteſt chords in loftieſt vein,
An angel Syren joins the vocal ſtrain;
The ſilver roofs reſound the living ſong,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; liſtening Silence rides
The ſky, and o'er the bridled winds preſides;

[c] *The beverage——the fountain's cooling aid confeſt.*——It was a cuſtom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the cooleſt ſpring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may ſuppoſe, to render it leſs intoxicating, but on account of the cooling flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us that the wine which Ulyſſes gave to Polypheme would bear twenty meaſures of water. Modern luxury has ſubſtituted preſerved ice, in place of the more ancient mixture.

[d] *Muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued the horrid frown of Hell,* &c.—Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, as already obſerved, was publiſhed fourteen years before the Paradiſe Loſt. Theſe lines of Milton,

What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſung?
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience———

bear a reſemblance to theſe of Fanſhaw,

Muſical inſtruments not wanting, ſuch
As to the damned ſpirits once gave eaſe
In the dark vaults of the infernal Hall.—

To *ſlumber* amid their puniſhment, though omitted by Fanſhaw, is literal,

Fizerao deſcançar da eterna pena——

In

In ſofteſt murmurs flows the glaſſy deep,
And each, lull'd in his ſhade, the beſtials ſleep.
The lofty ſong aſcends the thrilling ſkies,
The ſong of godlike heroes yet to riſe;
Jove gave the dream, whoſe glow the Syren fired,
And preſent Jove the prophecy inſpired.
Not he, the bard of love-ſick Dido's board,
Nor he the minſtrel of Phæacia's lord,
Though fam'd in ſong, could touch the warbling ſtring,
Or with a voice ſo ſweet, melodious ſing.
And thou, my Muſe, O faireſt of the train,
Calliope, inſpire my cloſing ſtrain.
No more the ſummer of my life [e] remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak ſtream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I haſten to the tomb's repoſe,
The port whoſe deep dark bottom ſhall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other ſea of life to ſteer
The human courſe——Yet thou, O goddeſs, hear,

[e] *No more the ſummer of my life remains.* ——It is not certain when Camoens wrote this. It ſeems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apoſtrophe to his Muſe may perhaps by ſome be blamed as another digreſſion; but ſo little does it require defence, that one need not heſitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his Muſe, introduced, on theſe favourable opportunities, any little picture or hiſtory of himſelf, theſe digreſſions would have been the moſt intereſting parts of his works. Had any ſuch little hiſtory of Homer complained like this of Camoens, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Yet let me live, though round my ſilver'd head
Misfortune's bittereſt rage unpitying ſhed
Her coldeſt ſtorms; yet let me live to crown
The ſong that boaſts my nation's proud renown.

Of godlike heroes ſung the nymph divine,
Heroes whoſe deeds on Gama's creſt ſhall ſhine;
Who through the ſeas by Gama firſt explor'd
Shall bear the Luſian ſtandard and the ſword,
Till every coaſt where roars the orient main,
Bleſt in its ſway, ſhall own the Luſian reign;
Till every Pagan king his neck ſhall yield,
Or vanquiſh'd gnaw the duſt on battle field.

High Prieſt of Malabar, the goddeſs ſung,
Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy [f] wrong;
Though for thy faith to Luſus' generous race
The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface:
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco ſails,
To India wafted on auſpicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide ſhall preſs,
A new Achilles ſhall the tide confeſs;

[f] *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.*——P. Alvarez Cabral, the ſecond Portugueſe commander who ſailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high prieſt of Malabar. The Zamorim raiſed powerful armies to dethrone him. His fidelity to the Portugueſe was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the loweſt ebb. For an account of this war, and the almoſt incredible atchievements of Pacheco, ſee the hiſtory in the preface.

His

His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneath his [g] weight,
And deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.
Soon as on India's ſtrand he ſhakes his ſpear,
The burning Eaſt ſhall tremble, chill'd with fear;
Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's ſtream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam;
Urged on by raging ſhame the Monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vaſſal kings:
Narſinga's rocks their cruel thouſands pour,
Bipur's ſtern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide North ſweeps down its peopled tide:

[g] *His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneath their weight, And deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.*——Thus Virgil;

——————— ſimul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit ſub pondere cymba
Sutilis, & multam accepit rimoſa paludem.

That the viſionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Eneas is a fine poetical ſtroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camoens, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy inſtance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical alluſions to, or abridgements of hiſtorical events, are either extremely inſipid and obſcure, or particularly pleaſing to the reader. To be pleaſing, a previous acquaintance with the hiſtory is neceſſary, and for this reaſon the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly reliſhed by their countrymen. When a known circumſtance is placed in an animated poetical view, and cloathed with the graces of poetical language, a ſenſible mind muſt feel the effect. But when the circumſtance is unknown, nothing but the moſt lively imagery and fineſt colouring can prevent it from being tireſome. The Luſiad affords many inſtances which muſt be highly pleaſing to the Portugueſe, but dry to thoſe who are unacquainted with their hiſtory. Nor need one heſitate to aſſert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman hiſtory from our childhood, a great part of the Eneid would appear to us intollerably unintereſting. Senſible of this diſadvantage which every verſion of hiſtorical poetry muſt ſuffer, the Tranſlator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the ſubject, but has alſo, all along, in the epiſode in the third and fourth books, in the deſcription of the painted enſigns in the eighth, and in the alluſions in the preſent book, endeavoured to throw every hiſtorical incident into that univerſal language, the pictureſque of poetry. The circumſtances unſuſceptible of imagery are haſtened over, and thoſe which can beſt receive it, preſented to the view. When Hector ſtorms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader underſtands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Neſtor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of *Amarynces*, (Iliad. xxiii.) the critics themſelves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

Join'd are the ſects that never touch'd before,
By land the Pagan, and by ſea the Moor.
O'er land, o'er ſea the great Pacheco ſtrews
The proſtrate ſpearmen, and the founder'd [h] proas.
Submis and ſilent, palſied with amaze
Proud Malabar th' unnumbered ſlain ſurveys:
Yet burns the Monarch; to his ſhrine he ſpeeds;
Dire howl the prieſts, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they ſtamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enrag'd with dog-like madneſs to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promiſed victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with ſlain.
With ſtern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field Himſelf prepares;
His harneſs'd thouſands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are ſprinkled o'er,
And his proud face daſh'd with his [i] menials' gore:
From his high couch he leaps, and ſpeeds to flight
On foot inglorious, in his army's ſight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,
The ſecret poiſon, and the chanted ſpell;

[h] *Proas*—or paraos, Indian veſſels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

[i] ——— *his robes are ſprinkled o'er,*
And his proud face daſh'd with his menials' gore.——See the hiſtory in the preface.

Vain

Vain as the ſpell the poiſon's rage is ſhed,
For Heaven defends the hero's ſacred head.
Still fiercer from each wound the Tyrant burns,
Still to the field with heavier force returns;
The ſeventh dread war he kindles; high in air
The hills diſhonour'd lift their ſhoulders bare;
Their woods roll'd down now ſtrew the river's ſide,
Now riſe in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
Mountains of fire and ſpires of bickering flame,
While either bank reſounds the proud acclaim,
Come floating down, round Luſus' fleet to pour
Their ſulphrous entrails in a burning [k] ſhower.
Oh vain the hope——Let Rome her boaſt reſign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine;
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's [l] red field,
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, ſuch deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts ſuch ruſhing ſtorms repell'd.
Swift as repulſed the famiſhed wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So ſwift, ſo fierce, ſeven times, all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;

[k] ——— *round Luſus' fleet to pour their ſulphrous entrails.*——How Pacheco avoided this formidable danger, ſee the hiſtory in the preface.

[l] *Nor Tyber's bridge.*——When Porſenna beſieged Rome, Horatius Cocles defended the paſs of a bridge till the Romans deſtroyed it behind him. Having thus ſaved the paſs, heavy armed as he was, he ſwimmed acroſs the river to his companions. The Roman hiſtory, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The ſtand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withſtood by land and ſea, and the victories he obtained, are much more aſtoniſhing than the ſtand at Thermopylæ. See the preface.

One

One hundred ſpears, ſeven times in dreadful ſtower,
Strews in the duſt all India's raging power.

The lofty ſong, for paleneſs o'er her ſpread,
The nymph ſuſpends, and bows the languid head;
Her faultering words are breath'd on plaintive ſighs,
Ah, Beliſarius, injured Chief, ſhe cries,
Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival ſee,
Injured Pacheco falls deſpoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee diſhonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her faireſt deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies
Low on an alms-houſe [m] bed, and friendleſs dies.
Yet ſhall the Muſes plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by thy king, alone to thee unjuſt,
Thy head, great Chief, was humbled in the duſt,
Loud ſhall the Muſe indignant ſound thy praiſe,
" Thou gaveſt thy Monarch's throne its proudeſt blaze."
While round the world the ſun's bright car ſhall ride,
So bright ſhall ſhine thy name's illuſtrious pride;
Thy Monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,
Eclipſed by thine, ſhall ſhed a ſickly gleam.
Such meed attends when ſoothing flattery ſways,
And blinded State its ſacred truſt betrays!

[m] *Low on an alms-houſe bed.*——See the hiſtory in the preface.

Again

Again the Nymph exalts her brow, again
Her ſwelling voice reſounds the lofty ſtrain:
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his ſtandard rears:
In all the generous rage of youthful fire
The warlike ſon attends the warlike ſire.
Quiloa's blood-ſtain'd tyrant now ſhall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Another prince, by Liſbon's throne beloved,
Shall bleſs the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze ſhall now her treaſon's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudeſt domes enfold:
Involved in ſmoak, loud craſhing, low ſhall fall
The mounded temple and the caſtled wall.
O'er India's ſeas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron ſhowers;
Torn maſts and rudders, hulks and canvas riven,
Month after month before his prows are driven;
But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkneſs reſt,
That awful will, which knows alone the beſt,
Now blunts his ſpear: Cambaya's ſquadrons joined
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,
Engraſp him round; red boils the ſtaggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood:
Whirl'd by an iron thunder bolt, his thigh
In ſhivers torn flies hiſſing o'er the ſky:

Bound

Bound to the maſt the godlike hero [n] ſtands,
Waves his proud ſword and cheers his woeful bands.
Though winds and ſeas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breaſt:
Oh fly, bleſt ſpirit, to thy heavenly reſt——
Hark, rolling on the groaning ſtorm I hear,
Reſiſtleſs vengeance thundering on the rear!
I ſee the tranſports of the furious fire,
As o'er the mangled corſe his eyes flaſh fire.
Swift to the fight, with ſtern though weeping eyes,
Fixt rage fierce burning in his breaſt, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that ſees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,
On oak or beech his madning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian ſky,
Before his prows the fleets of India [o] fly;

[n] *Bound to the maſt the godlike hero ſtands.*——The Engliſh hiſtory affords an inſtance of ſimilar reſolution in Admiral Bembo, who was ſupported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were ſhivered in ſplinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young Almeyda refuſed to bear off, though almoſt certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically againſt him. His father had ſharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impoſſible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the preface.

[o] ——— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the Indian ſeas, the Viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almoſt immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, Lord of Diu, ſuffered much; but the greateſt ſlaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, ſays *Oſorius*, ſurvived this engagement. Melique Yaz, ſays *Faria y Souſa*, was born in ſlavery, and deſcended of the Chriſtians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was much leſs ſo than that of many. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in ſtate,

On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of priſon'd fire:
Heads, limbs and trunks ſhall choak the ſtruggling tide,
Till every ſurge with reeking crimſon dyed,
Around the young Almeyda's hapleſs urn
His conquerors' naked ghoſts ſhall howl and mourn.
As meteors flaſhing through the darken'd air
I ſee the victors' whirling faulchions glare;
Dark rolls the ſulphrous ſmoke o'er Dio's ſkies,
And ſhrieks of death and ſhouts of conqueſt riſe,
In one wide tumult blended: The rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling ſhore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons howling on the ſtrand of Nile,
By the pale moon their abſent ſons deplore;
Long ſhall they wail; their ſons return no more.

Ah, ſtrike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,
A dreary viſion ſwims before my eyes.
To Tagus' ſhore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the duſt the Hero's glory ends:
Though bended bow, nor thundering engine's hail,
Nor Egypt's ſword, nor India's ſpear prevail,

ſtate, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majeſty in great wrath ſwore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an expert archer, immediately diſpatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent ſervice he was made Lord of Diu, or Dio, a conſiderable city, the ſtrongeſt and moſt important fortreſs at that time in all India. See *Faria*, L. 2. c. 2.

Fall ſhall the [p] Chief before a naked foe,
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd ſtones ſhall ſtrike the blow;
The Cape of Tempeſts ſhall his tomb ſupply,
And in the deſert ſands his bones ſhall lie,
No boaſtful trophy o'er his aſhes rear'd:
Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!

But lo, reſplendent ſhines another ſtar,
Loud ſhe reſounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great [q] Cunia guards Melinda's friendly ſhore,
And dyes her ſeas with Oja's hoſtile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Green Madagaſcar's flowery dales ſhall ſwell
His ecchoed fame, till ocean's ſouthmoſt bound
On iſles and ſhores unknown his name reſound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While Heaven, the Hero's guide, indignant [r] ſhowers
Their arrows backward on the Perſian foe,
Tearing the breaſts and arms that twang'd the bow.

[p] *Fall ſhall the Chief.*——See the note on page 208.

[q] *Great Cunia.*——Triſtan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the hiſtory in the preface.

[r] *Heaven indignant ſhowers their arrows backward.*——See the note on page 63. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque beſieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Oſorius ſays, that many of the dead Perſians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not uſed by the Portugueſe, he conjectures, that in their deſpair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themſelves, rather than ſurvive the defeat.

Mountains

Mountains of ſalt and fragrant gums in vain
Were ſpent untainted to embalm the ſlain.
Such heaps ſhall ſtrew the ſeas and faithleſs ſtrand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithleſs Ormuz own the Luſian ſway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly ſafety pay.

What glorious palms on Goa's [s] iſle I ſee,
Their bloſſoms ſpread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through caſtled walls the Hero breaks his way,
And opens with his ſword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through ſpears and ſhowering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions ſmear'd with gore,
His bands ſweep wide o'er Goa's purpled ſhore.
Nor eaſtward far though fair Malacca [t] lie,
Her groves emboſom'd in the morning ſky;
Though with her amorous ſons the valiant line
Of Java's iſle in battle rank combine,

[s] *What glorious palms on Goa's iſle I ſee.* ——This important place was made an Archbiſhoprick, the capital of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, and the ſeat of their Viceroys; for which purpoſes it is advantageouſly ſituated on the coaſt of Decan. It ſtill remains in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe.

[t] *Malacca.* —— The conqueſt of this place was one of the greateſt actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eaſtern part of Portugueſe India, and ſecond only to Goa. Beſides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who eſcaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ſhip, but juſt as his men were going to board her, ſhe ſuddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portugueſe to bear off. Three days afterward the ſame veſſel ſent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, ſays Oſorius, were only artificial, and did not the leaſt damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral ſoon after ſent his long boats to attack a ſhip commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obſtinate reſiſtance. Nehoada himſelf was pierced with ſeveral mortal wounds,

Though poiſon'd ſhafts their ponderous quivers ſtore;
Malacca's ſpicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntleſs toils ſhall crown!
Yet art thou [u] ſtain'd——Here with a ſighful frown
The Goddeſs pauſed, for much remain'd unſung,
But blotted with an humble ſoldier's wrong.

wounds, but loſt not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood guſhed out. According to Oſorius, this was ſaid to be occaſioned by the virtue of a ſtone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabriſia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effuſion of blood from the moſt grievous wounds.

[u] *Yet art thou ſtain'd.*——A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoens has choſen the moſt brilliant, and has happily ſuppreſſed the reſt by a diſplay of indignation. The French tranſlator has the following note on this paſſage, "Behold another "inſtance of our Author's prejudice! The "action which he condemns had nothing in "it blameable: but as he was of a moſt "amorous conſtitution, he thought every "fault which could plead an amour in its "excuſe ought to be pardoned; but true "heroes, ſuch as Albuquerque, follow other "maxims. This great man had in his "palace a beautiful Indian ſlave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the "care of her education was his pleaſure. "A Portugueſe ſoldier, named Ruy Diaz, "had the boldneſs to enter the General's "apartment, where he ſucceeded ſo well "with the girl, that he obtained his deſire. "When Albuquerque heard of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows."

Camoens, however, was no ſuch undiſtinguiſhing libertine as this would repreſent him. In a few pages we find him praiſing the continence of Don Henry de Meneſes, whoſe victory over his paſſions he calls the higheſt excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman aſſures us of the chaſte paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to eſtabliſh colonies in India, and for that purpoſe he encouraged his ſoldiers to marry with the natives. The moſt ſightly girls were ſelected, and educated in the religion and houſehold arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the General. Theſe he called his daughters, and with great pleaſure he uſed to attend their weddings, ſeveral couples being uſually joined together at one time. At one of theſe nuptials, ſays *Faria*, the feſtivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, ſeveral of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The miſtakes of the night however, as they were all equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's ſons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Caſtera, as it is on the ſeverity which the commander ſhewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoens ſtand alone in the condemnation of the General. The Hiſtorian agrees with the Poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, "This gentleman, ſays *Faria*, uſed to "moderate the violent temper of his uncle "Albuquerque, which ſoon after ſhewed "itſelf in rigid ſeverity. He ordered a "ſoldier to be hanged for an amour with "one of the ſlaves whom he called daughters, and whom he uſed to give in marriage. When ſome of his officers aſked "him what authority he had to take the "poor man's life, he drew his ſword, told "them that was his commiſſion, and inſtantly broke them." To marry his ſoldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his ſeverity therefore ſeems unaccountable, unleſs we admit the perhaps of Camoens, *ou de cioſo*, perhaps it was jealouſy.——But whatever incenſed the General, the execution of the ſoldier was contrary

Alas, ſhe cries, when war's dread horrors reign,
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,
When ghaſtly famine on a hoſtile ſoil,
When pale diſeaſe attends on weary toil,
When patient under all the ſoldier ſtands,
Deteſted be the rage which then demands
The humble ſoldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Inceſt's cold horror here no glow reſtained,
Nor ſacred nuptial bed was here prophaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin ſeized;
A ſlave laſcivious, in his fondling pleaſed,
Reſigns her breaſt——Ah, ſtain to Luſian fame!
('Twas luſt of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)
The Leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Conſigns the youthful ſoldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love [x] repaid,
Great Ammon's bed reſign'd the lovely maid;

contrary to the laws of every nation*; and the honeſt indignation of Camoens againſt one of the greateſt of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, affords a noble inſtance of that manly freedom of ſentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject. Nor can we omit the obſervation, that the above note of Caſtera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already ſeen him pay to the name of king, a devotion which breathes the true ſpirit of the bleſſed advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an of-" fence againſt a ſubject, ſays the Jeſuit, let " every means be tried to juſtify him. But " if a ſubject has offended a nobleman, let " him be puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity."

[x] *Not Ammon.* —— Campaſpe, the moſt beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araſpas had ſtrict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

* Oſorius relates the affair of Diaz with ſome other circumſtances; but with no difference that affects this aſſertion.

Nor

Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araſpas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus aſſumed the fire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, ſtole in ſecret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's [w] earldom on the knight beſtow'd.

Again the nymph the ſong of fame reſounds;
Lo, ſweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple ſhore on high
The Luſian enſigns blaze along the ſky:
Mecca, aghaſt, beholds the ſtandards ſhine,
And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's [x] ſhrine;

[w] *And Flandria's earldom on the knight beſtow'd.*—— "Baldwin, ſurnamed Iron-"arm, Grand Foreſter of Flanders, being "in love with Judith, the daughter of "Charles the Bald and widow of Ethel-"wolfe, king of England, obtained his "deſire by force. Charles, though at firſt "he highly reſented, afterwards pardoned "his crime, and conſented to his marriage "with the Princeſs." *Caſtera.*

This digreſſion in the ſong of the nymph bears, in manner, a ſtriking reſemblance to the hiſtories which often, even in the heat of battle, the heroes of Homer relate to each other. That theſe little epiſodes have their beauty and propriety in an Epic poem, will ſtrongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's tranſlation of the Iliad into French verſe. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and theſe contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thouſand embelliſhments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer ſuggeſted to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the conſequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and deſpiſed by every Foreigner who has the leaſt reliſh for poetry and Homer.

[x] *And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's ſhrine.*——Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About ſix years after Gama's diſcovery of India, the Sultan of Egypt ſent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jeruſalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embaſſy to Pope Julius II. The Sultan, with ſevere threats to the Chriſtians of the Eaſt in caſe of refuſal, intreated the Pope to deſire Emmanuel king of Portugal to ſend no more fleets to the Indian ſeas. The Pope ſent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very ſpirited anſwer to his Holineſs, aſſuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his reſolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his purpoſe of demoliſhing the ſepulchre and erazing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he ſays, was the firſt purpoſe of ſending his fleets to India. *Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam claſſibus noſtris aperire, & regiones majoribus noſtris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propoſitum fuit, ut ipſum Mahumetanæ*

Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,
Foredoom'd in duſt its prophet's tomb to ſtrew.
Nor Ceylon's iſle, brave Soarez, ſhall with-hold
Its incenſe, precious as the burniſh'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftieſt ſpire
Thy flag ſhall blaze: Nor ſhall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praiſe, Sequeyra! To the ſhore
Where Sheba's ſapient queen the [y] ſceptre bore,
Braving the Red Sea's dangers ſhalt thou force
To Abyſſinia's realm thy novel courſe;
And iſles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Luſian ſword ſhall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high ſhall rear
His victor ſword, till deep ſhall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now ſhines thy glory in meridian height,
And loud her voice ſhe raiſed; O matchleſs Knight,
Thou, thou, illuſtrious Gama, thou ſhalt bring
The olive bough of peace, deputed King!

tanæ ſectæ caput . . . . . extingueremus—— It is with great art that Camoens ſo often reminds us of the grand deſign of the expedition of his heroes, to ſubvert Mohammediſm and found a Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already obſerved in the preface.

[y] *Where Sheba's ſapient queen the ſceptre bore.* —— The Abyſſinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the ſcripture, and that the queen who viſited Solomon bore a ſon to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the preſent time, is deſcended.

The lands by Thee diſcover'd ſhall obey
Thy ſcepter'd power, and bleſs thy regal ſway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the ſkies,
A length of theſe Saturnian days denies:
Snatch'd from thy golden throne the heavens ſhall claim
Thy deathleſs ſoul, the world thy deathleſs [y] name.

Now o'er the coaſt of faithleſs Malabar
Victorious Henry [z] pours the rage of war;
Nor leſs the youth a nobler ſtrife ſhall wage,
Great victor of himſelf though green in age;
No reſtleſs ſlave of wanton amorous fire,
No luſt of gold ſhall taint his generous ire.
While youth's bold pulſe beats high, how brave the boy
Whom harlot ſmiles nor pride of power decoy!
Immortal be his name! Nor leſs thy praiſe,
Great [a] Maſcarene, ſhall future ages raiſe:

[y] *Snatch'd from thy golden throne.*—Gama only reigned three months Viceroy of India. During his ſecond voyage, the third which the Portugueſe made to India, he gave the Zamorim ſome conſiderable defeats by ſea, beſides his victories over the Moors. Theſe, however, are judiciouſly omitted by Camoens, as the leſs ſtriking part of his character.

The French Tranſlator is highly pleaſed with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himſelf at the feaſt. "The Syren, "ſays he, perſuaded that Gama is a hero "exempt from weakneſs, does not heſitate "to mention the end of his life. Gama "liſtens without any mark of emotion; "the feaſt and the ſong continue. If I am "not deceived, this is truly great."

[z] *Victorious Henry.*——Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the moſt diſintereſted heroiſm. See the preface.

[a] *Great Maſcarene.*——Pedro de Maſcarenhas. The injuſtice done to this brave officer, and the uſurpation of his governmentſhip by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the moſt intereſting periods of the hiſtory of the Portugueſe in India. See the preface.

Though

Though power, unjuſt, with-hold the ſplendid ray
That dignifies the creſt of ſovereign ſway,
Thy deeds, great Chief, on Bintam's humbled ſhore,
Deeds ſuch as Aſia never view'd before,
Shall give thy honeſt fame a brighter blaze
Than tyrant pomp in golden robes diſplays.
Though bold in war the fierce Uſurper ſhine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquiſh'd; though the Luſian Hector's ſword
For him reap conqueſt, and confirm him Lord;
Thy deeds, great Peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjuſt, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's faireſt fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured Chief,
Not thy own ſorrows give the ſharpeſt grief.
Thou ſeeſt the Luſian name her honours ſtain,
And luſt of gold her heroes' breaſts profane;
Thou ſeeſt ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering juſtice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou ſeeſt theſe vultures prowl,
Full gorged with blood, and dreadleſs of controul;
Thou ſeeſt and weepſt thy country's blotted name,
The generous ſorrow thine, but not the ſhame.
Nor long the Luſian enſigns ſtain'd remain;
Great Nunio [b] comes, and razes every ſtain.

[b] *Great Nunio.*——Nunio de Cunha, one of the moſt worthy of the Portugueſe governors. See the preface.

Though lofty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his ſpear;
Though Dio owe her ſafety to his name,
Theſe are the tinſel of his nobler fame.
Far haughtier foes of Luſian race he braves;
The awful ſword of juſtice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian ſtands,
And juſtice boldly on his foe demands,
The Luſian foe; in wonder loſt the Moor
Beholds proud Rapine's vulture gripe reſtore;
Beholds the Luſian hands in fetters bound
By Luſian hands, and wound repay'd for wound.
Oh, more ſhall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conqueſt reaps from high plumed hoſts o'erthrown.
Long ſhall the generous Nunio's bliſsful ſway
Command ſupreme. In Dio's hopeleſs day
The ſovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his fame the fierce-ſoul'd Rumien [c] ſhakes,
And Dio's open'd walls in ſudden flight forſakes.
A ſon of thine, O Gama, now ſhall [d] hold
The helm of empire, prudent, wiſe and bold:

[c] *Awed by his fame.* —— That brave generous ſpirit, which prompted Camoens to condemn the great Albuquerque for injuſtice to a common ſoldier, has here deſerted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deſerved infamy. The ſiege of Dio, it is true, was raiſed on the report of his approach, but that report was the ſtratagem of *Coje Zofar*, one of the general officers of the aſſaillants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predeceſſor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the hiſtory of the Portugueſe Commanders in India, in the preface.

[d] *A ſon of thine, O Gama.*——Stephen de Gama. See the preface.

Malacca

Malacca ſaved and ſtrengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor ſhall eccho his alarms;
His worth ſhall bleſs the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues ſhall his ſoul adorn.
When fate reſigns thy hero to the ſkies,
A Veteran, famed on Brazil's ſhore, ſhall [e] riſe:
The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,
By turns ſhall own the terrors of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king reſtores.
The dread Mogul with all his thouſands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.
Nor leſs the Zamorim o'er blood-ſtain'd [f] ground
Shall ſpeed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor ſhall the boaſtful pride
Of India's navy, though the ſhaded tide
Around the ſquadron'd maſts appear the down
Of ſome wide foreſt, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempeſt of the battle roar!
Clung to the ſplinter'd maſts I ſee the dead
Badala's ſhore with horrid wreck beſpread;

[e] *A Veteran fam'd on Brazil's ſhore.*—— Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coaſt of Brazil of ſeveral pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

[f] ——— *o'er blood-ſtain'd ground.*—— This is as near the original as elegance will allow——*de ſangue cheyo*——which Fanſhaw has thus punned,

—— ——— with no little loſs,
Sending him home again by *Weeping-Croſs.*——

a place near Banbury in Oxfordſhire.

Baticala inflamed by treachrous hate,
Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:
Her ſeas in blood, her ſkies enwrapt in fire
Confeſs the ſweeping ſtorm of Souza's ire.
No hoſtile ſpear now rear'd on ſea or ſtrand,
The awful ſceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counſel juſt and wiſe;
And glorious Caſtro now his throne ſupplies:
Caſtro, the boaſt of generous fame, afar
From Dio's ſtrand ſhall ſway the glorious war.
Madning with rage to view the Luſian band,
A troop ſo few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,
And the ſtern Perſian foe his peers arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boaſts the name of [g] Rome,
With theſe conſpires, and vows the Luſians' doom.
A thouſand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Luſian blood the Dion towers.
Dark rolling ſheets forth belch'd from brazen wombs,
Bored, as the ſhowering cloud, with hailing bombs,

[g] *The Rumien fierce who boaſts the name of Rome.*——When the victories of the Portugueſe began to overſpread the Eaſt, ſeveral Indian princes, by the counſels of the Moors, applied for aſſiſtance to the Sultan of Egypt and the Grand Signior. The troops of theſe Mohammedan princes were in the higheſt reputation for bravery, and though compoſed of many different nations, were known among the orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The hiſtory of ancient Rome made the ſame figure among the Eaſterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages, does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania pretended to be the deſcendants of the Roman Conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. In the ſame manner the fame of Godfrey in the Eaſt conferred the name of Franks on all the weſtern Chriſtians, who on their part gave the name of Moors to all the Mohammedans of the Eaſt.

O'er

O'er Dio's ſky ſpread the black ſhades of death,
The mine's dread earthquakes ſhake the ground beneath.
No hope, bold [h] Maſcarene, mayſt thou reſpire,
A glorious fall alone, thy juſt deſire.
When lo, his gallant ſon brave Caſtro ſends —
Ah heaven, what fate the hapleſs youth attends!
In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare;
The cavern'd mine burſts, high in pitchy air
Rampire and ſquadron whirl'd convulſive, borne
To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.
His loftieſt bough though fall'n, the generous ſire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through oceans howling with the wintery war,
Through ſkies of ſnow his brother's vengeance bears;
And ſoon in arms the valiant ſire appears:
Before him victory ſpreads her eagle-wing
Wide ſweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering courſers ſhake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's laſt wound
Sinks pale in duſt: Fierce Hydal-Kan [i] in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.

[h] *No hope, bold Maſcarene.* —— The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this ſiege, one of the moſt memorable in the Portugueſe hiſtory.

[i] *Fierce Hydal Kan.*——The title of the Lords or Princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portugueſe have ſometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at laſt finally ſubdued by Don John de Caſtro, the fourth Viceroy of India, with whoſe reign our Poet judiciouſly ends the prophetic ſong. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Caſtro compleatd the ſyſtem of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. *(For an account of which, ſee the preface.)* It is with propriety

O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' ſmiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O Peace, thy bloſſoms glow,
The golden bloſſoms of thy olive bough;
Firm baſed on wiſeſt laws great Caſtro crowns,
And the wide Eaſt the Luſian Empire owns.

Theſe warlike Chiefs, the ſons of thy renown,
And thouſands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, ſhall through theſe ſeas unfold
Their victor-ſtandards blazed with Indian gold;
And in the boſom of our flowery iſle,
Embathed in joy ſhall o'er their labours ſmile.
Their nymphs like your's, their feaſt divine the ſame,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.

So ſung the Goddeſs, while the ſiſter train
With joyful anthem cloſe the ſacred ſtrain;
Though Fortune from her whirling ſphere beſtow
Her gifts capricious in unconſtant flow,

priety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here ſummed up. Nor is the diſcretion of Camoens in this inſtance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himſelf was upon the ſcene in India. But whatever he had ſaid of his cotemporaries would have been liable to miſconſtruction, and every ſentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little Poet would have been happy in ſuch an opportunity to reſent his wrongs. But the ſilent contempt of Camoens does him true honour.

In this hiſtorical ſong, as already hinted, the Tranſlator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into theſe univerſal languages, the pictureſque and characteriſtic. To convey the ſublimeſt inſtruction to princes, is, according to Ariſtotle, the peculiar province of the Epic Muſe. The ſtriking points of view, in which the different characters of the Governors of India are here placed, are in the moſt happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stageryte.

Yet

Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever conſtant grace the Luſian name.
So ſung the joyful chorus, while around
The ſilver roofs the lofty notes reſound.
The ſong prophetic, and the ſacred feaſt,
Now ſhed the glow of ſtrength through every breaſt.
When with the grace and majeſty divine,
Which round immortals when enamour'd ſhine,
To crown the banquet of their deathleſs fame,
To happy Gama thus the ſovereign Dame:
O loved of heaven, what never man before,
What wandering ſcience never might explore,
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to ſee
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to Thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your ſteps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, beſtrew'd
With ſplinter'd flint, winds the ſteep ſlippery road.
She ſpake, and ſmiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's ſummit ſoon they ſtand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had ſported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light tranſparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the ſurface glow'd.

The frame etherial various orbs compoſe,
In whirling [1] circles now they fell, now roſe;
Yet never roſe nor fell, for ſtill the ſame
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement ſtill beginning, ſtill compleat,
It's Author's type, ſelf-poiſed, perfection's ſeat.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen deſire, the wonder ſaw.
The Goddeſs markt the language of his eyes,
And here, ſhe cried, thy largeſt wiſh ſuffice.
Great Nature's fabric thou doſt here behold,
Th' etherial pure, and elemental mould
In pattern ſhewn complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;
For every part the power divine pervades,
The ſun's bright radiance and the central ſhades;
Yet let not haughty reaſon's bounded line
Explore the boundleſs God, or where define,

[1] *In whirling circles now they fell, now roſe,—Yet never roſe nor fell*———The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every ſyſtem, bear, at all times, the ſame uniform relation to each other; theſe expreſſions, therefore, are ſtrictly juſt. The firſt relates to the appearance, the ſecond to the reality. Thus while to us the ſun appears to go down, to more weſtern inhabitants of the globe he appears to riſe, and while he riſes to us, he is going down to the more eaſtern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expreſſions of our Poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican ſyſtems. The ancient hypotheſis which made our earth the centre of the Univerſe, is the ſyſtem adopted by Camoens, a happineſs, in the opinion of the Tranſlator, to the Engliſh Luſiad. The new ſyſtem is ſo well known, that a poetical deſcription of it would have been no novelty to the Engliſh reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this deſcription is perhaps the fineſt and fulleſt that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore leſs pictureſque.

Our Author ſtudied at the univerſity of Coimbra, where the ancient ſyſtem and other doctrines of the Ariſtotelians then, and long afterward, prevailed.

Where

Where in Himſelf in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around ſeem wrapt in night,)
He holds his loftieſt [1] ſtate. By primal laws
Impoſed on Nature's birth, Himſelf the cauſe,
By her own miniſtry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unſeen he ſways.
Theſe ſpheres [k] behold; the firſt in wide embrace
Surrounds the leſſer orbs of various face;
The Empyrean this, the holieſt heaven,
To the pure ſpirits of the Bleſt is given:
No mortal eye its ſplendid rays may bear,
No mortal boſom feel the raptures there.
The earth in all her ſummer pride array'd
To this might ſeem a drear ſepulchral ſhade.
Unmoved it ſtands: within its ſhining frame,
In motion ſwifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than ſight the moving parts may ſpy,
Another ſphere whirls round its rapid ſky.
Hence Motion [l] darts its force, impulſive draws,
And on the other orbs impreſſes laws;
The Sun's bright car attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and ſhapes his yearly courſe;

[1] *He holds his loftieſt ſtate.*——Called by the old philoſophers and ſchool divines the *Senſorium* of the Deity.

[k] *Theſe ſpheres behold.*——According to the Peripatetics the univerſe conſiſted of Eleven Spheres incloſed within each other, as Fanſhaw has familiarly expreſſed it by a ſimilie which he has lent our Author. The firſt of theſe ſpheres, he ſays,

——— doth *(as in a neſt*
Of boxes) all the other orbs comprize——

In their accounts of this firſt mentioned, but Eleventh Sphere, which they called the Empyrean or heaven of the Bleſt, the diſciples of Ariſtotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a looſe to all the warmth of imagination. And ſeveral of the Chriſtian Fathers applied to it the deſcriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

[l] *Hence Motion darts its force.*—— This is the Tenth Sphere, the *Primum Mobile* of the ancient

Its force ſtupendous aſks a pondrous ſphere
To poiſe its fury and its weight to bear :
Slow moves that pondrous orb ; the ſtiff, ſlow pace
One ſtep ſcarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the ſun triumphant rides ;
The Chryſtal Heaven is this, whoſe rigour guides
And binds the ſtarry [m] ſphere : That ſphere behold,
With diamonds ſpangled, and emblazed with gold ;
What radiant orbs that azure ſky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne !
Swift as they trace the heaven's wide circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they ſhine.

ancient ſyſtem. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics aſcribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from eaſt to weſt, they ſuppoſed it had a motion of its own from weſt to eaſt. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interpoſition of the Ninth Sphere, or Chryſtalline Heaven, was neceſſary. The ancient Aſtronomers obſerved that the ſtars ſhifted their places. This they called the motion of the Chryſtalline Heaven, expreſſed by our Poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred ſolar years. The famous Arab aſtronomer Abulhaſan, in his Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this ſphere to conſiſt of 49,000 of our years. But modern diſcoveries have not only corrected the calculation*, but have alſo aſcertained the reaſon of the apparent motion of the fixt ſtars. The earth is not a perfect ſphere ; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the proceſſion of the equinoxes, and makes the ſtars ſeem to ſhift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years ; according to which all the ſtars ſeem to perform one revolution in the ſpace of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the ſame ſituation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic aſtronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens compoſed one great revolution. This they called the *Annus Magnus*, which thoſe who did not underſtand them miſtook for a reſtoration of all things to their firſt originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every reſpect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thouſand years to reſume every circumſtance of his preſent life, to be exactly the ſame in every contingency. And hence alſo the Legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of fifty thouſand years, and the worlds which they tell us are already paſt and eternally to ſucceed each other.

[m] *And binds the ſtarry ſphere.*——This was called the Firmament or Eighth Heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whoſe orbits compoſed the other ſpheres or heavens.

* However deficient the aſtronomy of Abulhaſan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his Prophet Mohammed, who tells his diſciples, that the ſtars were each about the bigneſs of an houſe, and hung from the ſky on chains of gold.

Wide

Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt diſplays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through theſe the ſun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours;
In gold and ſilver of celeſtial mine
How rich far round the conſtellations ſhine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In ſhining froſt the northern [1] chariot rides;
Mid treaſured ſnows here gleams the griſly bear,
And icy flakes incruſt his ſhaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved,
Her vengeful ſire, and by the gods reproved
Beauteous Caſſiope. Here fierce and red
Portending ſtorms Orion lifts his head;
And here the dogs their raging fury ſhed.
The ſwan, ſweet melodiſt, in death he ſings,
The milder ſwan here ſpreads his ſilver wings,

[1] *In ſhining froſt the northern Chariot rides.* —— Commonly called Charleſwain. Of Caliſto, or the Bear, ſee the note on page 195. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Caſſiope. Caſſiope boaſted that ſhe and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appeaſe the goddeſs, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a ſea-monſter, but was ſaved by Perſeus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family ſhould be placed among the ſtars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was ſtung to death by a ſerpent. The ſtar of his name portends tempeſts. The Dogs; Fable gives this honour to thoſe of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his miſtreſs, has the beſt title to preſide over the dog-days. The Swan; that whoſe form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when purſued by Orion, was ſaved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to ſignify that Mercury preſides over melancholy diſpoſitions. The Lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon which guarded the golden apples of the Heſperides, and the ſhip Argo, compleat the number of the conſtellations mentioned by Camoens. If our Author has blended the appearances of heaven with thoſe of the painted artificial ſphere, it is in the manner of the claſſics. Ovid, in particular, thus deſcribes the heavens, in the ſecond book of his Metamorphoſes.

Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,
And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theſeus' ſhip, Oh, leſs renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er theſe ſkies illuſtrious ſhine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various Planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,
Here Jove ſhines mild, here fiery Mars preſides,
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of heaven, emblazer of the ſpheres;
Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,
The proudeſt hearts her ſacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces ſhine;
Loweſt ſhe rides, and through the ſhadowy night
Pours on the gliſtening earth her ſilver light.
Theſe various orbs, behold, in various ſpeed
Purſue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer earth they ſail a lower ſky,
A ſhorten'd courſe: Such are their laws impreſt
By God's dread Will, that Will [m] forever beſt.

[m] *Such are their laws impreſt by God's dread will*——Though a modern narrative of bawdy-houſe adventures by no means requires the ſuppoſition of a particular Providence, that ſuppoſition, however, is abſolutely neceſſary to the grandeur of an Epic Poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camoens underſtood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrors of unplowed oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greateſt importance. When Gama falls on his knees and ſpreads his hands to heaven on the diſcovery of India, we are preſented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the moſt ſucceſsful Conqueror, who is ſuppoſed to act under the influence of fataliſm

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly reſts ſuſtain'd on either pole.

taliſm or chance. The human mind is conſcious of its own weakneſs. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance ſuperior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is ſubject to ſuch blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject unintereſting littleneſs. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatneſs demand a Gama, a hero whoſe enterpriſes and whoſe perſon intereſt the care of heaven and the happineſs of his people. Nor muſt this ſuppoſition be confined merely to the machinery. The reaſon why it pleaſes alſo requires that the ſuppoſition ſhould be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by diſmiſſing Eneas through the ivory gate of Elyſium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future ſtate were merely dreams, and has thus deſtroyed the higheſt merit of the compliment to his patron Auguſtus. But Camoens has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itſelf to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic Grove; but Camoens, in aſcribing the government of the Univerſe to the Will of God, has not only preſerved the philoſophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has alſo ſhewn that the Peripatetic ſyſtem is, in this inſtance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our Author to another. We have ſeen that the ſuppoſition of a Providence is certainly allowable in a Poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed even in a philoſopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what ſome perhaps may eſteem, a demonſtration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Iſaac as poſſeſſed of no property but one, the *vis inertiæ*, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of ſomething diſtinct from matter, by a Being of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the univerſe united in one great deſign, he inferred the omnipotence and omniſcience of that primary Being.

If we admit, and who can poſſibly deny it, that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reaſonable agent; a Being placed in circumſtances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happineſs or miſery infinitely more real and durable than any animal ſenſation. Now to ſuppoſe that the Being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meaneſt inſect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpoſe of its agency or exiſtence complete, to ſuppoſe that he has placed the infinitely ſuperior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater conſequence, but an agency of which he takes no ſuperintendance——to ſuppoſe this, is only to ſuppoſe that the Author of Nature is a very imperfect Being. For no propoſition can be more ſelf-evident, than that an attention to the mereſt comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet ſome philoſophers, who tell us there never was an Athieſt, ſome who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the univerſe, but are loſt in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyſter-ſhell to the wants of the animal; ſome of theſe philoſophers, with the utmoſt contempt of the contrary opinion, make no ſcruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the caſe of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphyſics, the caſe of many an ingenious philoſopher; they erect a ſtandard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this ſtandard muſt be founded on partial views, with the utmoſt aſſurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved teſt. There is another caſt of philoſophers no leſs ingenious, whoſe minds, abſorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a God of cockle-ſhells, and of grubs turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of ſuperior knowledge theſe virtuoſi ſmile at the opinion which intereſts the Deity in the moral happineſs or miſery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that ſuch miſery or happineſs does not exiſt. At eaſe themſelves in their elbow chairs, they cannot conceive there is ſuch a thing in the world as oppreſſed innocence

feeling

The limpid air enfolds in ſoft embrace
The ponderous orb, and brightens o'er her face.
Here ſoftly floating o'er th' aerial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their ſwelling ſides diſplay;
From whence fermented by the ſulphrous ray
The lightnings blaze, and heat ſpreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs compreſt ſoon feel parturient throws,
And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming ſnows.

feeling its only conſolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a truſt in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a ſtate of moral agency, and made his happineſs and miſery to depend upon it, and though every page of human hiſtory is ſtained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miſeries which muſt affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that God perceiveth it not, and that what mortals call moral evil vaniſhes from before his more perfect ſight. Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity †. Yet with what raptures do theſe enlarged virtuoſi behold the infinite wiſdom and care of their Beelzebub, their god of flies, in the admirable and various proviſion he has made for the preſervation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots.*

Much more might be ſaid in proof that our Poet's philoſophy does not altogether deſerve ridicule. And thoſe who allow a general, but deny a particular Providence, will, it is hoped, excuſe Camoens, on the conſideration, that if we eſtimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which preſides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot poſſibly be wanted. If a particular providence, however, is ſtill denied, another conſideration obtrudes itſelf; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if *Ludit in humanis Divina potentia rebus*, the conſequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better God: And it may modeſtly be preſumed we may hazard the laugh of the wiſeſt philoſopher, and without ſcruple aſſert, that it is impoſſible that a created mind ſhould conceive an idea of perfection, ſuperior to that which is poſſeſſed by the Creator and Author of exiſtence.

† Perhaps, like Lucretius, ſome philoſophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the ſame as another argument of the ſame philoſopher, who having aſſerted, that before the creation the gods could not know what ſeed would produce, from thence wiſely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

* Ray, in his wiſdom of God in the creation, (though he did not deny the moral providence) has carried this extravagance to the higheſt pitch. "To give life, ſays he, is the intention of the creation; and how wonderful does the goodneſs of God appear in this, that the death and putrefaction of one animal is the life of thouſands." So the miſery of a family on the death of a parent is nothing, for ten thouſand maggots are made happy by it.——Oh, Philoſophy, when wilt thou forget the dreams of thy ſlumbers in Bedlam!

Thus

Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averſe yet mingling, each by each controul'd,
The higheſt air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And earth's dark centre feels their ſtruggles fierce.

The ſeat of Man, the Earth's fair breaſt, behold;
Here wood-crown'd iſlands wave their locks of gold,
Here ſpread wide continents their boſoms green,
And hoary ocean heaves his breaſt between.
Yet not th' inconſtant ocean's furious tide
May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
What madning ſeas between theſe nations roar!
Yet Luſus' race ſhall viſit every ſhore.
What thouſand tribes whom various cuſtoms ſway,
And various rites, theſe countleſs ſhores diſplay!
Queen of the world ſupreme in ſhining arms,
Her's every art, and her's all wiſdom's charms,
Each nation's tribute round her foot-ſtool ſpread,
Here Chriſtian Europe [n] lifts the regal head.
Afric [o] behold, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
Ungraced with all that ſweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal ſtrife;

[n] *Here Chriſtian Europe.*——*Vès Europa Chriſtan.*——As Europe is already deſcribed in the Third Luſiad, this ſhort account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it contains dignity.

[o] *Afric behold.*—This juſt and ſtrongly pictureſque deſcription of Africa is finely contraſted with the character of Europe. It contains alſo a maſterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along repreſented as the harbinger and diffuſer of the bleſſings of civilization.

Eager

Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the ſhore,
Where round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Array'd in ſtorms, by You firſt compaſs'd round;
Unnumber'd tribes as beſtial grazers ſtray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by reaſon's ſway:
Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill ſide pale Famine wails.
On gold in vain the naked ſavage treads;
Low clay built huts, behold, and reedy ſheds,
Their dreary towns. Gonſalo's [p] zeal ſhall glow
To theſe dark minds the path of light to ſhew:
His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya [q] too ſhall glorious here diſplay
His God's dread might: Behold, in black array,
Numerous and thick as when in evil hour,
The feathered race whole harveſt fields devour,
So thick, ſo numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hords remoteſt Afric pours,

[p] *Gonſalo's zeal ſhall glow.*——Gonſalo de Sylveyra, a Portugueſe Jeſuit, in 1555 ſailed from Liſbon on a miſſion to Monomotapa. His labours were at firſt ſucceſsful; but ere he effected any regular eſtabliſhment he was murdered by the Barbarians. *Caſtera abridged.*

[q] *Great Naya too.*——"Don Pedro de Naya..... In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is ſubject to Monomotapa. Six thouſand Moors and Cafres laid ſeige to this garriſon, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having ſeveral times ſuffered by unexpected ſallies, the Barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king that he had led them to fight againſt God." *Caſtera abridged.*

In

In vain; Heaven's vengeance on their ſouls impreſt,
They fly, wide ſcatter'd as the driving miſt.
Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curſt with that gorging fiend the chrocodile,
Wind their long way: The parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unſeen, unknown of old,
From whence diffuſing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyſſinia's realm the ſtream divides.
In Abyſſinia [r] heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Meſſiah's praiſe.
In Nile's wide breaſt the iſle of Meroe ſee!
Near theſe rude ſhores an Hero ſprung from thee,
Thy ſon, [s] brave GAMA, ſhall his lineage ſhew
In glorious triumphs o'er the Turkiſh foe.
There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breaſt
Melinda ſpreads, thy place of grateful reſt.

[r] *In Abyſſinia heaven's own altars blaze.* ——Chriſtianity was planted here in the firſt century, but mixed with many Jewiſh rites unuſed by other Chriſtians of the Eaſt. This appears to give ſome countenance to the pretenſions of their Emperors, who claim their deſcent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at leaſt reminds us of Acts 8. 27. where we are told, that the Treaſurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worſhip at Jeruſalem. Innumerable monaſteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity groſs barbarians. Much has been ſaid of the hill Amara,

> Where Abyſſin kings their iſſue guard——
> by ſome ſuppoſed,
> True Paradiſe, under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus head, incloſed with ſhining rock,
> A whole day's journey high.——MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spaniſh Jeſuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and encreaſed with all thoſe writings, of which we have either poſſeſſion or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And ſo many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needleſs to add, that Father Urreta is a ſecond Sir John Mandevylle.

[s] *Thy ſon, brave Gama.*——When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Chriſtian Emperor and Empreſs-mother of Ethiopia, ſolicited the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe againſt the uſurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen ſent his brother Don Chriſtoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour aſtoniſhed the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the Tyrant, and reduced his great army to the laſt extremity, Don Chriſtoval, urged too far by the impetuoſity of his youthful valour, was taken priſoner. He was brought before the Uſurper, and put to

Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illuſtrious Suez, ſeat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's ſhelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in ſquadrons ſweep the eaſtern tide.
And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moſes' rod,
While the dry bottom Iſrael's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And ſtood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Aſia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immenſe, begins her weſtern line.
Sinai behold, whoſe trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkneſs, deep pavilion'd, bore
The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Iſrael's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill aſcends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the Virgin-Martyr's [t] tomb he pays
His mournful veſpers and his vows of praiſe.

death in the moſt cruel manner. Waxed threads were twiſted with his beard and afterwards ſet on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at laſt beheaded by the hand of the Tyrant. The Portugueſe eſteem him a martyr, and ſay that his torments and death were inflicted becauſe he would not renounce the Faith. See *Faria y Souſa.*

[t] *Before the Virgin-Martyr's tomb.*——He muſt be a dull Reader indeed who cannot perceive and reliſh the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the hiſtorical narrative of wars, where it is moſt neceſſary, yet from the ſameneſs of the ſubject, moſt difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the moſt graceful eaſe. In the deſcription of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only diſtinguiſhes each region by its moſt ſtriking characteriſtic, but he alſo diverſifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr, according to Romiſh hiſtories, was buried on Sinai, and a chapel erected over her grave.

Gidda

Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale
The chryſtal rivulet murmured to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breaſts unfold,
Here breathing incenſe, here a rocky wold;
O'er Dofar's plain the richeſt incenſe breathes,
That round the ſacred ſhrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war-ſteed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the courſe.
Here, with his ſpouſe and houſhold lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp ſhifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eaſtern ſoil
His burthen'd camels ſeek the land of Nile.
Here Roſalgate and Farthac ſtretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Luſian heroes' hoſtile tread,
Shall ſee the Turkiſh moons with ſlaughter gor'd
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's [w] ſword
There on the gulph that laves the Perſian ſhore,
Far through the ſurges bends Cape Aſabore.
There Barem's [x] iſle; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.

[w] —— *De Branco's ſword.*—Don Pedro de Caſtel-Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Perſians.

[x] *Here Barem's iſle*———The iſland of Barem is ſituated in the Perſian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety and fineneſs of its diamonds.

From Barem's ſhore Euphrates' flood is ſeen,
And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averſe they blend.
Lo, Perſia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his ſtate the monarch holds:
Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of [y] fire,
And with the pointed ſteel to fame aſpire;
Their ſpringy ſhoulders ſtretching to the blow,
Their ſweepy ſabres hew the ſhrieking foe.
There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin [z] wears
Where Time has trod: there ſhall the dreadful ſpears
Of Souſa and Menezes ſtrew the ſhore
With Perſian ſabres, and embathe with gore.
Carpella's cape, and ſad Carmania's ſtrand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary waſtes expand.
A fairer landſcape here delights the view;
From theſe green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a ſmiling field propitious lave.

[y] *Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of fire.*——This was the character of the Perſians when Gama arrived in the Eaſt. Yet though they thought it diſhonourable to uſe the muſket, they eſteemed it no diſgrace to ruſh from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the ſpirit of the old romance. Orlando having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides, and inchanted armour.

[z] *There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin wears, Where Time has trod.*——Preſuming on the ruins which are found on this iſland, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here ſituated. But this is a miſtake, for that city ſtood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this iſle, which they call by the ancient name.

Luxurious here Ulcinda's harveſts ſmile,
And here, diſdainful of the ſeaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when ſwelling to the ſhore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulphy courſe:
Againſt their headlong rage nor oars nor ſails,
The ſtemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thouſand cities here ſhall own the reign
Of Liſboa's monarchs: He who firſt ſhall crown
Thy [b] labours, Gama, here ſhall boaſt his own.
The lengthening ſea that waſhes India's ſtrand
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian iſle, renown'd of yore)
Shall ſee his enſigns blaze from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' ſhore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like ſhapes adore;
Some Macon's [c] orgies, all confeſs the ſway
Of rites that ſhun, like trembling ghoſts, the day.
Narſinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here ſhone the gilded towers of Meliapore.

[b] *He who firſt ſhall crown thy labours, Gama.*——Pedro de Cabral, of whom ſee the preface.

[c] *Some Macon's orgies.*—Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

Here

Here India's angels weeping o'er [d] the tomb
Where Thomas ſleeps, implore the day to come,

[d] ——— *the tomb where Thomas ſleeps.* ——There are, to talk in the Indian ſtyle, *a caſt* of gentleman, whoſe hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion, except one, the moſt moral one which ever the world heard. A tale of a Bramin or a prieſt of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an Apoſtle ——Common ſenſe, however, will prevail; and the epiſode of St. Thomas will appear to the true Critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and compleat the labours of the Apoſtle, the meſſenger of heaven, is the great deſign of the hero of the poem, and of the future miſſions in conſequence of the diſcoveries which are the ſubject of it.

The Chriſtians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned, p. 49. but ſome farther account of the ſubject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jeſuit miſſionaries have given moſt pompous accounts of the Chriſtian antiquities of India and China. When the Portugueſe arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Chriſtians, named Jacob, ſtiled himſelf Metrapolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary * of the Indian Chriſtians offers praiſe to God for ſending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganfu*, metropolis of the province of *Xenſi*, was found a ſtone with a croſs on it, full of Chineſe, and ſome Syriac characters, containing the names of biſhops, and an account of the Chriſtian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that "having been weakened, it was renewed "under the reign of the great *Tam*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Chriſtians, ſay the Jeſuits, ſiding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chineſe. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, obſerving ſome ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worſhiped Jeſus Chriſt, born of a Virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not ſink; and ſoon after the city was deſtroyed by earthquake. The ſame Jeſuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Chriſtianity, which they ſaid was preached to their fathers by John the diſciple of Thomas. In 1635, ſome heathens by night paſſing through a village in the province of Fokien ſaw ſome ſtones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of croſſes. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the ſea near the coaſt. The king endeavoured to bring it aſhore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas deſired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to ſhore with a ſingle thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own ſon, and accuſed Thomas of the murder. But the Saint, by reſtoring the youth to life, diſcovered the wickedneſs of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3300 ſtately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1523, the body of the Apoſtle, with the head of the lance beſide him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de Meneſes; and in 1558 was by D. Conſtantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To theſe accounts, ſelected from *Faria y Souſa*, let two from Oſorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, ſome brazen tables were brought to him, inſcribed with unuſual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account ſent to Cardinal Henrico, by the Bp. of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portugueſe repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, † there was found a ſtone croſs with ſeveral characters on it, which the beſt antiquarians could not interpret, till at laſt a Bramin

* The exiſtence of this breviary is a certain fact. Theſe Chriſtians had the Scripture alſo in the Chaldaic language.

† This was a very ancient building, in the very firſt ſtyle of Chriſtian churches. The Portugueſe have now diſfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

The day foretold when India's utmoſt ſhore
Again ſhall hear Meſſiah's bliſsful lore.
By Indus' banks the holy Prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;
Where pale diſeaſe erewhile the cheek conſumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day reſtored the dead;
By heavenly power he rear'd the ſacred ſhrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.
The prieſts of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bittereſt gall their boſoms ſwell'd.
A thouſand deathful ſnares in vain they ſpread;
When now the Chief that wore the Triple [c] Thread,

Bramin tranſlated it, "That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was ſent by the Son of God, whoſe diſciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portugueſe Aſia, which muſt include the labours of the Jeſuits, forms a neceſſary part in the comment on the Luſiad: This note, therefore, and ſome obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as eaſy to bury an inſcription and find it again, as it is to invent a ſilly tale; but though ſuſpicion of fraud on the one hand, and ſilly abſurdity on the other, lead us to deſpiſe the authority of the Jeſuits, yet one fact remains indiſputable. Chriſtianity had been much better known in the Eaſt, ſeveral centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jeſuits were unconcerned, croſſes were found. The long exiſtence of the Chriſtians of St. Thomas in the midſt of a vaſt Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire muſt have ſome knowledge of their doctrines. And theſe facts give countenance to ſome material conjectures concerning the religion of the Bramins. For theſe we ſhall give ſcope immediately.

[c] *When now the Chief who wore the Triple Thread.*——Of this, thus Oſorius; "*Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus ſiniſtrum gerunt, ut deſignent trinam in natura divina rationem.*" They (*the Bramins*) wear three threads, which reach from the right ſhoulder to the left ſide, as ſignificant of the trinal diſtinction in the Divine Nature." That ſome ſects of the Bramins wear a ſymbolical Teſſera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the cuſtom aroſe, it is not to be ſuppoſed that the Bramins, who have thouſands of ridiculous contradictory legends, ſhould agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria ſays, that according to the ſacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins proceeded from fiſhermen, who left the charge of the temples to their ſucceſſors, on condition they ſhould wear ſome threads of their nets, in remembrance of their

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conſcious breaſt
Of holy fraud, when worth ſhines forth confeſt,

their original. They have various accounts of a Divine Perſon having aſſumed human nature. And the God Brahma, as obſerved by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the univerſe with two others, ſometimes of different names. They have alſo images with three heads riſing out of one body, which they ſay repreſent the Divine Nature*. But are there any traces of theſe opinions in the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given us of the Bramins? And will the wiſe pay any credit to the authority of thoſe books which the public never ſaw, and which, by the obligation of their keepers, they are never to ſee? and ſome of which, by the confeſſion of their keepers, ſince the appearance of Mohammed, have been rejected? The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, yet perhaps the Athanaſian controverſy offers a fairer field to the conjecturiſt. That controverſy for ſeveral ages engroſſed the converſation of the Eaſt. All the ſubtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no ſpeculative conteſt was ever more univerſally or warmly diſputed; ſo warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inſerting into his Koran ſome declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proſelytes to his new religion. Abyſſinia, Egypt, Syria, Perſia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy diſpute, and from the earlieſt times theſe countries have had a commercial intercourſe with India. The number, blaſphemy, and abſurdity of the Jewiſh legends of the Talmuds and Targums, bear a ſtriking reſemblance to the holy legends of the Bramins. The Jews alſo aſſert the great antiquity of their Talmudical legends. Adam, Enoch and Noah are named among their authors; but we know their date; Jeruſalem, ere their birth, was deſtroyed by Titus. We alſo know that the accounts which the Greek writers give of the Bramins fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe extravagancies which are confeſſed even by their modern admirers. And Mohammediſm is not more different from Chriſtianity, than the account which even theſe gentlemen give, is from that of Porphyry. That laborious philoſopher, though poſſeſſed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempſicoſis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary he repreſents their worſhip as extremely pure and ſimple. Strabo's account of them is ſimilar. And Euſebius has aſſured us they worſhipped no images †. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, innumerable were their idols, and all the ſuperſtition of ancient Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables, ſeemed more than revived by the Bramins. Who that conſiders this ſtriking alteration in their features, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which theſe philoſophers have theſe four thouſand years preſerved their ſacred rites: An abſurdity only equal to that of thoſe who tell us that God inſtructed Adam in the myſteries of free maſonry, and that Noah every new moon held a maſon's lodge in the ark.

Ignorant or unmindful of what the Greeks and Romans have related of the Bramins, and unacquainted with the reſpectable authorities of many modern travellers, ſome gentlemen have lately aſſumed to themſelves the only knowledge of the true doctrines of the Eaſt. Other Enquirers, and their means of intelligence, have been compared to an Indian receiving his knowledge of Chriſtianity from a London carman. Yet alas, duped by the converſation of a learned Bramin, an adept in Jeſuitiſm, who is ſure to give an intelligent ſtranger the moſt gloſſing account, and not only thus duped

* To theſe undoubted facts the author will not add the authority of a Xavier, who tells us, that he prevailed upon a Bramin to explain to him ſome part of their hidden religion; when to his ſurprize, the Indian, in a low voice, repeated the Ten Commandments.

† —— χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, ὅιτινες κατὰ παραδισόν τῶν προγόνων καὶ νόμων, ἐτι φοιτύσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΞΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ ——

Euſeb. Prep. Evan. Lib. 6. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Pariſ. 1628.

Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he ſues;
His ſon's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews;
Then bold aſſuming the vindictive ire,
And all the paſſions of the woful ſire,

ignorant and duped, but alſo ſtrongly tinctured with the zeal of enthuſiaſm for their beloved reſearches, more than one of theſe gentlemen have contradicted each other, and have gravely pronounced, that every account of the Bramins, prior to his, was groſsly erroneous, and that he himſelf has enjoyed the only means of knowledge, the friendſhip and inſtruction of an Indian philoſopher—— But let theſe gentlemen read, and be modeſt; let them learn to excuſe thoſe who cannot ſo warmly admire the wiſdom of India; and let them conſider how complete is the ridicule, when, on publiſhing their diſcoveries in England, they are obliged to confeſs that they entirely diſagree with each other, though each confidently boaſts the infallibility of his learned and honeſt Bramin——But the whole of the matter appears plainly to be this; The philoſophy and mythology of the Bramins form ſuch a boundleſs chaos of confuſion and contradictions, that no two of theſe philoſophers, unacquainted with each other, can poſſibly give the ſame or a conſiſtent account of their tenets: And whenever one of ſuperior ingenuity vamps up a fine philoſophical theory out of the original maſs, another, perhaps equally ingenious, puts one in mind of the ſpider in Swift's battle of the books, when the bee had deſtroyed her web. "A plague ſplit you, (quoth the ſpider) for a giddy whoreſon, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter . . . . . and do you think I have nothing elſe to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a——?" In this ſtrain, verily, may the Bramins of ſome modern diſcoverers exclaim to each other.

In the diſſertation on the religion of the Bramins, (Luſiad VII.) ſeveral ſpecimens of their legends are already given. The Tranſlator, however, is tempted to add another, from Faria's account of the ſacred books of the Malabrians. They hold an eternal ſucceſſion of worlds, each to take place after an Annus Magnus. Every thing at the end of theſe periods is deſtroyed, except *Ixoreta* or the Deity, which is then reduced to the ſize of a dew drop; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine ſubſtance in itſelf produces the five element, (for what they call the heavenly matter they eſteem the fifth) and then dividing itſelf, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, ſimulac formata eſt, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conſpiciuntur τὰ ἀιδοῖα, quæ verum Ixoreta ſive Numen appellant, et cauſam cauſarum. Tum deus Ixora pene ſuo, inſigni magnitudine, terrarum orbem in ſeptem maria, ſeptemque terras arando dividit. Liræ montes ſunt, ſulci vero valles ac flumina. Exoritur e tergo dei Ixora femina Chati, verbis quibuſdam magicis evocata. Hi duo coire concupiunt, ſed obſtat longitudo membri dei Ixora; ille vero abſcindit partes octodecim, ex quibus arma facta ſunt, nimirum haſta, arcus, enſis, &c. Deinde nimis arctam in femina Chati digito aperit viam, et ſanguinem vulneris in palma receptum, in aerem diſpergit, ex quo Sol, luna, ſtellæ, roſæ, herbæ odoriferæ, et angues, (quod genus animalium apud eos ſacrum eſt) protinus formantur; et impedimento omni jam ſublato, coeunt Ixora et Chati, procreantque ad terram incolendam homines, bruta, et dæmones malificos; in cælo autem generant animarum 33,000,000. Beſides this, almoſt infinite are the abſurd legends of the god Ixora, and his brothers Viſtnu and Brama. One other ſhall only be added. Viſtnu, having metamorphoſed himſelf into his younger brother Siri Chriſtna, overcame the ſerpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This, and the origin of Chati, afford ſome obvious hints to the inveſtigators of mythology.

Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his ſon:
A band of hoary prieſts atteſt the deed,
And India's king condemns the Seer to bleed.
Inſpired by heaven the holy victim ſtands,
And o'er the murder'd corſe extends his hands,
In God's dread power, thou ſlaughter'd youth, ariſe,
And name thy murderer; aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds inſtant cloſe,
And freſh in life the ſlaughter'd youth aroſe,
And named his treachrous ſire: The conſcious air
Quiver'd, and awful horror raiſed the hair
On every head. From Thomas India's king
The holy ſprinkling of the living ſpring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue reſounds.
Long taught the holy Seer the words of life;
The prieſts of Brahma ſtill to deeds of ſtrife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour ſwell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng
Riſing in madning tempeſt round him ſhower'd
The ſplinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd:
But heaven had now his finiſh'd labours ſeal'd;
His angel guards withdraw th' etherial ſhield;

A Bramin's

A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breaſt——
Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land expreſt!
Thee, Thomas, [c] thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footſtep ſtray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding ſighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore,
Theſe woes in living pangs his people bore.
His ſons, to whoſe illumined minds he gave
To view the ray that ſhines beyond the grave,
His paſtoral ſons bedew'd his corſe with tears,
While high triumphant through the heavenly ſpheres,
With ſongs of joy the ſmiling angels wing
His raptured ſpirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy Seer,
Foredoom'd the ſhrines of heavens own lore to rear,
You ſent by heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt Truth [f] purſue.

[c] *Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.*—The verſification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even thoſe who are unacquainted with the Portugueſe may perceive it.

Choraraóte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,
Choroute toda a terra, que piſaſte;
Mas mais te choráo as almas, que veſtindo
Se hiáo da Santa Fê, que lhe enſinaſte:
Mas os anjos do ceo cantando, & rindo,
Te recebem na gloria ——

[f] *Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt truth purſue.*——It is now the time to ſum up what has been ſaid of the labours of the Jeſuits. Diametrically oppoſite to this advice was their conduct in every Aſiatic country where they pretended to propagate the goſpel. Sometimes we find an individual ſincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the luſt of power and ſecular emolument, the poſſeſſion of which they thought could not be better ſecured, than by rendering themſelves of the utmoſt importance to the See of Rome. In conſequence of theſe principles, where ever they came, their firſt care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was eſteemed the giver of life, Jeſus Chriſt was the ſon of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, ſent to inſtruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil ſpirits,

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;

Jeſus Chriſt came on purpoſe to baniſh them from the world, had driven them from Europe*, and the Jeſuits were ſent to the Eaſt to complete his unfiniſhed miſſion. If the Indian converts ſtill retained a veneration for the powder of burned cow-dung, the Jeſuits made the ſign of the croſs over it, and the Indian beſmeared himſelf with it as uſual. Heaven, or univerſal matter, they told the Chineſe, was the God of the Chriſtians, and the ſacrifices of Confucius were ſolemnized in the churches of the Jeſuits. This worſhip of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hiſt.) with his wonted accuracy denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worſhip of *Tien* or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (ſee Dupin) and that after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, ſent Cardinal Tournon to the ſmall remains of the Jeſuits in the Eaſt with a papal decree to reform theſe abuſes. But the Cardinal, ſoon after his arrival, was poiſoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jeſuits who ſucceeded him, by the dextrous uſe of the great maxims of their maſter Loyala, *Omnibus omnia, et omnia munda mundis*, gained innumerable proſelytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worſhip, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the See of Rome the Chriſtians found in the Eaſt deſcended to the minuteſt particulars. And the native Chriſtians of Malabar were ſo violently perſecuted as ſchiſmatics, that the heathen princes took arms in their defence in 1570, (ſee Geddes, Hiſt. of Malab.) and the Portugueſe were almoſt driven from India. Abyſſinia, by the ſame arts, was ſteeped in blood, and two or three emperors loſt their lives in endeavouring to eſtabliſh the Pope's ſupremacy. An order at laſt was given from the throne, to hang every miſſionary without trial, wherever apprehended, the Emperor himſelf complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Romiſh friars. In China alſo they ſoon rendered themſelves inſufferable. Their ſkill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingneſs to ordain the natives raiſed ſuſpicions againſt a profeſſion thus monopolized by ſtrangers; their earneſt zeal in amaſſing riches, and their interference with, and deep deſigns on ſecular power, the fatal rock on which they have ſo often been ſhipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were maſſacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China, and in alluſion to their chief object of adoration, the croſs, ſeveral of the Jeſuit fathers were crucified by the Japoneſe, and the revival of the Chriſtian name was interdicted by the ſevereſt laws. Thus, in a great meaſure, ended in the Eaſt the labours of the ſociety of Ignatius Loyala, a ſociety which might have diffuſed the greateſt bleſſings to mankind, could honeſty have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the intereſts of their own brotherhood and the Roman See, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real intereſts of humanity and civilization, the great deſign of diffuſing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpoſe of the Luſiad, would have been amply compleated, and the remoteſt hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jeſuits have failed, they have afforded a noble leſſon to mankind,

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,
Still will ſome rotten part betray the ſtructure
That is not baſed on ſimple honeſty.

* This trick, it is ſaid, has been played in America within theſe twenty years, where the notion of evil ſpirits gives the poor Indians their greateſt miſery. The French Jeſuits told the ſix nations, that Jeſus Chriſt was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil dæmons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended alſo to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

Behind

Behind the veil's broad glare ſhe glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeleſs painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Luſian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,
Scenes of your future toils and glorious ſway——
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.
Narſinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa boaſts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a ſtream divides,
Diffuſing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleeteſt hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricey groves that crown the ſhore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the [z] wave.
Thus heaven they deem, though vileſt guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eaſtward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire ſouthward bends:

[z] *The dying* —— The innumerable ſuperſtitions performed on the banks of this river, afford a pityable picture of the weakneſs of humanity. Theſe circumſtances here mentioned are literally true. And it is no uncommon ſcene for the Engliſh ſhips to be ſurrounded with the corpſes which come floating down this hallowed ſtream.

Pegu,

Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held old [h] faith, confeſt
A dog their ſire; their deeds the tale atteſt.
A pious queen their horrid [i] rage reſtrain'd;
Yet ſtill their fury Nature's God arraign'd.
Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the ſky!
Yes, bathed in gore ſhall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava ſhine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far ſtretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inſpire
The richeſt guſt of ſpicery's fragrant fire.
Malacca's caſtled harbour here ſurvey,
The wealthful ſeat foredoom'd of Luſian ſway.

[h] *Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held old faith, confeſt, A dog their ſire.*——The tradition of this country boaſted this infamous and impoſſible original. While other nations pretend to be deſcended of demi-gods, the Peguſians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chineſe woman and a dog, the only living creatures which ſurvived a ſhipwreck on their coaſt. See *Faria*. This infamy, however, they could not deſerve. Animals of a different ſpecies may generate together, but nature immediately diſplays her abhorrence, in unvariably depriving the unnatural production of the power of procreation.

[i] *A pious queen their ho rid rage reſtrain'd.*——Thus in the original:

Aqui ſoante arame no inſtrumento
Da géraçáo coſtumáo, o que uſurão
Por manha da Raynha, que inventando
Tal uſo, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum eſt de Regina quadam terræ Peguenſis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpiſſimum ſubditorum ſuorum, legem tulit, ut univerſi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quoſdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita fit: Cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hoſce ſuperinducunt: ſtatim a prima ſeptimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inſeruntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad tenerioris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æſtimatur. To this let the teſtimony of G. Arthus, (Hiſt. Ind. Orient. p. 313.) be added, Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet: Puellæ enim omnes ſtatim a pueritia ſua medicamentum quoddam uſurpant, quo muliebria diſtenduntur & aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri geſtant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo ſufficerent.

According to Balby, and Cæſar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before ſent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the moſt miſerable ſtate of deſolation, the few natives who ſurvived having left their country an habitation for wild beaſts.

Here

Here to their port the Luſian fleets ſhall ſteer,
From every ſhore far round aſſembling here
The fragrant treaſures of the eaſtern world:
Here from the ſhore by rolling earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's iſle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the [k] ocean driven.
To this fair iſle, the golden Cherſoneſe,
Some deem the ſapient Monarch plow'd the ſeas,
Ophir [l] its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down theſe claſping ſhores!
High from the ſtrait the lengthening coaſt afar,
Its moon-like curve points to the northern ſtar,
Opening its boſom to the ſilver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameleſs nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding ſhore,
Their vaſſal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thouſands [m] more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vaſt of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold

[k] *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.* —— See the ſame account of Sicily. Virg. En. III.

[l] *Ophir its Tyrian name.*——Sumatra has been by ſome eſteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the ſuperior fineneſs of the gold of Sofala, and its ſituation, favour the claim of that Ethiopian iſle. See Bochart. Geog. Sacr.

[m] *And thouſands more.* ——The extenſive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandevylle found men without heads, who ſaw and ſpoke through holes in their breaſts, continues ſtill very imperfectly known. The Jeſuits have told many extravagant lies of the wealth of theſe provinces. By the moſt authentic accounts they ſeem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siameſe, in particular, confeſs the reſemblance. In ſome diſtricts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

The

The far ſpread lawns; the ſkirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' ſway.
Lo, diſtant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is ſeen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mein:
With frothing jaws they ſuck the human blood
And gnaw the reeking [1] limbs, their ſweeteſt food;

[1] *And gnaw the reeking limbs.*——Much has been ſaid on this ſubject, ſome denying and others aſſerting the exiſtence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry, (de Abſtin. l. 4. § 21.*) ſays that the Maſſagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eaſtern Aſia) eſteeming thoſe moſt miſerable who died of ſickneſs, when their parents and relations grew old, killed and eat them, holding it more honourable thus to conſume them, than that they ſhould be deſtroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own, Quid loquar, ſays he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipſe adoleſcentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis veſci carnibus, et cum per ſylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, paſtorum nates, et fæminarum papillas ſolere abſcindere, & has ſolas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be ſee unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full curſed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to ſle men, and to drynken gladlyeſt mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu." p. 235. Yet whatever abſurdity may appear on the face of theſe tales; and what can be more abſurd, than to ſuppoſe that a few wild Scots or Iriſh (for the name was then proper to Ireland) ſhould ſo lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breaſts of the women and the hips of the ſhepherds? Yet whatever abſurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly deſtroyed. Though Dampier and other viſiters of barbarous nations have aſſured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the aſſertion of their exiſtence, without partaking of a credulity ſimilar to that of thoſe foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like ſheep, (ſee Lambert's Peramb.) the puniſhment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations uſed to eat their priſoners of war. According to the authentic teſtimony of the beſt Portugueſe writers, the natives of Brazil, on their high feſtivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at laſt roaſted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. During his torture, the unhappy victim prided himſelf in his manly courage, upbraiding their want of ſkill in the art of tormenting, and telling his murderers that his belly had been the grave of many of their relations. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage diſcovered the horrid practice in New Zealand.

* Ισοξύλαι γὰν Μασσαγέται καὶ Δίξβικες ἀθλιωτάτας ἡγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τὰς ἀνθρώπους τελευτήσαντας· διὸ καὶ φθάσαντες καταθύουσιν καὶ ἐσθίουσι τῶν φιλτάτων τὰς γεγηρακότας.

Horrid with figured ſeams of burning ſteel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthleſs luſt reveal.
Cambaya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eaſtern Nile, whoſe ſwelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening ſlime.
The ſimple natives of theſe lawns believe
That other worlds the ſouls of beaſts [m] receive;

land. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practiſed it. When Magalhaens propoſed Chriſtianity to the King of Subo, a north eaſtern Aſiatic iſland, and when Francis de Caſtro diſcovered Santigana and other iſlands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the converſion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenſer tells us, in his View of the State of Ireland, that he has ſeen the Iriſh drink human blood, particularly he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limmerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I ſaw an old woman, who was his foſter-mother, take up his head whilſt he was quartering, and ſuck up all the blood that run thereout, ſaying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith alſo ſteeped her face and breaſt and tore her hair, crying out and ſhrieking moſt terribly." It is worthy of regard that the cuſtom of marking themſelves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteriſtic both of the Guios of Camoens and of the preſent inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the iſland of Otaheite was firſt peopled by a ſhipwreck, the friendſhip exiſting in a ſmall ſociety might eaſily obliterate the memory of one cuſtom, while the leſs unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owed their origin to the north eaſtern parts of Aſia, where that cuſtom particularly prevails.

[m] —— *other worlds the ſouls of beaſts receive.* —— That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the moſt ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a ſtate after death. The ſame faculty which is conſcious of exiſtence, whiſpers the wiſh for it; and ſo little acquainted with the deductions of reaſoning have ſome tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghoſts of their domeſtic utenſils have been believed to accompany them in the iſlands of the Bleſſed. Long ere the voice of philoſophy was heard, the opinion of an after ſtate was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear inconteſtible evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the hiſtory of the human mind better aſcertained, than that no ſooner did ſpeculation ſeize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon obſerves, the moſt learned became the moſt atheiſtical ages. The reaſon of this is obvious. While the human mind is all ſimplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reaſoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonſtration being perceived, doubt and diſbelief naturally follow. Yet ſtrange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, theſe certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly miſtaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a moſt unpoetical tranſlation of Homer, has ſo groſsly miſunderſtood his author, as to aſſert that his mention of a future ſtate was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have aſſured us, that the ſacrifices of Homer had never any exiſtence in Greece. But as no abſurdity is too groſs for ſome geniuſes, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewiſe aſſerted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and ſpeculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly ſhore
Long ſhall the Muſe her ſweeteſt offerings pour!
When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended luſt
Of Pride outrageous, and Revenge unjuſt,
Shall on the guiltleſs Exile burſt their rage,
And madning tempeſts on their ſide engage,
Preſerved by heaven the ſong of Luſian fame,
The ſong, O Vasco, ſacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming ſurge ſhall triumph o'er
The fate of ſhipwreck on the Mecon's [n] ſhore,
Here reſt ſecure as on the Muſe's breaſt!
Happy the deathleſs ſong, the Bard, alas, unbleſt!

Chiampa there her fragrant coaſt extends,
There Cochinchina's cultured land aſcends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen ſkies
O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.
Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe [o] roar'd,
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

[n] *Oh gentle Mecon.*——It was on the mouth of this river that Camoens ſuffered the unhappy ſhipwreck which rendered him the ſport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our Poet metions himſelf and the ſaving of his Luſiads with the greateſt modeſty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a Tranſlator to add a warmth of colouring to a paſſage of this nature. For the literal tranſlation of this place and farther particulars, ſee the Life of Camoens.

[o] *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd*—— According to *Le Comte*'s memoirs of China, and thoſe of other travellers, the mariner's compaſs, fire-arms, and printing

And here the trembling needle ſought the north,
Ere Time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

printing were known in that empire, long ere the invention of theſe arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Compte, and the other Jeſuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their intereſt, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the ſplendor of the empire where their miſſion lay, and they have magnified it into Romance itſelf. It is pretended that the Chineſe uſed fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is alſo ſaid that the Sogdianians uſed cannon againſt Alexander. The mention of any ſulphurous compoſition in an old writer is with ſome immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chineſe, indeed, on the firſt arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter ſtrangers to the ſmaller fire-arms. Verbieſt, a Jeſuit, was the firſt who taught them to make braſs cannon ſet upon wheels. And even ſo late as the hoſtile menance which Anſon gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deſerve the ſame name, the blocks of wood with which they ſtamp their ſheets being as inferior to the uſe of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chineſe have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here moſt probably the fault exiſts in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting and of ſymetry in their architecture, in both of which they have ſo long been experienced, afford a heavy accuſation againſt their genius. But in planning gardens, and in the arts of beautifying the face of their country, they are unequalled. Yet even in their boaſted gardening their genius ſtands accuſed. The art of ingrafting, ſo long known to Europe, is ſtill unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vaſtly inferior in flavour to thoſe of the weſtern world. The amazing wall of defence againſt the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the ſides with hewn ſtone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; ſome of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry veſſels of burthen. Theſe grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chineſe were a much more accompliſhed people than at preſent. Though their princes for theſe many centuries have diſcovered no ſuch efforts of genius as theſe, the induſtry of the people ſtill remains, in which they rival and reſemble the Dutch. In every other reſpect they are the moſt unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive, for, though poſſeſſed of them, the arts have made no progreſs among the Chineſe theſe many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jeſuits is almoſt loſt: So falſe in their dealings, they boaſt that none but a Chineſe can cheat a Chineſe: The crime which diſgraces human nature, is in this nation of athieſts and the moſt ſtupid of all idolaters, common as *that charter'd libertine, the Air*. Deſtitute even in idea of that elevation of ſoul, which is expreſſed by the beſt ſenſe of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are deſolated by ſelf-murder; an end, as Hume ſays of ſome of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of ſo deteſtable a character: And, as it is always found congenial to baſeneſs of heart, the moſt daſtardly cowardice compleats the deſcription of that of the Chineſe.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language conſiſts of few words, it is almoſt impoſſible for a ſtranger to attain the art of ſpeaking it. And what an European learns ere he is ſeven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chineſe. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compoſe their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires ſuch an infinite variety of tone and action, that the ſlighteſt miſtake in modulation renders the ſpeaker unintelligible. And in addreſſing a great man, in place of my Lord, you may call him a *beaſt*, the word being the ſame, all the difference conſiſting in the tune of it. A language like this muſt ever be a bar to the progreſs and accompliſhments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginſeng, which they

No more let Egypt boaſt her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aſpires,

they pretended was an univerſal remedy, is found to be a root of no ſingular virtue. Their books conſiſt of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themſelves, but without inveſtigation or reaſoning. For to philoſophical diſcuſſion and the metaphyſics they ſeem utterly ſtrangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jeſuits, their greateſt men were loſt in aſtoniſhment. Whatever their political wiſdom has been, at preſent it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous leaſt ſtrangers ſteal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dreſden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themſelves from the great advantages which ariſe from an intercourſe with civilized nations. Yet in the laws which they impoſe on every foreign ſhip which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbariſm. In every city and province the military are the conſtables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chineſe or Dutch induſtry could preſerve the traffic and population of a country under the controul of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leiſure to cultivate his gardens, and to write deſpicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their moſt ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legiſlators who formed the preſent ſyſtem of China preſented to their people no other object of worſhip than *Tien Kamti*, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudeſt breaſts is conſcious of its weakneſs, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky obſervances, they permitted their people the uſe of ſacrifices to theſe Lucretian Gods of ſuperſtitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion imprinted by heaven in the human heart alone perverted; another unextinguiſhable paſſion was alſo miſled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the laſt three of their anceſtors, added to each, *Here reſts his ſoul*; and before theſe tables they burn incenſe and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their hiſtories, had been in the Weſt about 500 years before the Chriſtian æra, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worſhip however, boards are ſet up, inſcribed, *This is the ſeat of the ſoul of Confucius*, and to theſe and their anceſtors they celebrate ſolemn ſacrifices, without ſeeming to poſſeſs any idea of the intellectual exiſtence of the departed mind. The Jeſuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chineſe miſſion, *very honeſtly* told their converts, that *Tien* was the God of the Chriſtians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expreſſed his divine majeſty. But after a long and ſevere ſcrutiny at the Court of Rome, Tien was found to ſignify nothing more than *heavenly* or *univerſal matter*, and the Jeſuits of China were ordered to renounce this hereſy. Among all the ſects who worſhip different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the ſoul; and among theſe, ſays Leland, Chriſtianity at preſent obtains ſome footing. But the moſt intereſting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conſcious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others have triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chineſe, and in the diſtant period they aſcribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If ſome Chineſe accounts fix the æra of creation 40000 years ago, others are contented with no leſs than 884953. But who knows not that every nation has its *Geoffry of Monmouth?* And we have already obſerved the legends which took their riſe from the *Annus Magnus* of the Chaldean and Egyptian aſtronomers, an apparent revolution of the ſtars, which in reality has no exiſtence. To the fancyful, who held this Annus Magnus, it ſeemed hard to ſuppoſe that our world was in its firſt revolution of the great year, and to ſuppoſe that many were paſt was eaſy. And that this was the caſe we have abſolute proof in the doctrines of the Bramins, (ſee the note on the VII. Luſiad) who, though they talk of hundreds of thouſands of years

which

A prouder boaſt of regal power diſplays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

which are paſt, yet confeſs, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 6000th year. And much within this compaſs are all the credible proofs of Chineſe antiquity comprehended. To three heads all theſe proofs are reduceable. Their form of government, which, till the conqueſt of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the higheſt antiquity; their aſtronomical obſervations, and their hiſtory.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was the magiſtrate in his own family, and the emperor, who acted by his ſubſtitutes the Mandarines, was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The moſt paſſive ſubmiſſion to authority thus branched out was inculcated by Confucius and their other philoſophers as the greateſt duty of morality. But if there is an age in ſacred or prophane hiſtory, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no ſuperior antiquity is proved by the form of Chineſe government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingraſting fruit-trees, and the ſtate of their language, ſo like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteriſtical of the ages when the ideas of men required few ſyllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early ſeparation of the Chineſe colony * from the reſt of mankind. Nothing farther, except that they have continued till very lately without any material intercouſe with the other nations of the world.

A continued ſucceſſion of aſtronomical obſervations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chineſe, when they were firſt viſited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that *ſon of truth*, has often with great triumph mentioned the undubitable proofs of Chineſe antiquity; but at theſe times he muſt have received his information from the ſame dream which told him that Camoens accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which diſcovered the Eaſt Indies. If Voltaire and his diſciples will talk of Chineſe aſtronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every conſequence which may poſſibly reſult from it. But let them allow the ſame liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw *their* inferences from a few ſtubborn facts, facts which demonſtrate the ignorance of the Chineſe in aſtronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midſt; and ſo ignorant were they of the cauſe of eclipſes, that they believed the ſun and moon were aſſaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The ſtars were conſidered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boaſted aſtronomy ends in that ſilly impoſition, judicial aſtrology. Though they had made ſome obſervations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an obſervatory, the firſt apparatus of proper inſtruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbieſt. After this it need ſcarcely be added, that their aſtronomical obſervations which pretend

* The Chineſe Colony! Yes, let philoſophy ſmile; let her talk of the different ſpecies of men which are found in every country, let her brand as abſurd the opinion of Monteſquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. Peace to her inſolence, peace to her dreams and her reveries. But let common ſenſe be contented with the demonſtration (See Whiſton, Bentley, &c.) that a Creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is ſufficient in every reſpect for the purpoſe. If philoſophy will talk of black and white men as different in ſpecies, let common ſenſe aſk her for a demonſtration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the ſtrongeſt preſumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philoſophy draw her inferences from the different paſſions of different tribes; let common ſenſe reply, that ſtript of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is moſt wonderfully the ſame in every age and country. If philoſophy talk of the impoſſibility of peopling diſtant iſlands and continents from one family, let common ſenſe tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philoſophy aſſert that the Celts where ever they came found Aborigines, let common ſenſe reply, there were tyrants enough almoſt 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched ſurvivers of ſlaughtered hoſts to the remoteſts wilds. She may alſo add, that many iſlands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a ſhipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common ſenſe ſay to philoſophy, "I open my egg with a pen-knife, but you open yours with the blow of a ſledge hammer."

Not built, created ſeems the frowning mound;
O'er loftieſt mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike caſtles crown'd.
Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors [P] ſpread;
In froſt and ſnow the ſeas and ſhores are clad.
Theſe ſhores forſake, to future ages due:
A world of iſlands claims thy happier view,
Where laviſh Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance ſhowers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward ſhe ſinks, the nether ſeas embrace

pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as falſe as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chineſe themſelves, when inſtructed by the Jeſuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impoſſible. The great credit and admiration which their aſtronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jeſuits, afford an indubitable confirmation of theſe facts.

Ridiculous as their aſtronomical, are their hiſtorical antiquities. After all Voltaire has ſaid of it, the oldeſt date to which their hiſtory pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The firſt king reigned 100 years, then we have the names of ſome others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which diſtinguiſhes authentic hiſtory. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2090 years of the Chineſe legends. Little more than the names of kings, and theſe often interrupted with wide chaſms, compoſe all the annals of China, till about the period of the Chriſtian æra. Something like a hiſtory then commences, but that is again interrupted by a wide chaſm, which the Chineſe know not how to fill up otherwiſe, than by aſſerting that a century or two elapſed in the time, and that at ſuch a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the hiſtory of China, full brother in every family feature to thoſe Monkiſh tales, which ſent a daughter of Pharoah to be queen of Scotland, which ſent Brutus to England, and a grandſon of Noah to teach ſchool among the mountains in Wales.

[P] *Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors ſpread.* —— Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamchatki, &c. A ſhort account of the Grand Lama of Thibet Tartary ſhall complete our view of the ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt. While the other Pagans of Aſia worſhip the moſt ugly monſtrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living God. He ſits croſs-legged on his throne in the great Temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never ſpeaks, but ſometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worſhippers. He is a ruddy well looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the moſt miſerable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his prieſts, who diſpatch him whenever age or ſickneſs make any alteration in his features; and another, inſtructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very diſtant provinces ſend tribute to this Deity and implore his bleſſing, and as Voltaire has merrily told us, think themſelves ſecure of benediction, if favoured with ſomething from his Godſhip, eſteemed more ſacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Bramins.

Her

Her eaſtern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illuſtrious Gama, ſhall thy labours bear!
How bright a ſilver mine! when heaven's own [q] lore
From Pagan droſs ſhall purify her ore.

Beneath the purple wings of ſpreading morn,
Behold what iſles theſe gliſtening ſeas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternate behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,
By night like rolling waves the ſheets of fire
Blaze o'er the ſeas, and high to heaven aſpire.
For Luſian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Luſian blood ſhall ſprinkle every grove.
The golden birds that ever ſail the ſkies
Here to the ſun diſplay their ſhining dyes,
Each want ſupplied on air they ever ſoar;
The ground they touch not till they breathe no [r] more.
Here Banda's iſles their fair embroidery ſpread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;

[q] *How bright a ſilver mine.*——By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Caſtera, Camoens alludes to the great ſucceſs, which in his time attended the Jeſuit miſſionaries in Japan. James I. ſent an embaſſy to the ſovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was ſoon ſuffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japoneſe, which it is ſaid they obtain by trampling on the croſs and by abjuring the Chriſtian name. In religion the Japoneſe are much the ſame as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of ſelf-murder, ſays Voltaire, they vie with their brother iſlanders of England.

[r] *The ground they touch not.*——Theſe are commonly called the birds of Paradiſe. It was the old erroneous opinion that they always ſoared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixture of the moſt beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the ſun.

And

And birds of every beauteous plume diſplay
Their glittering radiance, as from ſpray to ſpray,
From bower to bower on buſy wings they rove,
To ſeize the tribute of the ſpicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breaſt,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dreſt;
The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balſom of diſeaſe.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd,
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant ſhade,
And in its chryſtal breaſt diſplays the bowers
Of Sanders, bleſt with health-reſtoring powers.
Where to the ſouth the world's broad ſurface bends,
Lo, Sunda's realm her ſpreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous [s] tale,
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is ſtone around, converts to ſtone
Whate'er of verdure in its breaſt is thrown.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's ſkies
Another mountain's trembling flames ariſe;
Here from the trees the gum all fragrance ſwells,
And ſofteſt [t] oil a wondrous fountain wells.

[s] *From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale*——Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Caſtera attributes this quality to the exceſſive cold of the waters, but this is a miſtake. The waters of ſome ſprings are impregnated with ſparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into ſtone and incruſt the original retainers.

[t] *Here from the trees the gum*——Benjamin, a ſpecies of frankincenſe. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fœtid mineral oleum, good for bruiſes and ſprains.

Nor

Nor theſe alone the happy iſle beſtows,
Fine is her gold, her ſilk reſplendent glows.
Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's [u] tide
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.
The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whoſe wondrous fruitage poiſon's rage expells.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows!
The ſailing clouds its middle height encloſe.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed [w] tread
Of ſainted footſtep marks its rocky head.
Laved by the Red-ſea gulph Socotra's bowers
There boaſt the tardy aloe's beauteous flowers.
On Afric's ſtrand foredoom'd to Luſian ſway
Behold theſe iſles, and rocks of duſky gray;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the ſandy ſhores.
And lo, the Iſland of the [x] Moon diſplays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;

[u] *Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's tide.*——A ſea plant, reſembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian iſlands. The boughs riſe to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is eſteemed an antidote againſt poiſon.

[w] —— *the tread of ſainted footſtep* —— The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition ſays, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradiſe, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footſtep. This tale ſeems to be Jewiſh or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impreſſion was made by the God *Buddow*, when he aſcended to heaven, after having for the ſalvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His prieſts beg charity for the ſake of *Buddow*, whoſe worſhip they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they ſay he uſually ſat and taught.

[x] *And lo, the Iſland of the Moon.*—— Madagaſcar is thus named by the natives.

The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are ſeen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the cape where ſail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine auſpicious fought the Eaſtern World,
To utmoſt wave where firſt the morning ſtar
Sheds the pale luſtre of her ſilver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the iſles,
The world immenſe that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is ſhower'd from heaven,
Now to the Weſt, by Thee, Great Chief, is [y] given.

And ſtill, oh Bleſt, thy peerleſs honours grow,
New opening views the ſmiling Fates beſtow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
There ruddy evening ſheds her beams of gold.
While now on Afric's boſom faintly die
The laſt pale glimpſes of the twilight ſky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn:
To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends.
Near either [z] pole the barbarous hunter dreſt
In ſkins of bears explores the frozen waſte:

[y] *Now to the Weſt, by Thee, Great Chief, is given*——The ſublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Luſiad has been already obſerved. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digreſſive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly ſimilar to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

[z] *Near either pole*——We are now preſented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus diſcovered the Weſt Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama ſailed from Liſbon.

Where

Where ſmiles the genial ſun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,
Is due, Caſteel, O favour'd Power, to Thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Purſues the evening ſun, his navy's guide.
Yet ſhall the kindred Luſian ſhare the reign,
What time this world ſhall own the yoke of Spain.
The firſt bold [a] hero who to India's ſhores
Through vanquiſh'd waves thy open'd path explores,
Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's ſtrand
Shall fix the Holy Croſs on yon fair land.
That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall ſtretch the Luſian empire's weſtern bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens [b] aſpire.

[a] *The firſt bold hero* —— Cabral, the firſt after Gama who ſailed to India, was driven by Tempeſt to the Brazils, a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the ſame fate. He named the country Santa Cruz, or Holy Croſs; it was afterward named Brazil, from the colour of the wood, with which it abounds. It is one of the fineſt countries in the new world, and ſtill remains ſubject to the crown of Portugal.

[b] *To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens aſpire* —— Camoens, though he boaſts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection to the king of Spain, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porèm naõ na lealdade.

"In deeds truly a Portugueſe, but not in loyalty." And others have beſtowed upon him the name of Traytor, but perhaps undeſervedly. Juſtice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the ſervice of the king of Spain by a ſolemn act he unnaturalized himſelf. Oſorius is very ſevere againſt this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may poſſibly give, can authorize a ſubject to act the part of a traytor againſt his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not ſtrictly applicable to the caſe of Magalhaens. Many eminent ſervices performed in Africa and India entitled him to a certain allowance, which, though inconſiderable in itſelf, was eſteemed as the reward of diſtinguiſhed merit, and therefore highly valued. For this Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, ſays Faria, that the malicious accuſations of ſome men had more weight with his ſovereign than all his ſervices. After this unworthy repulſe, what patronage at the court

In all, but loyalty, of Luſian ſoul,
No fear, no danger ſhall his toils controul.

of Liſbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his ſword againſt his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has ſome important diſcovery in meditation ſhould ſtifle his deſign, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alledged, that he embroiled his country in diſputes with Spain. But neither is this ſtrictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had ſolemnly ſettled the limits within which they were to make diſcoveries and ſettlements, and within theſe did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propoſe that his diſcoveries ſhould terminate. And allowing that his calculations might miſlead him beyond the bounds preſcribed to the Spaniards, ſtill his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he ſuppoſed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is ſaid that he aggrandiſed the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalſhip with the Portugueſe ſettlements; let the ſentence of Faria on this ſubject be remembered, "let princes beware, ſays he, how by neglect or injuſtice they force into deſperate actions the men who have merited rewards." As to rivalſhip, the caſe of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is appoſite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatiſe on the improvement of the trade and fiſheries of his native country, but his propoſals were totally neglected by the commiſſioners, whoſe office and duty it was to have patroniſed him. Was Law, therefore, to ſit down in obſcurity on a barren field, to ſtifle his genius, leſt a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, ſhould be aggrandiſed by his efforts in commercial policy? No, ſurely. Deprived of the power of raiſing himſelf at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Miſiſſippi and other important ſchemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traytor. The reaſon is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careleſs of what they loſt in Mr. Law, but the Portugueſe perceived their loſs in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the ſpirit of diſcovery broke forth in its greateſt vigour. The eaſt and the weſt had been viſited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of ſailing to the eaſt by the weſt was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for miſled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near to the weſt of Spain, Columbus expecting to find the India of the ancients when he landed on Hiſpaniola, thought he had diſcovered the Ophir of Solomon. And hence the name of Indies was given to that and the neighbouring iſlands. Though America and the Moluccas were now found to be at a great diſtance, the genius of Magalhaens ſtill ſuggeſted the poſſibility of a weſtern paſſage. And accordingly, poſſeſſed of his great deſign, and neglected with contempt at home, he offered his ſervice to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ſhips and 250 men he ſailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occaſioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by thoſe ſtraits which bear his Spaniſh name Magellan. From theſe ſtraits, in the 52½ degree of ſouthern latitude, he traverſed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of North latitude he landed on the iſland of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his converſion to chriſtianity, became his auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious, but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial aſtrologer, whom he uſually conſulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the diſappointment of promiſed victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards on ſhore, he treacherouſly poiſoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portugueſe ſettlements in the iſles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, ſays Faria, as friends, and not

Along theſe regions from the burning zone
To deepeſt ſouth he dares the courſe unknown.
While to the kingdoms of the riſing day,
To rival Thee he holds the weſtern way,
A land of [c] giants ſhall his eyes behold,
Of camel ſtrength, ſurpaſſing human mould:
And onward ſtill, thy fame his proud heart's guide
Haunting him unappeaſed, the dreary tide
Beneath the ſouthern ſtar's cold gleam he braves,
And ſtems the whirls of land-ſurrounded waves.
Forever ſacred to the hero's fame
Theſe foaming ſtraits ſhall bear his deathleſs name.
Through theſe dread jaws of rock he preſſes on,
Another ocean's breaſt, immenſe, unknown,
Beneath the ſouth's cold wings, unmeaſured, wide,
Receives his veſſels; through the dreary tide

not as intruding ſtrangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was eſteemed ſufficiently ſacred. Several of the adventurers were ſent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portugueſe ſhips, one ſhip only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This veſſel, named the Victoria, however, had the honour to be the firſt which ever ſurrounded the globe; an honour by ſome ignorantly attributed to the ſhip of Sir Francis Drake. Thus unhappily ended, ſays Oſorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good Biſhop was miſtaken, for a few years after he wrote, and ſomewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the *Victoria*, Philip II. of Spain availed himſelf of the diſcoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spaniſh America and the Aſian Archipelago, at this day forms the baſis of the power of Spain. A baſis, however, which is at the mercy of Great Britain, while her miniſters are wiſe enough to preſerve her great naval ſuperiority. A Gibraltar in the South Seas is only wanting. But when this is mentioned, who can withhold his eyes from the iſthmus of Darien? the rendezvous appointed by nature for the fleets which may one day give law to the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans: A ſettlement which to-day might have owned ſubjection to Great Britain, if juſtice and honour had always preſided in the cabinet of William the Third.

[c] *A land of giants*—The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning theſe people. The Spaniards who went with Magalhaens affirmed they were about ten feet in height, ſince which voyage they have riſen and fallen in their ſtature, according to the different humours of our ſea wits.

In

In darkling ſhades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameleſs ſhore.

Thus far, O favoured Luſians, bounteous heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given.
What enſigns, blazing to the morn, purſue
The path of heroes, open'd firſt by You!
Still be it your's the firſt in fame to ſhine:
Thus ſhall your brides new chaplets ſtill entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Luſians, ſpread the ſail!
Old ocean now appeaſed ſhall rage no more,
Haſte, point the bowſprit to your native ſhore:
Soon ſhall the tranſports of the natal ſoil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The Goddeſs [d] ſpake; and Vasco waved his hand,
And ſoon the joyful heroes crowd the ſtrand.

[d] *The Goddeſs ſpake*——We are now come to the concluſion of the fiction of the iſland of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of theſe the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to aſſert that the happineſs of our author, in uniting all theſe parts together in one great epiſode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward in the iſland of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feaſt, they hear the glorious victories and conqueſts of the heroes who are to ſucceed them in their Indian expedition, ſung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itſelf, deſcribed by the Goddeſs, diſcovers the univerſe, and particularly the extent of the Eaſtern World, now given to Europe by the ſucceſs of Gama. Neither in grandeur nor in happineſs of completion

The lofty ſhips with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Iſle of Love.

completion may the Eneid or Odyſſey be mentioned in compariſon. The Iliad alone, in Epic conduct (as already obſerved) bears a ſtrong reſemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the intereſting concluſion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable epiſode which concludes the Poem on the Diſcovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Luſiad, the language of Spain was alſo enriched with an heroic poem. The author of which has often imitated the Portugueſe poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is ſhewed to Gama. In the Araucana, a globe ſurrounded with a radiant ſphere, is alſo miraculouſly ſupported in the air; and on this an enchanter ſhews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But Don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical ſpirit of Camoens. Milton, whoſe poetical conduct in concluding the action of his Paradiſe Loſt, as already pointed out, ſeems formed upon the Luſiad, appears to have had this paſſage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a viſionary ſphere was rather improper for the ſituation of his perſonages, he has nevertheleſs, though at the expence of an impoſſible ſuppoſition, given Adam a view of the terreſtial globe. Michael ſets the father of mankind on a mountain.

—— —— From whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay . . . . .
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtined walls
Of Cambalu ———, &c.
On Europe thence and where Rome was to ſway
The world ———

And even the mention of America ſeems copied by Milton,

——— in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico, the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoiled
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado ———

It muſt alſo be owned by the warmeſt admirer of the Paradiſe Loſt, that the deſcription of America in Camoens,

Vedes a grande terra, que contina
Vai de Caliſto ao ſeu contrario polo.

To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends—

Conveys a bolder and a grander idea than all the names enumerated by Milton.

Some ſhort account of the Writers, whoſe authorities have been adduced in the courſe of theſe notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Caſtagneda went to India on purpoſe to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himſelf to record their actions and conqueſts in the Eaſt. As he was one of the firſt writers on that ſubject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two moſt eminent, as well as fulleſt, writers on the tranſactions of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt, are Manuel de Faria y Souſa, knight of the order of Chriſt, and Hieronimus Oſorius, biſhop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spaniſh, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumſtantial. With honeſt indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders and the errors and unworthy reſentments of kings. But he is often ſo dryly particular, that he may rather be called a journaliſt than an hiſtorian. And by this unintereſting minuteneſs, his ſtyle for the greateſt part is rendered inelegant. The Biſhop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His latin is elegant, and his manly and ſentimental manner entitles him to the name of Hiſtorian, even where a Livy, or a Tacitus, are mentioned. But a ſentence from himſelf, unexpected in a Father of the communion of Rome, will characteriſe the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Chriſtianity, under ſevere

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in ſmiles array'd,
In bridal ſmiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's Sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whiſper'd peace, ſoft ſwell'd the ſteady ſails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he ſails the ſkies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So ſmooth, ſo ſoft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild tranſporting charms appear;
And Tago's boſom, while his banks repeat
The ſounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their Monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian [o] ſway.

ſevere perſecution; Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum . . . . . tibi aſſumas, ſays he, ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri poteſt, neque Chriſti ſanctiſſimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim ſacrificium non vi malo coactum ab hominibus expetit: Neque vim mentibus inferri, ſed voluntates ad ſtudium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.

It is ſaid, in the preface to Oſorius, that his writings were highly eſteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good Biſhop againſt the impiety of religious perſecution, made no impreſſion on the mind of that bigotted Princeſs!

[o] *And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian ſway*—Thus in all the force of ancient ſimplicity, and the true ſublime ends the Poem of Camoens. What follows, is one of thoſe exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our Author, nor in the ſtricteſt ſenſe is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the propoſition of the Poem is artfully addreſſed to King Sebaſtian, and he is now called upon in an addreſs, which is an artful ſecond part to the former, to behold and preſerve the glories of his throne.

Enough,

Enough, my Muſe, thy wearied wing no more
Muſt to the ſeat of Jove triumphant ſoar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebaſtian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne deſcend!
Shall haughty Gaul or ſterner Albion boaſt
That all the Luſian fame in Thee is loſt!
Oh, be it thine theſe glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe * purſue:
Snatch from the tyrant Noble's hand the ſword,
And be the rights of human-kind reſtored.
The ſtateſman prelate, to his vows confine,
Alone auſpicious at the holy ſhrine;
The prieſt, in whoſe meek heart heaven pours its fires,
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aſpires.
Nor let the Muſe, great King, on Tago's ſhore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muſe unjuſt
Sinks as the nameleſs ſlave, extinct in duſt.
But ſuch the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy ſounding ſteeds and rattling ſhields.

* *And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe purſue.*——John I. and Pedro the Juſt, two of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

And ſhall theſe deeds unſung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy ſmiles relume my fainting ire!
I, then inſpired, the wondering world ſhould ſee
Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in Thee;
Revived, [f] unenvious of the Muſe's flame
That o'er the world reſounds Pelides' name.

[f] *Reviv'd, unenvious*——Thus imitated, or rather tranſlated into Italian by Guarini.

Con ſi ſublime ſtil' forſe cantato
Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori,
Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba
Da invidiar Achille——

Similarity of condition, we have already obſerved, produced ſimilarity of complaint and ſentiment in Spenſer and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live, when the remembrance of the courtiers who ſpurned them ſhall *ſink beneath their mountain tombs*. Three beautiful ſtanzas from Phinehas Fletcher on the memory of Spenſer, may alſo ſerve as an epitaph for Camoens. The unworthy neglect, which was the lot of the Portugueſe Bard, but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenſer. And every Reader of taſte, who has peruſed the Luſiad, will think of the Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of theſe manly lines.

Witneſſe our Colin *, whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muſes nurſt; whoſe well taught ſong
Parnuſſus ſelf and Glorian ‡ embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the ſhepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were croſt, all ſuits deni'd;
Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he di'd.

And had not that great hart (whoſe honour'd ‖ head
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy woful plight,
There hadſt thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unbleſt, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet ſhalt thou live, when thy great foe † ſhall ſink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whoſe fame ſhall ſtink;
And time his blacker name ſhall blurre with blackeſt ink.

O let th' Iambic Muſe revenge that wrong
Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead;
Let thy abuſed honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muſe adorn'd.

* Colin Clout, Spenſer. ‡ Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen. † Lord Burleigh. ‖ The Earl of Eſſex.

THE END.